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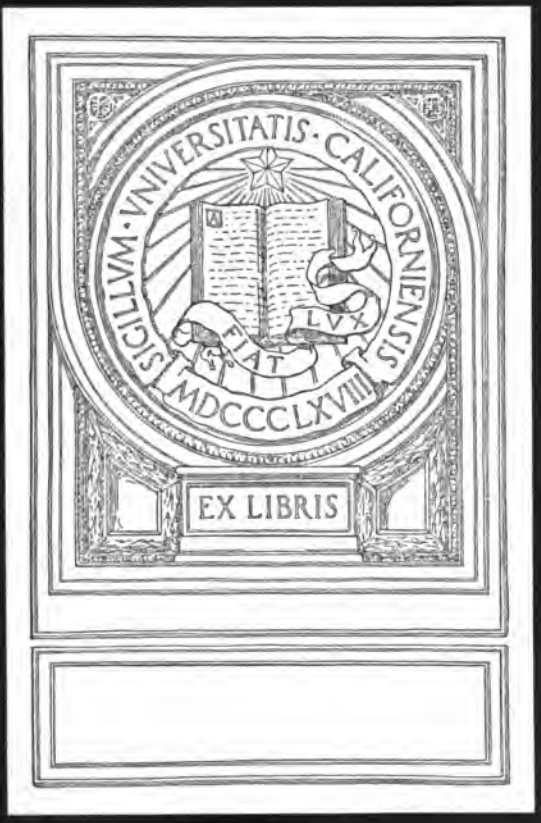
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COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR

AT SIGHT

By Authority

FROM THE

UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Banking & Counting House Edition

Also, "Household Edition." Address, Laban Heath, 30 Hanover St., Boston.

With compliments
of
Mack

Yours Truly
H. C. Whitley

MEMOIRS

—OF THE—

UNITED STATES

SECRET SERVICE.

[COMPILED BY PERMISSION, FROM THE DEPARTMENT RECORDS.]

WITH ACCURATE PORTRAITS OF

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE DETECTIVE FORCE,

SOME OF THEIR MOST NOTABLE CAPTURES,

AND A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF

COL. H. C. WHITLEY, CHIEF OF THE DIVISION.

BY CAPT. GEO. P. BURNHAM,
(LATE BRIGADE COMMISSARY, U. S. A.)

"WRONG is wrong. No fallacy can hide it, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly but that the All-seeing Eye will discover and punish it." RIVAROL.

Eighteen Illustrations by Bricher & Conant.

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A BRIEF GLOSSARY OF TERMS

in the vernacular of criminals, used in familiar converse among counterfeiters, middle men, thieves, receivers of stolen goods, and their confederates — (some of which expressions occasionally find place in certain of the succeeding narratives) — is inserted here, for the information of the reader who may not otherwise comprehend the signification of the peculiar phrases described by a British author as

"Rabble-charming words, which carry so much wild-fire wrapt up in them."

ALL THERE, to be on time, on hand, "up to the mark."
ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, the power of money; a trite Yankee expression.
ACKNOWLEDGE THE CORN, to make a full frank confession.
ALL RIGHT, sound; one who may be trusted, sure.
BEATING, to over-reach; to get the best of; to defraud.
BEAT OUT OF, black-mailing; extorting of money.
BIG GUN, a prominent man, a noted person, or leader.
BIG THING, a very good prospect; a promising scheme.
BINGO, whiskey, brandy, or other strong drink.
BIZ, business; occupation; object; trade; calling.
BLEED, to cheat, over-reach, victimise, or extort money from.
BLOKE, a detective, or police officer; a minor Judge.
BLOWED, exposed, peached on, betrayed, turned up.
BOGUS, counterfeit bank notes, or false coins of any kind.
BONE ORCHARD, a cemetery; a grave-yard; burial-place.
BOODLE, counterfeit notes, placed in bundles or parcels.
BOODLE-GAME, a cheating-process, described on page 342.
BOODLE-CARRIER, the bearers and sellers of "boodle" funds.
BOOZING-KEN, a low drinking-house for thieves or counterfeiters.
BOUNTY-JUMPER, one who takes a military bounty, and then deserts.
BRASS, self confidence, bold impudence, "cheeky" assurance.
BRACELETS, a figurative expression for iron hand cuffs.
BRADS, money—dollars and cents—"dust," "chink," &c.
BUSH-WHACKERS, Southern and Western bush-fighters.
CAUGHT NAPPING, detected, or surprised unawares.
CAVE, to yield, give in, come down at last. To own up.
CHOKER, a dominie, a white cravat. A "parson," also.
CHAFF, to talk nonsense; to deceive, or gammon.
CLEAN OUT, to rob, take from forcibly, or to search the person.
COOKED, fixed up desirably for the occasion.
C. O. D. Express-men's term: "Collect On Delivery."
CONFIDENCE MAN, a charlatan, cheat, or imposter.

CONEY, counterfeit notes, of any denomination.
CONEY MAN, one known as a bank-note counterfeiter.
CONEY DEALER, one who deals in, passes, or handles counterfeits.
COLLAR, to arrest, or seize with legal authority.
COME DOWN, owning up to having committed wrong.
COP, or COPPER, a U. S. Detective, or Police officer.
COPPED, arrested or secured by a "Cop," or Detective.
COVE, a man; as an *old* or a *young* "cove."
COP THE BORAX, to jump with the U. S. Military bounty.
CRACK, to break into a bank, store, or dwelling.
CRACKSMAN, a burglar; one who breaks a bank, &c.
CRIB, a house—or store—designed to be entered.
CROSS-DRUM, a country tavern, upon the road.
CUE, a sign, or signal adopted between two persons.
DEAL, the act of delivering counterfeits from one hand to another.
DEALER, the party who issues bogus notes to his patrons.
DEAD-BROKE, out of money; short of ready funds.
DEAD-BEAT, a "dead-beat" is an utterly worthless fellow.
DEAD OPEN-AND-SHUT, a pretty sure thing; a clear fact.
DEAD TO RIGHTS, caught, with positive *proof* of guilt.
DEAD-WOOD, the material for certain conviction.
DOSS KEN, a lodging-house, of a low character.
DECOY, a disguised person, used to ensnare criminals.
DODGE, a quick artful trick, device, or manipulation.
DRAW THE WALLET, taking your money liberally to foot a bill
DIVVY, a division, or dividend of profits, or plunder.
DRAWN FINE, reducing matters to a nice point in trade.
DRIVEN TO COVER, compelled to seek seclusion, for a time.
DRIED UP, concluded, finished, completed—done.
DRUM, a bad house, boarding-place, or small tavern.
DRIVEN TO CLOSE, forced, at the end of a flight, or race.
EASY, pliable; approachable; bribeable; purchaseable.
END OF HIS TETHER, the final conclusion of one's plotting.
FAST, OR FAST MAN, gay; worldly; reckless; dissipated.
FENCE, a buyer, or receiver of known stolen goods.
FINE WORK, ingenious operations of Detectives, or artisans.
FIXED UP, arranged to suit the managing party.
FIASCO, a dead failure; a total miscarriage.
FIGHT THE TIGER, playing at Faro; free gambling.
FLUSH, having plenty of money, or business on hand.
FLY, sharp, quick, knowing, experienced, posted.
FLY-COP, a ready, quick-witted officer or Detective.
GAME, a sharp trick, or device, with sinister design.
GIVEN AWAY, to turn one over to the law, or to officers.
GOBBLED, snatched up, suddenly; aptly secured by Cops.
GO-BETWEEN, a person communicating as a medium between criminals.

GOING IN, thrusting one's self into "a free fight," for instance.
GOING BACK ON HIM, turning traitor on one's accomplices.
GO FOR HIM, to pursue an adversary with sharp intent.
GONE OVER, sent to the Penitentiary, or other prison.
GONER, a used-up, convicted, finished individual.
GRAFT, or WORK, to operate secretly. "Work a job," &c.
HABITUES, the every-day visitors to any given place.
HANG FIRE, to delay, postpone, procrastinate.
HANG THE JURY, to induce one or more to "disagree" in a verdict.
HIGH-HEELED BOOTS, triumphant, confidant appendages!
HOISTED WITH HIS OWN PETARD, caught in one's self-laid trap.
HUNKY-DORY, on the right side; every thing agreeable.
HUSH-MONEY, cash paid to quash a prosecution, or evidence.
IF IT TAKES A LEG, threat of a desperado, in search of revenge.
IN A JIFFY, on the instant; in a moment; at once.
IN DURANCE, in confinement; in custody of a jailor.
IN QUOD, in prison; committed, permanently.
INSIDE TRACK, the weather-gage; a clear advantage.
IN THE HOCK, in the act of commission; on the spot.
IN THE RING, in a clique, or clan of conspirators for evil.
IN THE TOILS, within the secret control of an officer.
JERSEY LIGHTNING, a peculiar New Jersey drink; "blue ruin."
JIG IS UP! The race is run. The game is concluded.
JOB, a plot in crime; or the attempt to unravel one.
JOB OUT, to partition or distribute counterfeits among coney men.
JUMPING BAIL, to forfeit one's bail, before or pending a trial.
KEN, a house, a booth, or small hotel for criminals.
KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED, to be wide awake, constantly.
KID, a boy; a child; or a young criminal associate.
KNOCK UNDER, to waive one's opinion; to succumb.
KONIACKER, a counterfeiter, or coney man.
LAND-OFFICE BUSINESS, a heavy, prosperous trade.
LAY, course of action; assumed position; or dodge.
LEG-BAIL, to escape, or run away from court or prison.
LITTLE GAME, the *ruse*, object, or design of criminals.
'LIGHTED, "spotted;" alighted on; detected; found out.
LITTLE JOKER, the "BEST card" known in the pack.
LIMBO, a prison; "in limbo," confined in jail.
LOCATE, to place in position; or fix upon, decidedly.
LUSH-DRUM, a disreputable resort for criminals.
MAKE IT, to appropriate; to gain a desired point.
MAKE HIS PILE, to gain a coveted sum of lucre.
MAKE CONNECTI *N*, to unite surely, with confederates.
MOLL, a female confederate, or mistress.
MUSS, an emeute; snarl; quarrel, or squabble.
MUDDLE, a foggy state of things: "mixed" up.

MY UNCLE, the pawn-broker, or "pledge" retainer.
NABBED IN THE HOCK, caught in the very act.
NARY RED, out of pocket; "broke" of ready funds.
NO HEELTAPS, leaving no drink in the glass.
NOLLE PROSEQUI, deciding not to prosecute any further.
NOLO CONTENDERE, don't wish further to contend.
NON-PLUS'D, astounded; perplexed; dumbfounded.
ONE TOO MANY, an overmatch; too strong to contend with.
ON THE LEVEL, meeting a man with honorable intentions.
ON THE TAPIS, on the carpet; what is uppermost in conversation.
ON THE MAKE, anxious, or intent on gain, no matter *how*.
ON THE SQUARE, open and above-board; dealing honestly.
ON THE QUI VIVE, excited, watchful; looking sharply about.
OLD SETTLER, an experienced rogue, or operator.
OUT OF JOINT, disarranged; supplanted; something going wrong.
PAL, an accomplice, friend, or partner in crime.
PEDDLER, an itinerant counterfeit money-seller.
PIPED DOWN, followed; shadowed; run down by detectives.
PIPE OFF, to follow or dog a suspected person's tracks.
PLANT, to conceal, or bury; also, a planned swindle.
PLAY BABY, to whine; "squawk;" or assume innocence.
PIOUS LAY, the sanctimonious assumption of base hypocrites.
PULL, to catch, arrest, collar, or seize a criminal.
PULLED, caught, or arrested by a Detective, or officer.
POSTED, well informed of what is publicly transpiring.
PLUCK, courage; stamina; a stout heart; ready valor.
PRISON-BIRD, a criminal who has once been in prison.
PUT 'EM THROUGH, subjecting persons to a thorough searching ordeal.
PUT-UP JOB, a plot contrived to effect some given purpose.
PUT AWAY, sent to the State Prison, after conviction.
PUT THE COLLAR ON, to arrest a criminal, and "iron" him.
PUTTY WON'T STICK, any attempted deceit that miscarries.
PUZZLE-COVES, hard-headed lawyers and attorneys.
PUMPING, extracting information by nice questioning.
PUT A HEAD ON, to punish; to bruise. (A *new* cant term).
QUOD, a lock-up, or prison; a place of detention.
QUEER, base or worthless; counterfeit money, commonly.
QUEER COLE MAKER, the manufacturer of bogus bank-notes.
QUEERSMAN, a regular professional counterfeiter.
QUIETUS, death; repose; rest; final acquittance.
RING, a band of "speculators;" or a criminal clique.
RIGHT BOWER, the second-best card in *euchre;* next to the white "JOKER."
ROPING-IN, bringing about a "deal," between "informers" and criminals.
ROPED IN, a criminal who is "hoisted by his own petard."
ROUGH CUSTOMER, an unmanageable or pugnacious prisoner.
ROYAL ROAD, the supposed *easiest* direct highway to success.

RUN HIS RIG, reached the end of his game, or course.
RUN INTO THE GROUND, overdone; carried to useless extremity.
RUFFLES, handcuffs, used upon prisoners by Detectives.
RUSE, artifice, or stratagem; a shrewd counter-plot.
RUM 'UN, a good one; a queer fellow; a jolly boy.
SAWDUST SWINDLE, a fraudulent game, described on page 404.
SEEING THE ELEPHANT, up to the latest dodge; knowing; not "green."
SIX-SHOOTER, one of Colt's pistols. A six-cartridge-revolver.
SHADOWED, followed stealthily; dogged by a Detective.
SETTLE ONE'S HASH, to finish a man; close his business; used up.
SMELL A MICE, to suspect a design covered up plausibly.
SHAM ABRAHAM, to play ill; to pretend to be sick.
SNIFTER, a full glass of toddy, or whiskey.
SHOVE, to push off, or pass counterfeit money publicly.
SHAKE, OUT to "shake down;" to extort money from individuals.
SOLD HIM OUT, handing over a pal to the authorities.
SOUND, "square;" honorable; trustworthy. "One of us."
SPOTTED, sighted and watched; under surveillance.
SPORTING MAN, one of the fancy, racing, or gambling fraternities.
SPRING THE TRAP, to finish up the contemplated arrest of any one.
SQUEAL, to turn on an accomplice; to inform, or "peach" on a pal.
STIFF O' BINGO, a glass of liquor; a full allowance.
STRIKE A LEAD, to make a discovery pointing to good results.
STOCK, counterfeit notes, bonds, bank bills, or scrip.
STUFF, the term used among counterfeiters for *bogus* money.
STALL, a blind; a decoy. "To stall," is to act a false part.
STRAW BAIL, worthless, irresponsible, trumped-up sureties.
STOOL-PIGEON, one who is made use of as a guy, or dummy.
SUB ROSA, "under the rose." Secretly; confidentially.
SUITED "TO A HOLE," pleased to a nicety. Just what one wanted.
SPONDULICS, cash; "putty;" "rhino;" "nails;" ready chink, etc.
TURNED UP, abandoned; or turned over to the authorities.
TOES UP, gone under; dead; laid out; *finis*.
THROW UP THE SPONGE, to yield; submit; give over contending.
TUMBLED TO THE JOB, one partially "roped in," who flees from his new pals
UP IN A BALLOON, gone hopelessly into thin air! A fiasco.
UP TO SNUFF, smart; posted; not easily caught, or cheated.
ULTIMATUM, a final and unalterable proposition.
UP THE SPOUT, at the pawn-broker's; commonly meaning "gone up."
WENT THROUGH HIM, searched him thoroughly — or similarly robbed him.
WORKED, an undertaking, or "job" manœvured by Detectives.
WOKKED BACK, finding stolen property, and "going" for the reward.
WHITE-EYE, New England rum; Indian "fire-water."
WORKING UP, following up a suspected person, or criminal job.
WEAK-KNEED, OR TIMBER-TOED; scary; cowardly; easily alarmed.
WOODEN SURTOUT, a coffin; its nails are termed the "buttons."

THREE UNITED STATES DETECTIVES,

(WHOSE PORTRAITS ARE GIVEN IN THIS WORK,)

DISGUISED FOR AN EXPEDITION.

WHO ARE THEY?

[See page 82.

PREFACE.

CRIME, shielded beneath the garb of outward apparent virtue, stalks abroad unblushingly at noon-day, in the midst of society; or riots under cover of darkness, in its secretly guarded haunts of infamy. No community is free from its contamination, in a greater or less degree; and, in proportion as communities enlarge in numbers, so within their borders are the facilities for the commission of crime enhanced in its various phases, as well as in enormity.

Peculiar shades or kinds of crime flourish, and die out, in different localities; and carefully collated statistics show that one phase may prosper — for decades of years — in a particular section of country, under given circumstances, while another species of crime may succeed, for the time being, in another quarter. Murder, burglary, robbery, counterfeiting, incendiarism, garroting, defaulting — all have their period and temporary locality, from time to time, as the years roll round — while the criminal offenders, for a term, go unwhipt of justice.

Within the past few years, through the skillful and well-directed efforts of the officials selected by the United States' authorities as the instruments to drag forth to the light the cunning perpetrators of many of the crimes alluded to — the number of accomplished first-class rogues and operators at large in this country has been very considerably diminished; and more especially has this desirable result been effected, within a comparatively recent period, thanks to the ingenuity, the prudence, the courage, and the zeal of the force attached to the UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE DIV'N.

Among the prominent villains who have for years preyed upon the public, (in the West and South-west, more signally,) and who have been captured, convicted, and confined in our penitentiaries, through the persistent efforts of the U. S. Detective force, are many of the chiefest of this category of sinners, who have passed their lives, from boyhood, in the infamous business of *counterfeiting*, or in the work of circulating counterfeit money.

For the most part, therefore, the pages which follow will be found to be devoted to a history of the career of noted COUNTERFEITERS in America, who have been brought to grief, and who have been righteously disposed of for the time being, upon conviction — whereby the communities they have hitherto long persecuted, have thus been relieved of the curse of their evil practices and baleful influence.

The object of this volume of "Memoirs," is chiefly to lay bare to the view of the masses the infamous yet ingenious *modus operandi* of the skillful counterfeiters in this country; and, through the medium of its pages, to inform the people regarding the subtle shifts and cunning devices to which this dangerous fraternity resort, in prosecuting the varied ramifications of their nefarious operations.

The desire is to warn and place upon their guard the community at large, who, in every sphere of business life — from that of the humblest laborer or mechanic upon whom, through the shrewd machinations of this villainous tribe, base imitations of the National Currency are so frequently imposed — to the banker, the merchant, or the millionaire, who receives his tens of thousands in the public securities; among which are so often discovered the worthless Notes or Bonds handled and accumulated, or laid away in good faith as to their genuineness. The country has been flooded with these counterfeits, notwithstanding the vigilant efforts of the Treasury Department, under whose efficient and able administration so much has been accomplished, in the way of putting forth the most exquisitely engraved and artistically executed notes and bonds that have been produced in the world.

To aid in instructing the people regarding the wily arts of these base imitators, and to show up some of the worst of these wicked criminals — so far as the limits of a single volume of veritable record is adequate to effect it, in this direction — has been the aim in the preparation of these pages; in the performance of which undertaking, the author has had no occasion to "draw upon imagination" for the contents of this work. Truth *is* stranger than fiction, indeed! The thrilling narratives which follow, are but faithful transcripts of the official accounts set down at length in the records of the Secret Service Department; and the names, the dates, and the facts set forth are *real* — in all their romantic, astounding, and peculiarly interesting details.

The almost incredible histories herein embodied, it is admitted would present a palpable odor of the sensational plot of extravagant romance, but for the proof of their actuality, borne out by the official record. And it is confidently assumed, of the selections made from the mass of cases that have been successfully worked up by the officers of the Department from which these accounts have been carefully compiled, that no criminal record ever furnished such remarkable instances; while it is equally certain, extraordinary as *these* tales appear, that "the half has not been told," nor could *all* the particulars be crowded into many volumes.

The successful Counterfeiter, though a Pariah in principle, brings to the execution of his task rare mechanical skill, and first-class artistic talent. So well versed in judging of its character are the majority of money-

handlers in the United States at the present day, that the indifferent or second-rate engraving of a bank-note quickly condemns it, under the eye of the experienced bank official, the broker, or the merchant. And, although many *poorly* executed counterfeits of the National Currency are palmed off upon the unwary or inexperienced, yet it is the *good* imitations that succeed, advantageously, to the extensive originators and distributors of the forgeries.

Among the criminals whose careers are set forth in this work, it will be observed that some of them have for years moved in good business circles, and though for a long period under surveillance, have strangely eluded conviction. In the instance of Miner, recently arrested and arraigned in New York city, the trial of the first of ten indictments found by the Grand Jury, terminated in a technical verdict of "not guilty." The report of the evidence produced by the Government, however, against this notorious individual, is accurately given in this work—from which the unbiased public may judge of the merits of the extraordinary result in this trial! Among the skilled mechanical *experts* mentioned hereafter, the case of the notorious Peter McCartney may be cited, who is notably one of the best engravers in this country, and who earned the unenviable sobriquet of "King of the Counterfeiters," years since, in the West. This individual personally informed the author, a few months since, that the now well-known U. S. $5 "greenback"* which has readily deceived hundreds of good judges, and thousands of which have been circulated, all over the land — was engraved by his hands, unaided, and completed in thirteen days from the hour he sat down to produce this dangerous and admirably executed counterfeit bank note. Verily the application of such talents and accomplished skill were worthy of being devoted to a better cause!

The fraternity of Counterfeiters, until within a few years, have contrived as a rule to keep the secrets of their traffic and evil practices so well, that only with the utmost difficulty, and after long pursuit of the object, have the leaders in this iniquitous work been either surprised or betrayed. But the "eternal vigilance" and continuous watchfulness which have characterized the shrewd conduct of the Secret Service Department, in latter times — pre-eminently under the effective management of its present able Chief, Col. H. C. WHITLEY, and his accomplished leading Deputies — have successfully unearthed and brought to justice many of the most notorious characters engaged in this business, that ever cursed any civilized country on earth — as the veritable and authoritative narratives to be found in this volume fully attest.

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*This note (from the captured plate,) with several others printed at the Treasury Department for that valuable work, will be found in "HEATH'S U. S. COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR," published at Boston.

The publication of the details of these exciting and curious instances of crime has been feebly objected to, as possibly tending to open the eyes, and offer warning to undetected rogues still at large; and it has been suggested that there be those who may profit in iniquity through the means of such an *exposé* of the tricks of their foul profession, as this work, in various ways, contains.

In answer to this hint, it is sufficient to assert that the skillful expert in crime rarely, if ever, attempts the accomplishment of his discovered designs for evil a second time *in the same manner*, or through similar means. And it is equally true that the skilled Detective or official expert who pursues the offender, *never* adopts the same mode to hunt down different objects of his game. If he be competent to the fulfillment of his appointed duty, his fertile brain and the continually enlarging and varying experience in his profession prompts him to devise new modes of pursuit, fresh plans to compass his end, original ways and schemes to bring about the object he seeks, and novel plans for the capture of criminals. The circumstances attending the commission of each separate instance of crime are so widely at variance, in all their bearings, that what might apply advantageously to one case, would prove utterly futile towards success in another. So, the exposure made of past acts of condemned criminals, and the manner in which they may have been successfully hunted down and disposed of, as in the instances we have quoted, or the modes adopted in the past to entrap or secure them — will hardly be applied to future cases that may occur.

The writer is enabled to place before the public the thrilling, romantic and curious narrations in this work through the courtesy of the United States authorities, who have kindly accorded him access to the official records. The perusal of these pages, by all classes of the community, it is believed cannot but result in benefit to the people of this country, and afford them valuable information upon the interesting subject thus introduced to their notice, which in no other veritable way can be communicated; inasmuch as each and every sketch herein contained, is a truthful and unvarnished tale *from real life* — in our very midst.

That good will result from the recital of these startling but actual instances of the refinement of crime, in our community — that the information embodied in these singular narratives will serve to put the people upon their guard against the dangerous practices of the cunning counterfeiter and forger — and that all who read these accounts of the daring, subtle, stealthy deeds of these vultures and rogues, will rise from perusing these "Memoirs" better prepared to contend against the evil of the dangerous phase of crime exposed in this volume — is the earnest hope of the authorities who sanction the publication of these notable cases, and the sincere belief of

THE AUTHOR.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF

COL. H. C. WHITLEY,

CHIEF OF THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION.

As a fitting introduction to the "Memoirs" which form the main contents of the present volume, it is deemed appropriate to devote the first few pages to some account of the eventful and fortunately successful career of the official who presides at the head of the Department of the SECRET SERVICE, and whose peculiar fitness for the responsible position he occupies is assured beyond cavil, from the accomplishment of the tangible results that have accrued, during his administration of the delicate and important duties entrusted to his hands by the United States Government.

The increase of crime among us as this country has grown in age, has involved the necessity of instituting new, and of enlarging the province of our older police systems; with a view to protecting society from the sinister or malicious designs of the unprincipled and reckless — who grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of all nations.

The prime object of this Division is to prevent the commission of crime, to hunt out its perpetrators, and to bring to justice discovered offenders against wholesome law. To

carry out this laudable purpose more effectually than had eventuated under the old system of local or state police organizations, it was a few years since deemed advisable that our National Government should inaugurate an elaborate plan of detection — similar to that supported advantageously in European countries; as tending to sound public economy, and affording the requisite means materially to aid all minor police bodies in restraining crime, and in bringing to light the horde of lawless offenders who were battening upon the community.

While the duties of Chief of such an organization are most onerous and arduous, the merely physical requirements of his position are of but minor consideration in comparison to the requisite qualities of head and mind and heart which he should possess, in order to carry out, judiciously and appropriately, the objects aimed at through the operations of the work he is appointed to superintend.

In selecting a chief for an institution thus contemplated, the Government would naturally seek for an individual possessing rare qualifications — in more respects than one: and "the right man in the right place," would hardly be found, on brief notice, to assume this responsible position, the complicated and burthensome duties of which can scarcely be over-estimated.

The incumbent of this important place becomes at once, from the nature of his official position, "a shining mark" for covert assault. The shafts of envy, of malice, of competitive ambition, all are levelled at his head — by outsiders, criminals, or aspirants, who are eternally upon his track to displace, malign and crush him. *His* couch is far from being a bed of roses, indeed!

It matters little, in respect of the fierce opposition which inevitably pursues him, how able may be his administration

of the duties of this peculiar office, how upright his motives of action, or how efficacious may be his course of management. Be he "chaste as ice or pure as snow, he cannot escape calumny," and that, too, persistently.

The more zealous or successful he may prove in suppressing crime and capturing criminals, the more formidable are his assailants, the more numerous his enemies, among the lawless — and the more earnest and determined become his self-interested revilers and competitors. But, if he possesses the attributes of true moral courage, and is competent, in talent, habit, and rectitude — as such officer surely should be — to pursue the even tenor of his way in the path of right, he does not fail to *secure the confidence of his government.* And, while loyally and firmly discharging his arduous round of duty to *that* acceptance, he enjoys its support to a degree that amply serves to protect and sustain him, without concern regarding the stealthy attacks of villifiers — despite all attempts of the vengeful, the envious, or the ambitious — amidst the busy, irksome experience of his responsible calling.

Experience has verified — even in this country, already — that it was not an easy task at first to obtain the services of the person best fitted for this honorable and important post, and it can only be fairly determined that a subsequent effort, in this direction, has proved successful, from the *results* thus far attained under the management of the present head of this Division, whose history we now proceed briefly to sketch.

Some twenty-two years ago, a rugged but not stoutly built boy, then fourteen years of age, found himself without permanent occupation, away in the state of Ohio, upon what is well known as the great "Western Reserve." He was in high health, and had enjoyed the advantages of a fair common-school education — his parents having cared

for him in this respect, especially; but they were not possessed of over-abundant means, and at an early period of life, the son chose to strike out for himself, and sought his support through his own personal exertions, rather than to become burthensome upon his friends.

This lad was born in Maine. Coming of Scotch descent, remotely, he embodied in his physique the hardiness of that notably rugged race as well as, mentally, the shrewd characteristics of his early progenitors. At the town of Kirtland, Ohio, however, he obtained his schooling, which proved equal to that of the average of youngsters in his sphere of life, as to ordinary acquirements.

As a boy, he shared with his mates the inclination to common roguishness, and like others, was fond of the lively tricks and wholesome fun then current among lads of his years. But he had been studiously instructed by his attentive parents to value the principles of rectitude and straightforward honesty, in his conduct, and he profited by this timely advice of his family. From the outset of his career in life, he despised wrong, as he steadily avoided evil-doing; and entertained a healthy horror of crime—in all its forms or details, from his childhood.

He was ambitious to excel his companions in study as well as in performance. He was athletic in physical strength, notwithstanding his apparently spare form and light build, yet he managed to keep in advance of his compeers, at school, and in all the rude sports and petty trials of strength he encountered in those days of his youth, he did not fall behind his associates in prowess, daring, or the accomplishment of his aimed-at purpose.

He had worked among the western farmers in his neighborhood from time to time, at three dollars a month—in those early days—and he thought of bettering his prospects,

upon opportunity. When he had just passed fourteen, there came into Kirtland one fine spring day, a stranger who accosted him in the road. He was out of school, at recess hour, at the moment, and had concealed his shoes between two stones, near by; preferring—like other lads about—to run barefooted, whenever he could.

"What is your name, boy?" asked the stranger.

"Hiram C. Whitley," responded the lad.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Attending school, only."

"Would you like employment?"

"Yes," said the boy, quickly.

"Come with me, then."

"Where?" inquired young Whitley.

"I'm a drover," said the man. "Assist me to get these cattle through the town; and if you like, you may go with me, further."

Without stopping to secure his hidden shoes, even, the lad accepted the strange drover's offer, and left Kirtland, his friends and companions behind him at once, and started out to seek his future fortune, in excellent spirits.

The enterprise he thus embarked in took him directly across the Alleghany Mountains on foot, in company with the drover, to Chester County, Pennsylvania. Here he received sixteen dollars for his services. They were six weeks on the journey,—and he subsequently crossed those mountains, to and fro, seven times in a similar way. After his first trip, he returned to Ohio in eight days on foot, and expended one dollar and a half, only, upon his back trip, the people declining to take pay from him on account of his youth. He continued hard at work, being naturally industriously disposed. In those weary journies, they travelled six or seven hundred miles at a time—often seventy to

eighty miles in twenty four hours — on foot, always. But this style of exercise and almost continual out-of-doors habit, served to harden him in flesh and muscle, until four years of such physical experience rendered the boy a sturdy young man, who could endure fatigue and rough usage without faltering or complaint. He loved the fresh mountain air, his health improved, and he toiled and went and came until he was eighteen, when he crossed the Alleghanies on foot for the last time.

He soon afterward left the West for Massachusetts, where he had relatives; and settled temporarily in the town of Canton, busying himself again for a few months with farming. Thence he tried his hand at sea and having made a few successful fishing voyages from Gloucester to the Banks and the Bay of St. Lawrence, he returned to Boston, *not* vastly improved in purse, at last. He had travelled considerably, and his money had melted away. He essayed the business of house-painting, for a time — but disliked the work, and relinquished this for the opportunity which offered to engage in one or another enterprise, which afforded him, in the end, neither satisfaction or pecuniary emoluments, to any extent, and when twenty-three years' old, he left New England for Kansas. This in 1857.

At this period, in that new Territory, the experience of our subject was an almost continuous series of enterprises and expeditions involving hazards most dangerous, and fatigue as well as perils that would have daunted and driven back a less determined man. He had not yet had the training that was needed for one to cope with the prejudices of the people he found there; and one of the first errors he committed upon reaching that then far-away but "liberty-loving soil," was to become involved in aiding and abetting the Missouri authorities in *returning* to the custody of their

masters, (under the requirements of the old Fugitive Slave Law,) some runaway negroes he discovered escaping from the South, and who were then being run into Iowa by the anti-slavery people, under the lead of John Brown, and his friends.

But the Fugitive Slave Law disgraced the American Statute-book, and he honestly then believed that he was following the *right* in lending his assistance to the Government in returning to bondage, agreeably with the provisions of that obnoxious law, those who were fleeing from servitude. In this belief he was wrong; but he did not think so: and for once he lent his aid to the authorities on that occasion, and labored to arrest and send back to their owners certain fugitives he encountered, or followed up — thereby causing himself serious trouble, and drawing down upon his head the odium which inevitably attached to this mistaken course — a course he has since regretted, but which he at that time deemed rightful and proper, unfortunately. After returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains in 1859, he took sick in Kansas, and left that State, proceeding to New Orleans, where he went into the hotel business, and continued in that, with indifferent success, for a time, when he turned his attention to trading, upon the Mississippi and Red Rivers; in which latter occupation the rebellion found him, upon its first breaking out.

He was not a politician, nor had he ever identified himself, in any way or manner, with Southern interests, save in the single particular above noted. And in this, he simply aided in what thousands of others contended for (at that period) to wit: the maintenance of the law. This law was a blot upon the American statute-book. But it was *there*, for a time, and he, like many other well-meaning but misguided men, *believed* in the supremacy of the law, and

favored its execution, while it existed. But, when the South turned its hand openly against the Government, and put in peril the life of the nation, he was among the first to see how this terribly threatening result had been brought about; and none saw more quickly or more clearly than *he* did, what influence this accursed Fugitive Slave Law had exerted, directly and indirectly, in producing the frightful outbreak that ensued!

The opening of the rebellion found him trading upon Red River, in the boats that plied from point to point, and to or from New Orleans. He was well known along the River, and the business he was then pursuing aided him essentially in the plans he at once adopted, both to avoid being forced into the Confederate Service and to afford him opportunity to aid the Union side, afterwards. He was never in any way connected with the rebel interests, nor did his previous education, his habits, his desires, or his intentions ever incline him to favor that side, from first to last. On the contrary, at the very outset, he espoused the Union cause; and, from the beginning, all his conduct has been approved by the U. S. authorities, and commended by those who have directed his movements while he has been in the military or civil service of the United States.

When New Orleans was captured by the Union authorities, and General Butler occupied it, our subject was at Shrevesport, on Red River, pursuing his trading avocations in the steamers, as above alluded to. Upon hearing of this fact, he at once determined upon reaching the Crescent City at the earliest moment, intending to offer his services to the Government in such capacity as might prove acceptable. The Confederate "Committee of Safety" had then just been formed, and it was a difficult matter for any one to move about, in the rebel country, without passes, or credentials as to

their character. The rebel authorities had seized the steamer "Starlight," then on the Red River. He contrived to secure this steamer's yawl-boat, and in that frail bark, with two friendly negroes to assist in the desperate enterprise, he proceeded 700 miles down Red River and the Mississippi, to New Orleans — where he first saw the U. S. gun-boats, thereabouts, lying at anchor in the stream.

He had no faith in the rebel cause, and he took care to rid himself of Confederate money. He took his funds in gold and U. S. scrip, succeeded in reaching New Orleans in safety — and immediately reported to Maj. Gen. Butler, then commanding the Department of the Gulf, who referred him to the Provost Marshal for Louisiana, Col. Jonas H. French, of Mass.; who shortly placed the new-comer upon active duty in connection with his department.

The suggestion was made by Whitley that the "New Falls City," a steamer lying a mile below Alexandria (on the Red River,) might possibly be captured from the rebels. This boat was a good one, and the attempt was entered upon, he having proceeded clandestinely to Alexandria for this purpose. Whitley found the undertaking hazardous, and could have succeeded in it, but for the fact which he learned, at length, that he could procure no engineer to take charge of the steamer, after cutting her out; and so this scheme was abandoned. Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, had meantime issued orders forbidding all persons from crossing the River. A Committee on passports was instituted. The utmost watchfulness was exerted over the movements of every one, and especially towards any who were suspected of bearing in their veins any loyal Union blood. Thus it was found exceedingly difficult to pass amongst the rebellious belligerents unchallenged, if a man even secretly entertained any but the most radical "secesh" opinions and designs.

Mr. Whitley applied to a friendly grocer for the purchase of a bill of stores, with which he proposed to cross Red River and the country 30 or 40 miles beyond, to Little River. The stream was heavily flooded. Incessant rains for days together had swollen the waters to a fearful extent, and the crossing of the country was then a difficult task. It was concluded to take the goods around by Black River (which runs from the Red to Little River.) But the grocer had sold the goods well, and he was desirous to sell more, and he came to Whitley's aid.

"I am a member of the Committee on passports," he said, "and you shall not be detained for lack of a pass."

Whitley bought a skiff, found two negroes to row him to Black River, showed his pass, gave the sentries tobacco, at different points, and finally encountered an old gent. who was in authority as commander of a body of rebels, who actually proposed to make him his Lieutenant. This arrangement he nominally accepted, and was furnished with the necessary credentials to pass on along the rebel lines — wherever he chose to move. Whitley was to raise men for this command upon Little River, but proceeded forward quietly (towards the Union lines, which he hoped and aimed to reach,) until he was out of range and out of sight, by means of his *ruse*; when he put for New Orleans, at his best convenient pace, forgetting to return to Red River again, to report progress to his self-constituted superior officer, *there;* he on the contrary getting back to the Union lines again, in safety, and reporting in person to the Provost Marshal, to whom he duly recited various hints he had learned during his brief absence in the rebel camp and country. From this time, he went regularly into the employ of the Marshal, as special Detective, in the Union service — to which cause he had always been unfalteringly attached, from principle, as well as education.

Among the most efficient aids the U. S. government had in Louisiana, for the capture of the "Thugs," and the famous corrupt old "ring," at New Orleans, was found in the person of Mr. Whitley. He was kept continuously on active duty there, and constantly making important captures of persons, and seizures of property of rebel offenders, under the general direction of the Provost Marshal of the Gulf Department.

At this period, Col. Jonas H. French, of Boston, who had accompanied the command of General Butler from Massachusetts to New Orleans, held the office of Marshal; and through his able administration of the duties of this highly important post, the business had become admirably systematized, and was being operated to rare advantage, as well as with excellent discrimination, in all its details. The appointment of this gentleman to that office proved a stroke of excellent good policy, and he acquitted himself in the discharge of its manifold and complicated duties, to such universal acceptance, that he won the highest credit while occupying the position, and fully verified the good opinion of the Commanding General, for his tact and skill in managing this difficult branch of the internal police of the Department there. But the Marshal sought new men and fresh assistants, constantly, and Mr. Whitley came to him under circumstances that struck him at once as promising additional advantages and aid in his office. He appointed Whitley, and placed him on duty, directly, upon learning his previous history; and the new man proved all that he had looked for, subsequently. In that position he was eminently successful, and at once took a leading position as an accomplished Detective, in the Police Service, of which Col. French was also Chief, in Louisiana.

The State Prison at Baton Rouge had been destroyed by

the fire of the contending armies, and most of the dangerous prisoners in that institution had thus been set at liberty; among whom were several convicted murderers, burglars, and other notoriously desperate characters, previously sentenced for years, or for life, for their crimes.

Prominent amongst these suddenly released wretches, was one Pedro Capdeville, a Mexican outlaw and consummate rascal, one of the roughest and most reckless land-pirates ever known in the Southern country. He had been incarcerated under a life-sentence, and was a powerful, inhuman, graceless scoundrel, whom everybody feared, and none cared to encounter, in a conflict. This man was innately *bad*. He was captured, and put into the chain-gang, after getting out of prison, but soon escaped. He then assaulted a citizen of New Orleans, robbed him of $600, and left his victim for dead, upon the pavement where he ruthlessly struck him down. The man recovered, however, and orders came from Col. French to pursue and capture Capdeville once more, at all hazards.

Whitley was first on this stalwart and merciless murderer's track. Other officers had failed to hunt him down, and were really disinclined to tackle him. But the Marshal gave Whitley his instructions, and he went for the brute; resolved upon taking him — alive or dead — in obedience to superior orders. Whitley soon tracked Capdeville to the place where he occasionally lunched, and entered the restaurant one day, where he discovered him. He did not know the villain clearly, but contrived to make out his identity shortly, and calling for refreshments, watched him a few minutes, and calculated his chances in this enterprise.

He saw at a glance that the escaped murderer was a powerfully built man, and felt convinced in advance that he

would prove an ugly adversary to cope with. But his natural firmness in purpose, his own self-reliant good courage, and his indomitable will, in all such emergencies — served him well upon this desperate occasion, as it had done before, and has often done since. His man was before him. He was bound to secure him. It was next to impossible to get assistance, at this moment, in this undertaking, from among the men at hand — all of whom knew and feared the convict fugitive. His associate, at this moment, was a thief whom Whitley knew. He spoke to this man, and told him quietly he was after Capdeville, and that *he* had better move off. He then approached Capdeville, told him he wanted somebody else, whom he thought he, at first sight, resembled, and requested C. to accompany him to the Station, to give such information as he could, regarding the other suspected party. But C. declined to go, of course. Whitley then closing upon him, frankly told him he was an officer, and called upon C. to surrender, when the rascal instantly drew his bowie-knife, lunged fiercely at W., and sprang for him, with an oath and another furious knife-blow.

Whitley drew his revolver and fired on the wretch, who whirled about, bolted out into the street, and fled. His pursuer followed him vigorously, shot at him as he flew, and ran him down, inflicting two shot-wounds upon his body. No one dared to interfere to stop him, as he went. He was well known and thoroughly feared. Whitley sprang upon him, bore him down, secured him, and then with the aid of two street Policemen, ironed and took him away. His two wounds were deemed fatal, and Whitley had him sent to the Hospital, where he lived twenty-four hours, only — after this, his last desperate struggle. He was credited with the murder of ten different men, whom he had fought and vanquished; but he met his deserved fate at last, at the

hands of Whitley, who proved an over-match even for this stout-limbed reckless fiend, and who had been thus beaten, at length, and finally disposed of, to the great satisfaction of the citizens of New Orleans and vicinity.

Mr. Whitley was duly appointed by Gov. Shepley, (military governor of Louisiana) to the post of Major of the Seventh Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers. This command was composed of Creoles and rich colored men of New Orleans, who were among the wealthy and respectable citizens there — and were all good men, of character and position in society.

In the capacity of Major, he continued up to the close of the rebellion, and during his term of service he started to recruit another regiment of Union Volunteers, (the 13th U. S. Colored Infantry) of which, almost entirely through his personal exertions, four companies of this regiment were raised. The Major was then re-commissioned by Gen. Banks (in '63) and was with the Baldy Smith Commission till the close of its duties. The four companies mentioned were subsequently consolidated with other regiments, and Major Whitley then left the U. S. recruiting service.

During Gen. Banks' administration of the Gulf Department, the guerrillas outside of the picket lines became exceedingly troublesome, and officers or orderlies on duty, alone, were not infrequently killed by these pests, who secreted themselves in ambush, around New Orleans. Some of them robbed a plantation down the coast, between Baton Rouge and the city, and during the raid actually stole some personal property belonging to Major Whitley, himself. And one day he went in search of the midnight marauders. At three o'clock A. M., he started out, at the head of fourteen Illinois Cavalrymen, and soon struck the tracks of these rebs — just back of Baton Rouge.

He rode up to a house, discovered an escaping rebel, and ordered him to halt. He refused, and was quickly dropped from his saddle. Then dividing his little forces, they went in further search of the offenders. At the head of seven men, just after daylight, as the sun rose and glinted its light upon their arms, he discovered and surprised seven of the guerrillas. They fired upon him and his men, instanter, and they returned the assault sharply. The skirmish lasted for several minutes, but Major Whitley retired from the fray with his men unhurt, after killing six of this base crew and capturing the seventh man, whom he took prisoner into Baton Rouge, where he was delivered over to military authority. These "bush-whackers" were the roughest of human creatures, ill-dressed, ill-fed, and unseemly in their appearance; but they were universally well mounted, and were among the hardiest and most determined men in the rebel service; and were selected by their secesh commanders especially for their reckless character and courageous disposition. But the lesson taught these men, in this instance, had the effect of dispersing the other portions of this gang, around New Orleans. They were beaten by equal numbers, and they left the vicinity, after this occurence.

Major Whitley was highly successful during his New Orleans career. He had for several years previously been "roughing it," in one locality or another, and he brought with him, when he entered the Service of the Gulf Department, a goodly experience, which served him materially in the course of the discharge of his duties in the new position, there. The Commanding General of the Department appreciated his services, and his immediate superior, Col. French, esteemed him as foremost among his most valued lieutenants.

During the progress of the Red River Expedition, Major Whitley was one day out upon duty with the cavalry, and

while they temporarily halted, he rode forward a mile or so, alone. Coming upon a little party inclined to trade horses, he drew up to drive a bargain for his own rather used-up nag, and suddenly found himself surprised by two fierce guerillas, in the yard of the plantation where he stopped. He chanced to be roughly attired, and appeared like one of the prowling rebs who infested the neighborhood, or who hung upon the Union flanks, as scouts. The foremost of the new-comers upon the scene at once accosted him with — "hallo, stranger! What yer 'bout, yere?"

"Skulking from the Yanks," said Whitley — instantly taking in the situation he found himself in. "They're all round us, yere — thicker'n flies 'round a treacle bung-hole."

"Who ar yer? Whar yer from?" asked the butternut, rudely.

"Berwick's Bay," said the Major.

Two more guerillas came up, at this juncture — from among Bailey Vincent's men; and the latter queried and eyed the Major — who talked "secesh" glibly, and advised the rebels to be on their taps. Then he suggested that he and they should start off together, and dodge the Yanks, whose van guard would shortly approach, and "were too many for 'em." The proposed horse-trade was abandoned — the men mounted, and pushed away, and the Major quietly watched his opportunity to bolt, and escape from their unwelcome company; leaving the scared rebs to wonder whither he had gone, and how he had thus left them, suddenly, to "go it, alone!"

The Department of the Gulf had been most admirably managed by Gen. Butler, and he made no enemies and encountered no opposition to his administration of affairs there, save among the rebels of the South and their sympathizers in the North. When President Lincoln appointed

General Butler to that important post, he performed an act that the entire North approved and applauded. He was "the right man in the right place," so everybody admitted—and his conduct of affairs in that postion will ever remain a crowning triumph for him, among those who will take the trouble to learn what he did, how he did it, and what were the results of his course in New Orleans in the end.

When President Lincoln thought fit to relieve him, there, and change the Commander in the Gulf Department, although he was pre-eminently honest in purpose and rarely committed grave errors in his administration of public affairs, yet we are constrained to believe that this change was a mistake—and we do not doubt to-day, that Mr. Lincoln himself realized the truth of this, when its correction could not consistently and appropriately be made—to the President's regret.

The sound statesmanship of Gen. Banks, and his many cultivated qualifications are not to be questioned. But there was "a fitness of things" involved in this important action of the late lamented President; and, though in all the public positions in which Gen. Banks had previously to this appointment been placed, he had acquitted himself with high credit, yet, in the instance now spoken of, there can be no doubt that Gen. Butler's policy in New Orleans had proven singularly successful; and it would have been better for his fame as well as for that of his successor, had he been permitted to have remained at the head of the military Department of the Gulf, where he had from the outset acquitted himself so loyally and so creditably.

And we make this allusion with a full knowledge and high appreciation of the superior executive and administrative qualities of Gen. Butler's immediate successor. But *that* position was an exception to general rule; and the

policy of Butler there was, in our humble judgment, the best that could apply to that entirely exceptional community. It was an absolute necessity that *a change* of public policy, at that time, should be avoided. And no man knew or could know, so well as Gen. Butler did, exactly what the exigencies of that critical period demanded.

After the close of the war, Major Whitley went from New Orleans to Boston. His health had been impaired, and he sought rest and recuperation in the climate of New England once more. In Boston, he embarked in the brokerage business for a few months. But he found the "sharks" engaged directly or indirectly in that calling were bent upon beating out of the field all "interlopers" or new comers in the trade. And he relinquished that business, after less than a year's experience in it, leaving behind him a young man to wind up his affairs, appropriately, which required some time to effect, justly to himself and those he had traded with. During this period, he acquired a knowledge of certain men and business "transactions," which afforded him a further insight into human character, which, in after years, proved valuable to him in the course of the duty he was about to be called upon to enter, once more, in the service of the U. S. Government. He was appointed a Lieut. Col. by Gen. Banks.

He had acquired many warm new friends in Massachusetts, and collecting the recommendations tendered him by old ones, he made application for the post of Detective Officer in the U. S. Revenue Department. Proceeding to Washington, he presented his credentials, but found some eight hundred applicants had got there before him. Upon examination, Hon. E. A. Rollins, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, selected Whitley as the man best accredited, and suited for the vacancy that was open.

He was duly appointed, and sent to *Kansas*, where he had

had a busy experience years before, where he had still many friends and numerous enemies, as he knew; but his success in discovering and breaking up the fraudulent "Whiskey ring" there, and numerous illicit distilleries, also, was remarkable. While busily engaged in this duty, Gen. Meade, (who commanded the U. S. Military Department in Georgia,) at Atlanta, telegraphed to Washington, (April 13, 1868,) as follows: —

"GENERAL GRANT, *Washington*. I desire to have sent me, without delay, an experienced Detective, to aid in detecting the Ashburn murderers. He should report to me in person. Can such a person be sent? (Signed)

GEO. G. MEADE, Maj. General.

To this, Gen. Grant answered, "your request will be complied with."

A second despatch from Gen. Meade was then sent to Gen. Grant — saying that "H. C. Whitley, now in Kansas, is very much wanted here, in connection with the Columbus murder." And again urging the sending of Col. Whitley to Georgia, forthwith.

This noted criminal case is well known, generally. Mr. G. W. Ashburn was a member of the Georgia State Constitutional Convention, and being an outspoken exponent of radical principles, fell a victim to the malice of a band of desperadoes (citizens of Columbus, Geo.,) where he then resided. Forty of these people, armed and in disguise, entered his domicil at midnight, and ruthlessly murdered him; — having literally riddled his body with pistol-balls. The crime was so shockingly flagrant, that the U. S. Government took the case in hand, directly. It was worked up by Col. W., and the evidence of guilt was so completely fas-

tened upon nine of the leading citizens of Columbus, that nothing but Legislative intervention (before the trial of the murderers was completed,) saved the guilty parties from conviction. The State Legislature voted to adopt the 14th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution, while the trial was in progress before a military commission — thus taking the accused out of the hands of the military authorities.

After some necessary delay in order to close up certain matters he was engaged upon in Kansas, Whitley went to Atlanta, worked up this notable case successfully, but under great difficulties, and thus added fresh laurels to his rapidly rising fame, as may be learned from the official report made of this very extraordinary and knotty case — which had previously baffled *all* the attempts of his predecessors, in the unravelling. Officers of all kinds had tried to ferret out its intricacies, and for the most part had given up the pursuit, until they could have fresh aid. Col. Whitley so managed the investigation as to give entire satisfaction to Gen. Meade and the Government, and proved himself equal to a task that many others had relinquished as hopeless.

From Georgia, he went to Illinois, to look after the illicit whiskey stills that were established there, at various points — many of which he broke up and turned over the offenders, in these cases, to the law. Thence he proceeded into Virginia, upon similar duty; where the manufacturers had both neglected and refused to pay Internal Revenue duties.

At this time, Commissioner Rollins appointed Col. Whitley Assistant Assessor, with full powers, to act in Virginia. Just below Lynchburg, illicit whiskey distilling was being carried on, largely — in the 5th District — and the business was so profitably prosecuted that any interference with their operations made hot work for the U. S. officers who at-

tempted to reform this abuse. With five chosen men, he went forth into the Mountain District, and found the rivers swollen to torrents. The residents said it would be fatal to attempt to cross the River. But the game they sought was upon the opposite side. The officer and his men plunged into the angry waters, and swam their horses over, safely. Amid the war of the elements, during this storm and freshet, the busy distillers were not looking for the arrival of the officials. But Whitley pursued his way among them, surprised the offenders, and in a few days struck thirty-one large copper stills, in operation, captured and destroyed the entire lot, and also thousands of gallons of whiskey, arrested twelve or thirteen illicit manufacturers, and seized one large Tobacco factory, which was forfeited to Government. He sprang from his horse, upon occasion, and with his own hands cut and broke up the stills, when he found that neither white men or negroes would aid him, for fear of future consequences at the hands of the owners.

In Virginia, his experience among this kind of gentry was indeed busy! As he returned (during one of these official raids) to the town of Liberty, the people came down upon him. Lawyers declared that the course he was pursuing was illegal. He arrested the former U. S. Ass't. Assessor, who had been conniving with the offenders to cheat the Government; and the mob demanded that Whitley should give this man up. He stood beside his captured prisoner, at bay — for the threatening crowd would have readily appalled a man of lesser courage. But he knew he was *right*, and it is not in his nature to yield a single point, in controversy, where he feels assured of his position; while he never acts rashly or unadvisedly. "He is my lawful prisoner," said the Colonel, calmly but decisively, to the representative of the threatening crowd. "If

they dare persist to attempt his rescue," he continued, placing his ready revolver at his prisoner's head, "I will shoot him, on the spot!" The excited throng fell back. They saw the flash in the determined officer's eye, and they knew he "meant business," though his words were few, and his manner cool, defiant and manly. They gave up the contest. The best men in the place came to his aid, and then assisted in securing and conveying the culprit away.

While thus engaged as Assistant Assessor in Virginia, Col. Whitley was appointed Chief of the U. S. Secret Service Division. Hon. Mr. Delano, who had now succeeded E. A. Rollins as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was very desirous that Col. W. should continue in his Department. The Col. had succeeded in raising and saving to that Department over a million dollars of revenue; and Mr. Delano wanted him to remain. But, a week after his appointment as Chief of the Secret Service Division, he learned the fact, officially, and he accepted this post, from preference.

He found that the Division was but loosely organized, and that a great amount of counterfeit money was afloat, all over the country. He went to work in earnest. He reorganized his force — appointed new men — dispensed with the services of a majority of the old ones, who were not, in his judgment, up to the times, and generally "turned over new leaves" in the arrangement of the affairs of the Department, at whose head he had now been called to officiate.

He sends no man where he is not ready to go himself, if he thinks the occasion requires his personal attention to aid in carrying a point. He is a genial man among men, and always a steady worker. His facial lineaments are quietly disposed, and a glance at his portrait, (see frontispiece,)

will convince the observer that he does not lack in personal bearing that self-possession, courage, firmness, and shrewdness which are needful characteristics in the man who occupies the position to which he has been elevated by the Government.

He seeks out for his Aids and Deputies, the most capable and efficient operatives he can find in the country, who are competent to the duties of the peculiar business for which they are chosen, and he requires that they shall be honest, temperate, morally upright, and of good general standing in the community, as well as skillful, shrewd, apt and industrious. He holds them to a constantly strict accountability, in all their movements and transactions, and by a well-arranged system of gradation as to merit, they are remunerated and promoted, from time to time. And to his admirable *system* in all things pertaining to the Secret Service, is attributable a large share of its success, up to the present time.

An attribute possessed in a most extraordinary degree by Col. Whitley, is the remarkable magnetic power he exhibits over those with whom he is brought into familiar or earnest conversational contact. Completely the master of his own mind — in this respect — determined in will-power, peculiarly communicative of the subtle sentiment he entertains, and mentally resolved *to carry his point* in any personal or individual controversy he may enter upon, his success in inducing confessions or admissions of guilt from the numerous criminals he has arrested in the past three years, has been wonderfully fortunate. Once the culprit is fairly within the circuit of this curious influence, and the Chief will conquer him. It may require time, application, and repeated efforts to accomplish the purpose, satisfactorily — but in the end the accused "throws up the sponge;" and nine times in

ten his convincing, toiling, persistent, eloquent interlocutor will vanquish him, and subsequently use him and the information thus adroitly and skillfully obtained, if need be, to confound him and his guilty confederates in iniquity. Few persons possess *this* useful and wondrous gift of controlling the passions, the inclinations, the thoughts, the secrets of other men: and none are more strikingly gifted, in this direction, than is Col. W.

Col. Whitley is five feet ten in stature, compactly built, but is not, apparently, the vigorous, athletic person he is, in reality. A casual observer of the Chief would not say that he was a powerful, rugged, resolute man — who feared nothing, and who in a hand-to-hand conflict would be likely to come off victor, invariably, among the "rough customers" his duty calls him to deal with.

But he is not an agreeable adversary to encounter, physically, as scores of able-bodied criminals can testify, whom he has found it necessary to attack, oftentimes at disadvantage, in close quarters. He never loses his marvellous self-possession. He is quick-witted, stout-handed, and keen-sighted in all his movements. Ready, apt, experienced, and determined, he never flinches in the midst of peril, and never flies from danger. Especially sanguine in temperament, and always peculiarly hopeful in expectations, in his "bright lexicon, there's no such word as *fail*," in any enterprise he fairly undertakes. Success he considers a duty — and he has thus far been fortunate, at least, in the performance of this duty.

Among the details of the system adopted by Col. Whitley, is the important plan he has instituted of working in harmony with the *local* Police and Detective forces of the country, at all points; from and through which organizations his Division has from time to time received valuable assistance, officially, as he frankly, and gratefully admits.

The U. S. Secret Service is entirely free from the influence of politics. No man is appointed upon this force because he is, or is not, an attaché to any particular party. But his absolute *fitness* for the post of a subordinate in this service, constitutes his claim to consideration by the appointing power, in every instance. Men who are in this employ are of course altogether diverse in talent, and differ in qualifications, to share the different phases of duty in this Division. But they are never questioned as to their political preferences or prejudices, and these are not taken into account in selecting them.

A brief recapitulation of what has been accomplished in his Division in the past three years — since Col. Whitley was appointed Chief — may appropriately be inserted here.

The aggregate value of the captures and seizures made by the Department, during the three years' term of Col. Whitley as Chief of Division, has been very large — including materials connected with counterfeiting, smuggling, Internal Revenue defrauding, illicit distilling, and other irregularities. A detailed statement of these seizures would occupy too much space for insertion here; but we have summed up the leading items, in gross, from the records, to show in a general way what has thus far been effected.

Of the most important and dangerous grade of counterfeiters — as the manufacturers, engravers, wholesale dealers, coiners, and printers, two hundred and seven have been apprehended. Of the lesser grade — circulators, shovers, and minor operators, two hundred and ninety have been taken. Of Internal Revenue cheats, stamp-renovators, etc., three hundred have been captured. A total of seven hundred and ninety-seven in the counterfeiting line. Of Revenue defrauders, cigar sellers without legal stamps, whiskey sellers without stamps, smugglers of jewels, diamonds,

liquors, &c., &c., U. S. Mail and Bond robbers — besides many false pension-drawers; and for illegal voting, forgery, and other cases worked up by the *attaches* to the U. S. S. S. Division, over four hundred more. These culprits have been turned over to the Courts, and conviction has almost uniformly followed these arrests.

A large number of dangerous counterfeit plates, dies, presses, illicit stills, etc., have in the same period been discovered and seized — to wit, over seventy sets of plates of the National Currency, of the fractional currency, of greenbacks, and of U. S. Bonds, as well as forty-six sets of gold and silver coin-dies. Among these, three sets of $2 plates, eight sets of $5's, five of $10's, four of $20's, one of $100 greenbacks and national notes. Two unfinished $50, 7.30 note-plates, one of $1000 U. S. Bond plate, one of $1000 Legal Tender, new issue, unfinished. Two $1000 R. R. Bond plates, and numerous *parts* of plates, corners, figures, heads, &c.; many of them admirably executed, and any of them so well done as to render impressions from these spurious plates and dies most dangerous for ordinary circulation. Some thirty-four costly printing presses have been seized, in the hands of counterfeiters, three transfer, and one perforating press. Cigar and tobacco factories to the number of over eighty in all. One Match Factory, three Breweries, where the Internal Revenue laws were being violated, have been seized. Half a million of cigars and fifteen thousand bundles of cigarettes, also, from among these last named concerns. Several arrests of diamond and lace smugglers have been made, and the value of goods taken from them reached over $50,000.

Fourteen sets of plates for counterfeiting tobacco, beer, proprietary, and check stamps. Counterfeit and cleansed Internal Revenue stamps representing upwards of $200,000,

and over $700,000 in counterfeit paper money, gold, silver, and nickel coin; and $29,000 in stolen U. S. Bonds were recovered and returned to the owners — during the three years since Col. Whitley has been Chief of the Division.

The total number of persons arrested in three years, the majority of whom have been convicted and punished by imprisonment, fines, or forfeitures, (through the agency of this department) has reached the enormous figure of one thousand two hundred and twenty individuals — including manufacturers of counterfeit money, capitalists, boodle-carriers, shovers of the queer, ordinary dealers in bogus money, attempting to pass it, false coin-makers, dealers therein, procurers of plates, engravers, die-sinkers, smugglers, Internal Revenue defrauders, cigar and tobacco cheats, whiskey stills without license, old Stamp changers and cleansers, U. S. Mail robbers, possessors of counterfeit notes and fractional currency, etc. And among this horde of criminals and their confederates, some of the most notoriously adroit and hitherto successful counterfeiters ever known in America have been secured, convicted, and confined in the different prisons of the States, all over the country.

The efforts of the Chief of the U. S. Secret Service are most earnestly sustained by Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, Sec. of the Treasury, with whose Department this Division is directly connected. The relations of the Division are most intimately blended with those of that department, and the legal advisor of the Secretary, Solicitor E. C. Banfield, has devoted his untiring energies to the furtherance of the plans and the system of conducting the internal arrangements of the Secret Service, as adopted by Col. Whitley. The Secretary of the Treasury has shown a steady determination to crush out the crime of counterfeiting the National currency which has so long been rampant in this land, and to

bring to justice the base violaters of law and order, who for years have thus followed up their vile practices upon the community.

That the course of Col. W. has been sanctioned and approved by the administration, is evident from the increasing confidence reposed in the Chief, and the cordial readiness with which he is supported by the President and leading members of his Cabinet, who cheerfully accord him every facility in the prosecution of his duties, which the utmost strength of governmental power can afford him, in furtherance of the details of the important charge committed, without trammel, to his hands. That this unlimited confidence in the capacity of Col. Whitley by his Government is not misplaced, we have ample evidence through the results that have eventuated, thus far, in his official career, which have proved so colossal in proportions, and so effective towards the general good.

The work of counterfeiting our National Notes and currency is now virtually *stopped*, in a wholesale way, for the present. The men who have been been caught, and the vast amount of counterfeiting materials which has been secured, puts the criminals and their valuable tools beyond the causing further harm, for a while — at least. And it may at this hour be safely affirmed that but little counterfeit money is now in circulation, and that no new bogus notes have recently been seen.

Thus much for the *results* of Col. Whitley's administration as Chief, up to the present writing. It certainly is a most creditable exhibit, and is so esteemed at headquarters, as we have good reason to affirm. He has not "loitered by the way," in the discharge of his duties. No man could have done so much, in the brief space of three years, unless he had kept himself and his men busy. The amount of

benefit which has also indirectly accrued to the Government, through this formidable result, is almost incalculable.

The union of a Fouché's power of organization and combination, with the executive capacity of a Vidocq, are rarely to be found united in one person. Yet, in view of the extraordinary ability displayed by Col. Whitley, since he entered upon his present duty, in all his operations and management, the originality and the variety of the plans adopted in the Secret Service, the boldness of their application leading logically to conclusive results, we recognize in the present Chief the potentiality of such a character, and its prospective developement; and it is not improbable that we may learn, in the not far-distant future of his history, that his really brilliant success, thus far, is but the beginning of an official career that will culminate in rendering him pre-eminently foremost in his profession, in this country.

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OF THE

UNITED STATES

SECRET SERVICE DIVISION.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

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THE KING OF

WESTERN COUNTERFEITERS,

"PETE McCARTNEY."

The notorious, adroit, and wondrously successful rogue whose likeness faces page 51, and who is most familiarly known by the name of *Pete McCartney* — though he has borne half a dozen aliases, "Joe Woods" being one of his more prominent temporary titles — comes of respectable parentage, and is a fine looking man, of pleasant address, who possesses natural talents of no mean order, as his truthful history, as far as it has been gathered, abundantly indicates. His *real* name is JOHN P. MCCARTNEY.

He is nearly six feet in height, strongly framed, of good features, with black beard and hair now slightly tinged with gray, and at this writing, he is about forty-five years old. His grayish blue eyes and cold expression of countenance mark him as a subtle cunning personage, when scrutinized by the careful observer; but his quiet, gentlemanly manners among strangers, and his even though taciturn habit, render him an object of interest, frequently, when he is apparently least aware that curious eyes are studying his character.

Pete is of Irish descent, attractive in conversation, of

fair education, one of the most skillful engravers and plate-printers in this country, and a most resolute, determined, untiring fellow, in any undertaking towards which from inclination, or for profit, he once fixedly turns his attention. From his youth upward, McCartney has, however, devoted his talents, his energies, his years and his mechanical skill to the art of *counterfeiting;* and his career has been most curiously successful in this direction, during the past more than quarter of a century.

Pete McCartney's field of operations has been limited to the West, principally, where he long since won the title of "King of Counterfeiters," in that region. His exploits are famous, his daring notable, his continuous success unparalleled, and his ability to elude detection altogether astonishing. The local Police in the West have time and again been baffled in their search for this shrewd criminal, and the United States authorities (under *former* management,) failed to secure the arch plotter, or bring him to answer, although over thirty thousand dollars had been expended by the Government in prior attempts to circumvent and capture this notorious and accomplished "koniacker," who *led* the tribe of counterfeiters in the great northwest, for years and years. It was left to the ingenuity of the present Chief of the United States Secret Service Division, and his accomplished Deputies, at last, to bring McCartney to account; and his final arrest by Col. Whitley and his aids, resulted in administering a damaging and effective blow to the interests of counterfeiters in the United States, who everywhere were more or less directly leagued with him and his immediate confederates in this crime.

McCartney is considered one of the best "cutters" in America. He is a good chemist, and a first-rate plate-printer. For many years he carried on his nefarious prac-

tices in company with his friend and pal, Fred Biebusch, another famous western "coney-man;" and in all the minutiæ of the art of engraving, die-cutting, or printing bogus plates, Pete was a leader — universally acknowledged. But, despite the notoriety he gained, long years elapsed during the period he enjoyed immunity from arrest, and immense amounts of money were lavished towards effecting the suppression of his secreted operating establishment, and the capture of this dangerous manufacturer of bogus money, — but without results.

At length, Col. Whitley having been appointed Chief of the Division, went systematically and energetically to work, and followed the trail of this dangerous man — enjoining it upon his subordinates that Pete McCartney must be overhauled, and that his extensive and infamous traffic in the manufacture and circulation of "coney" must be stopped. It was not an easy task, but his men went to work under his instructions with a will, and the result will shortly appear.

McCartney had already been arrested several times, and had been temporarily held by the local western police; but he contrived to escape from confinement, and had never yet given the authorities the opportunity to arraign him. He persistently broke jail, bought his way out of jeopardy, and in one way or another managed to keep at liberty (with but slight interruption) for over twenty-five years — during which term he engraved, printed and put into circulation tens of thousands of dollars in value of bogus notes and coins.

In 1866, he was arrested at St. Louis. He chanced on this occasion to have in his possession some eight thousand dollars in *good* money; and, as he himself asserts, "escaped as easy as falling off a log!" He affirms that he

found no difficulty, on that occasion, in purchasing his way out of peril. "I was flush," he says. "They had a pretty sure thing on me then, and I was well known. But I left the jail, the city, and over eight thousand dollars behind me, there — one night — and I hav'n't been there since, to make inquiries as to what was thought about my French leave-taking of St. Louis and the hospitality of its municipal officials."

In 1867, Pete again found himself in close quarters at Springfield, Ill. "The prison where I was then confined," he asserts coolly, "was a mighty poor structure. I had no trouble in going through *that* jail. It wasn't a comfortable place and I didn't like my quarters. So I stepped out early one morning, and left." This is true. At daybreak Pete's cell was empty, and he was on his way into the interior again in safety, for the time being.

Upon another occasion, (during the rebellion,) he was under arrest, and, attended by a guard of soldiers, was manacled hand and foot en route from the west towards Washington — whither orders had been given to conduct him — and for safe-keeping to place him in the Old Capitol Prison. McCartney watched his opportunity. "I didn't want to go to Washington," he said to the writer of these Memoirs, who met him a few months ago. "I didn't like the look o' that arrangement. I could manage the boys out West. I *had* managed them frequently. It cost me a heap of money, to be sure, from time to time; but I was always a cash man, you know, and money will fetch 'em. In Washington, I thought it was different. And besides I hadn't just then a pile of the ready by me. So I watched the guard, and made up my mind I'd rayther *not* go to Washington. And I didn't!"

As the express train was being whirled along the Penn.

PETE McCARTNEY,

KING OF WESTERN COUNTERFEITERS. [See page 45.

Cent. Railway at a speed of thirty-five miles the hour, bearing McCartney and his guard among its passengers towards the Old Capitol Prison, he desperately sprang from the car, though he was ironed at wrists and ankles, and dashed out upon the track without an instant's thought of the probable jeopardy to life he might encounter by this bold rash act. The alarm was instantly given by the suddenly roused guard, the train was stopped as quickly as possible, the soldiers returned where all hands expected to find the reckless prisoner a mass of broken bones — at the least — upon the track-side, but no McCartney could be found, nor did *that* party of officials see the color of his face, subsequently! He had again made good his escape from custody.

"And how did you manage *this* affair?" we inquired, when Pete had himself quietly given us his brief account of this startling episode in his career.

"Easy enough," he said, with a smile. "You see," he continued, "I was bound to get out o' the hands of those fellows. I knew the 'Old Capitol' was an ugly prison-house, and it wouldn't do for me to go *there*. I was also aware there was risk in jumping from the cars, when the train was flying along at such a rate. But then we have to take risks as we meet with them. And this was no worse than the peril that loomed up before me in Washington. Though I *was* manacled, hand and foot, I took my chance — and bolted. I was hurt, of course. But I fled to the woods, waited till all was quiet, and the train had gone, struggled along for hours, skulked and secreted myself, and with a stone finally smashed the iron shackles from my limbs. I suffered for want of food, and from the bruises I got — but finally found daylight, and got among friends, once more in safety."

Constantly upon his guard, and ready upon emergency

skillfully to meet plot with plot, and cunning by cunning, the wily operator contrived to elude the grasp of those who sought to circumvent or secure him. "I have amassed a deal of plunder," he declared to us, "but I have paid away over $70,000 first and last, in good money, to escape the clutches of the law."

He managed his business with system. "I always had bogus money in plenty," he asserts, "when others had none. And thus I controlled the market for 'coney,' you see, very frequently. They had to come to me for it. I could always supply the *right* men (and I had a choice) with counterfeit notes, in quantity — for I engraved and printed the notes, or wrought the dies, myself."

For some time McCartney kept a Daguerreian gallery (under the name of Warren) in a western city. His experience in the use of chemicals was in this way improved.

After quitting the Photograph business, he purchased a livery stable, at Rolla, Mo. There came to his place, "on the sly," one day, a man whom he quickly recognized as a former acquaintance, who knew all about Mac's Springfield experience, and who wished to hire a horse and carriage. "I saw through this at a glance," observed Pete. "This fellow was after me. I told him I would drive the horse to his hotel at once. He went back, I took what loose money I had in the till, jumped out at the back window, and left Rolla and my would-be patron behind me. *He* did not pull me!"

McCartney's tracks were followed up, however, and from time to time he was arrested — but as often escaped, in some mysterious and inexplicable manner. He was always ready to *pay* roundly for his liberty, when cornered; and once or twice he gave up counterfeit plates and money he controlled, when such a show of repentance or desire to make restitution would best serve his own purposes. But it was a dif-

ficult thing to induce him to expose his confederates in crime. Some of them were known counterfeiters, and all his associates were marked scoundrels. But they were too vigilant, and too experienced, to place themselves in a position where legal *proof* could be adduced to convict them; notwithstanding the police well knew they were guilty utterers of forgeries almost innumerable.

Once McCartney was taken, prior to the appointment of the present Chief. "I was not *then* dealing in coney," said Mac to us. "But I knew where there were large amounts of counterfeit notes and plates of National Banks, and I offered to give up all I had concealed, or which I could get —of money, plates, dies, &c., and I would agree to live anywhere that Government might designate, and would pay the expenses of one of its own officers to watch me, for one year, if they would promise not to pursue me further, but give me the chance to follow some honest business, and give up 'coney' traffic, of which I was tired. But the men then in the Secret Service didn't want me to go out of the coney trade. This was evident to me. They would agree to anything, but would perform nothing, satisfactorily — and so I paid — and run away from 'em. I had done this before, and I repeated it. They couldn't catch and *hold* me — and they didn't."

"I went to Missouri, then to Minnesota, then up and down the west. I lectured in many places on the art of detecting counterfeit money, and did well. Then I shoved a good many notes, as I travelled — and the officers got upon my trail again. I knew it. I watched them, while they watched me. I practiced dentistry, a while: but this was too slow for me. I found that everybody was down on me. Government officers, police, lawyers, all hands. I had no peace for long at a time — anywhere. And I wanted to get out of the business. But I couldn't see my way."

"Detective Felker and his crew, I knew, were inclined to deceive me. I was really acting 'on the square' with them. They couldn't *hold* me, but I was desirous to get out of the line of life I had so long followed, if I could. I found that they did not incline to help me out, though they were profuse in promises, which they never fulfilled. They didn't want *me* to quit the coney business. They had a soft thing of it," continued McCartney. "*They* were on their make, continually. They put up jobs on me, and cheated me with promises. They said if there were no counterfeiters, there would be no work for them to detect. They made capital out of it, and didn't care to have me relinquish the traffic, any how. Felker more than once told me this, frankly. But I had promised my wife I would quit it, and I was ready to do so. They wouldn't let me."

All this assertion on Mac's part must be taken for what it is worth, however. McCartney got out of the hands of the then Detectives, nevertheless, when he found they deceived him (as he avers) and at last his case was taken in hand by the new Chief, Col. Whitley. He was tracked, and watched, and hunted down, at length. Detectives Applegate, Lonergan and Eagan were put upon his trail, and one day in the fall of 1870, McCartney proceeded to Portland, Ky., where he intended to remain quiet for a time, with a view to the future.

He went about the neighborhood and selected an old house occupied by a man to whom he paid a bonus to give him possession, and he moved into it. The occupant suspected the stranger, and reported the fact to the Chief of Police at Louisville. The local officers looked into the case, and shortly afterwards, Detective Bly found a quantity of counterfeiter's tools there, a printing press, rolling-machine, and full sets of plates for manufacturing bogus

"greenback" notes. They arrested "Alexander Bill" there, a noted rogue, whom they took to Louisville jail, and Col. Whitley, learning of this arrest, forthwith directed Detective Eagan, of the Secret Service force, to examine further into this matter.

McCartney's wife had also been arrested. But Pete was *non est.* at the time the Louisville police entered the old house. When Eagan arrived, he found that Mrs. McC. had been discharged by the U. S. Commissioner, and he brought her away. She then joined her mother, in Illinois.

When McCartney had been arrested at Cincinnati, in company with one "Charley Johnson," no coney was found upon Mac, but over $400 in counterfeit notes were discovered upon Johnson — in 20's, $5's, and fractional currency, with a set of $20 Greenback plates. They were both locked up in jail — but when Eagan arrived there, McCartney (as usual,) had again escaped! The busy Detective was not a little disappointed at this result, when he felt assured he had so nearly secured the game he had for some time sought. But he returned to St. Louis, under instructions, still actively on the scent.

At a late hour one evening, Eagan learned that McCartney was in the town of Venice, Ill., a small place near St. Louis, opposite the island where Pete's friend Fred Biebusch* had hid himself, after jumping his bail. Pete had escaped from the jail at Cincinnati very quietly, and was not looking for a visit from Col. Whitley's men at this moment. But he was then in the charge of the local police, and Eagan dropped in upon him at Venice, and had him, before he had time to make another move for escape.

McCartney at once offered to deliver into the hands of his capturers a large amount of counterfeit notes, plates,

*See page 63 for the history of this noted koniacker.

dies, &c., among which were complete sets of plates for all denominations of the National Currency, from fifty cents to fifty dollars; together with $60,000 of the "queer," all ready to be put upon the market; and afterwards offered fifty, sixty, up to eighty-five thousand dollars, if they would release him. But Pete's offer was declined. He was taken by the Detectives to St. Louis, then to Springfield, Ill's., and was placed by his escort in close quarters again, where the U. S. Marshal took care he should be so guarded as that another escape from his old prison-house should not readily occur — as he believed.

Upon a brief interview between Col. Whitley and McCartney, however, about this time, the following incident occurred; which tends to show how easy it is for even the skilled Detective to be sometimes at fault! As the Chief was about to quit the cell of McCartney, the prisoner said, pleasantly, "You won't leave me *here*, I suppose, Colonel?"

"Yes, for the present," replied the Chief. "You're safe here, *now*."

"Oh, I can get out of *this* place easy enough. I have done so before, and I can do it again."

"I guess not," said the officer, with confident emphasis.

"Where are you stopping, Colonel?" asked Pete.

"At the ——— hotel."

"Your number?"

"Room twenty-four."

"Thank you. I will call on you, at ten."

The Chief smiled, accepted the pleasant jest, bade Mac "good night," and left him.

He had forgotten the boastful words of the coney man, and was sitting in his apartments, writing, when just after ten o'clock, he heard a low rap at his door. "Come in," he said.

And to his astonishment, in walked Pete McCartney, with a quiet "good evening, Colonel!"

The Chief sprang up, seized his arm, and drew his revolver, with the natural ejaculation, "McCartney! How are you here?"

"Put up your shootin'-iron, Colonel," said Mac. "I merely called to pay my respects. Come! I am going back, of course," concluded the counterfeiter.

And ten minutes afterwards, Pete re-entered his prison-quarters again, voluntarily, where he remained in subsequent security.

No one ever knew how Mac had effected his temporary escape, nor would he ever explain the *modus* adopted by him in this instance to enjoy his "little joke."

"I merely wished to show that some things could be done as well as others," remarked Pete, in rehearsing this event.

When Eagan had tracked McCartney to his lair, the persistent pursuit which had been kept up, inordinately alarmed him. Pete is a man of iron nerve, great daring, and consummate coolness, on all occasions, and has shown himself ready at all times for exigency. But he was now anxious to make a show of repentance, and to so comport himself that the Government would let him up, or let him off, easily. So he sought an interview with Eagan, and proposed, through his wife, to meet that officer in a retired place, when he would place in his hands a large amount of plates, counterfeit money, etc. But he was not to be *personally* molested, on the occasion.

After some negotiations, it was agreed that Eagan and Pete should meet in a certain secluded corn-field, at midnight; Eagan should come alone and unarmed; McCartney would be armed, but would do him no harm, if he kept faith with him. Pete's wife, a beautiful and devoted woman

and undoubtedly a valuable assistant, by the way, in his counterfeiting labors — was to act as guide to Eagan; and when the "two high contracting parties" met, Mac was to make propositions to be submitted to the Chief, regarding the coney, the plates, etc., and was not *then* to be molested.

The programme was carried out, to the letter. McCartney was first on the spot, in the darkness. Eagan proceeded with the wife, unarmed but watchful, and then and there McCartney agreed to place in Eagan's possession certain valuable counterfeit plates of different denominations, and "coney" to the value of at least $50,000. Two men in McCartney's interest escorted Eagan to the corn-field, and stood with loaded weapons pointed at him during this interview, while the single Detective (unarmed, by agreement,) stood facing him, (on the other side of a rail-fence,) as Mac held his musket towards his breast, and they talked this matter over, in the darkness. At the close of this meeting, Eagan retired, declining to enter into any promises as to the future. But shortly afterwards, the programme submitted in the corn-field at midnight was consummated, though *not* upon the terms dictated by McCartney at that interview. He was soon afterwards secured by the U. S. officers, and compelled to make a surrender of all the counterfeiting materials within his knowledge, which, it was found, exceeded $65,000 in nominal value, and numerous counterfeit plates, dies, &c., &c.

The capture of this large amount of bogus money, and the obtaining of the spurious plates mentioned, was a very important move, and the result was highly creditable to Messrs. Applegate, Eagan and Lonergan, who so shrewdly managed this dangerous and subtle offender, throughout the trying scenes attendant upon this interesting adventure in their experience.

The primary arrangements thus entered into for the recovery of this money and materials were absolutely necessary, inasmuch as no one but McCartney could put into the hands of the authorities this vast amount of property. He alone knew where it was. He had himself manufactured and secreted it. And he had *no* "confidences." He proposed this thing himself.

"I offered to give up to former U. S. officers more of this coney than they ever saw," said McCartney, "if they would deal fairly with me. They couldn't get it, otherwise. They would *promise*, but always cheated me. Col. Whitley and his men never promised anything. They did not deceive me, therefore, and I felt that they were working with different motives. They never demanded pay of me, and I never paid them any hush-money, as I did others. But *all* these men knew very well that they could get no bogus money out of me unless I was inclined to help them. I have nothing to say against Whitley or his men. But the other crowd were unprincipled, grasping, and utterly deceitful — from the start — promising everything, and performing nothing. They put up jobs, and went back on me, more than once."

McCartney, a few years since, married a daughter of John Trout, a noted counterfeiter, now in the State Prison at Jackson, Mich. Her mother, Mrs. Trout, was a smart and skillful counterfeiter, also, who is now at Decatur, Ills. The wife of Pete is a handsome woman, some years his junior, but a shrewd aider and abettor of her husband. Mrs. McCartney's sister married Ben Boyd, another famous coney man at the south-west, who has latterly given up the business, it is believed. Pete has children, to whom he is devoted, and his family are greatly attached to him.

At Springfield, in the winter of 1870, after Mac's final

arrest, Col. Whitley was present at an interview where the prisoner's wife was admitted to see him, on one occasion. He observed that she passed something slily into Mac's hand, while there. It proved to be a small bar of lead or pewter metal. On a previous occasion, Pete had contrived to melt up the foil from the tobacco-parcels he was allowed to use, with which he manufactured a key to the lock of his cell, and thus escaped, upon that occasion. The bar of lead was intended for a similar purpose, undoubtedly — but Col. Whitley had him searched when Mrs. McCartney left, and thus *this* design was then frustrated.

After another interview with Pete at Springfield, Col. Whitley arranged with him to go to Decatur, Ill., where the prisoner told him he had buried a large quantity of coney, which he would deliver to him. He took him from the jail, and Pete said he would like to see his wife before they left. "Go to her," responded the Chief. "The cars start for Decatur at such an hour. Meet me at the Depot."

"I will not fail," said Mac.

The Col. went to the station, McCartney saw his wife, and was there to join the Chief, promptly as he had agreed.

They went to Decatur together, and acting 'on the square' throughout this journey, he led Col. Whitley to a cornfield where he dug up several tin cans; which, upon opening, were found to contain over $60.000 in well executed bogus money, and a set of $5 counterfeit plates upon National western banks. They then returned once more to Springfield.

From this point McCartney proceeded with Col. Whitley to St. Louis, Mo. They walked out from the latter city into the country some six miles, and approaching an old house, Pete crawled under it, and came forth with several sets of dies for gold and silver coins, which he had himself made

and concealed there. With these, and his prisoner, the Chief returned to Cincinnati, where McCartney had secreted about five thousand dollars more in counterfeit money, which he turned up, with several unfinished portions of other bogus plates. Then they went to Springfield, once more, where after some negotiations with friends who were inclined to aid him, he procured good bail for $5000, as required by the U. S. Court, and was released from custody, until his trial should take place.

He was shortly afterwards re-arrested, and taken to Louisville, Ky., where the U. S. District Attorney had another case against him. He laid in jail at this place some time, but finally obtained bail there, and was again set at liberty.

His trial at Louisville came up first. Mac put in an appearance, in response — but, fearing the result, he jumped his bail and left. And at the writing of this history, (Jan'y '72) the whereabouts of this accomplished expert is unknown.

One trait in this man's erratic character deserves mention. Notwithstanding all that has been accomplished by the Chief and his Assistants, through McCartney's disclosures, nothing could ever be wrung from him that would implicate or point out who may have been his accomplices. Some of them are well known, and several have been ferreted out. But Mac would never, even remotely, peach on his friends. In reply to repeated queries in this direction, he constantly evaded answers, and little is known of his associates, except what has been arrived at, through other sources, the Reno boys, Joe Miller, alias Kincaid, Perry Randolph, Ben Boyd, &c., in consequence of their arrests. He has not hesitated to talk very freely concerning himself and his own numerous exploits, and he has turned over to the Government from time to time, in consequence of the pressure brought to bear

upon him by Col. Whitley and his men, an immense quantity of spurious money, and other material of great value to the koniacker and his pals. But he cannot be charged with treachery to his friends of the craft, whatever else may be laid at his door.

When arrested at Cincinnati, Mac had $3,500 of good money in his possession. Upon demanding this, it was not forthcoming. A portion of the amount (1.400) was procured by Col. Whitley and returned to the prisoner, subsequently; but the remaining $2,000 McCartney steadily declares "he has been beaten out of, by the local police," there. "They shook it out of me, and said it had been stolen from the desk," he adds. "But I will get it, yet." They also declared that I was only "a stall," and that "my release was part of the arrangement previously made, for another purpose. Now the fact is, I walked out of that jail without hindrance at the opportune moment, and if I could see the man who held the keys, I could identify him. But I don't know who he was."

Though the career of others whose stories follow will be found more exciting, more romantic, or more striking, no one among those we describe possesses a keener spirit, or a more subtle disposition than does Pete McCartney. And, although his last arrest by the U. S. Detectives, under Col. Whitley, has proved so important, by itself, but little is really known in further detail, as yet, of this extraordinary man's actual character.

THE GREAT

SOUTH WESTERN "KONIACKER,"

FRED. BIEBUSCH.

This notable character's career is marked by success during a course of unpunished crime that finds parallel rarely in the history of coney men, in this or any other country. For nearly thirty years, Fred Biebusch steadily followed the traffic of the "queersman" in the west and southwest; and his vast line of operations alike extensive, bold and profitable, were extended over the whole country from Illinois to Texas, with wondrous good fortune, and without apparent check, until within a recent period.

His personal head-quarters he established at St. Louis, Mo. His secret agents were scattered in every direction throughout the south-west. From time to time he was placed under arrest, and over *fifty times* in the course of his erratic life he was in the hands of the local Police authorities. But he contrived as often to escape unharmed and unconvicted; and followed up his illegal vocation with renewed zeal, on each occasion that he so fortunately (though

frequently at heavy pecuniary cost) obtained release from the toils of the authorities.

The portrait of Fred Biebusch will be found among our illustrations. He is over fifty years of age, of German parentage, born in Prussia, came to America in 1844, and is a broad-shouldered, powerful man, of hard physique, but not bad looking. In the course of his counterfeiting trade, his sales were enormous at first hands. He personally dealt only at wholesale, and his cautious custom was to negotiate his transfers in heavy sums. He individually received the *good* money, in these transactions, and the *coney* passed through the hands of women, "kids" or the established go-betweens in his trade, of whom he was continually watchful, for he never reposed over-much confidence in these people.

The extent of his operations and the profits Biebusch accumulated, enabled him, in a few years, to control a very large sum of ready money, and whenever the exigency arose, he was ready to "draw his wallet," and pay roundly, to escape arraignment before the Courts. He disliked the atmosphere or contiguity of all legal tribunals; and, like the owl, he preferred night to day, whenever he had occasion to be professionally abroad.

In the old days, when *State* banks were in existence, Biebusch flourished wonderfully. It was his habit, in those times, to "job out" most of the counterfeit stock printed upon various State banks throughout the country by Driggs, Piper, Lew Sleight and others, who sent forth hundreds of thousands of dollars through Biebusch's agency — he accumulating large commissions for standing between them and the smaller dealers, at that earlier period. After a while, he became the pal and right hand man of Pete McCartney (whose history we have already given) and received from

Pete, not infrequently, one or two hundred thousand dollars' worth of the "queer" at a time, disposing of it for circulation in Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, and the Territories. Biebusch was also the confidential business manager for Ben Boyd and Bill Shelley, the engravers, and employed both these notorious artists to cut plates for him. He amassed wealth rapidly, and though often trapped and caught, he contrived to get out of the clutches of those who nabbed him from time to time, so frequently and so readily, that it was not uncommon, upon Fred's release from custody, to hear the query propounded, "How much did he put up *this* time, to get out o' quod?"

The record of this coney man's criminal career, his numerous escapades, his manner of managing the various arrests to which he was subjected, and the uniformly successful results that attended both his business and his interests, for three decades of years, are certainly very curious, as well as interesting. Whatever genuine skill, sharpness, ingenuity, or the ready outlay of money, when needful, could accomplish, Fred Biebusch availed himself of.

His whole life has been given up to crime. His arts, his genius, his time, his brains, have all been devoted to the one vile purpose of manufacturing and circulating counterfeit money. He furnished the capital for engravers and printers, he helped to get up plates, and to establish presses, to secure paper and ink, and in general to find and supply the right agents and shovers of the queer, everywhere. He was a wonderful man, as cool and subtle as he was daring and unprincipled. And fortunate indeed is it for the community at large that such an accomplished cheat and forger has met with his deserts, for the present, at least, at the hands of violated justice and law.

Like his quondam pal and long-time associate, Pete

McCartney, Fred Biebusch, at an early day in his experience, adopted a systematic plan in all his business matters. Upon being arrested, he always promptly gave bail to appear for trial in the future. Arrest never gave him the slightest uneasiness. His bondsmen were always ready, and it mattered nothing how many counts against him were embodied in an indictment, he was always prepared to furnish good and sufficient sureties to satisfy the Courts. After furnishing bail, he looked about him, and ascertained who were the witnesses likely to appear against him. These he would buy up and send away long distances, at his own expense. When the trial came on, these witnesses were not forthcoming, and Biebusch came boldly into Court, challenging proof of the allegations made against him, defiantly, and the government would find they had no case, for its witnesses could not be found!

This plan did not uniformly succeed, however. Then followed a resort to the other lever. In more instances than one, "weak-kneed" District Attorneys were found to enter a *nolle prosequi* just at the nick of time; and Fred would quietly walk out of custody, a *poorer* but a wiser man!

Under the former management of the Secret Service Department, as soon as the Division was fairly under weigh, originally, Biebusch, who had for years thus aptly managed his "delicate little affairs" in the south-west, cast about him to sound the subordinates engaged upon the U. S. force, with a view to ascertain who among them he could buy up — if occasion demanded. And having obtained such information in this direction as satisfied him that he was all "hunky-dory," in certain quarters, he rested — to await subsequent developments, looking towards his own interests. Under the early management of the Division, Biebusch was several times placed under arrest, but as often,

through his shrewd management with men and money, the lively koniacker went off "Scot free," always in cheerful spirits; and it is a commentary in no wise flattering to the organization and internal management of the Division (at that period) that when the residence of Biebusch was searched, upon one occasion of his being subsequently arrested, several letters *from former members* of the force were found, proposing to Biebusch, for a money consideration, to assist the counterfeiter again to escape the grasp of the law! Some of these letters might be published, but we have not space for them here. This *fact* is patent, however.

Upon the appointment of Col. Whitley as Chief, an immediate reorganization of the Division ensued. The faults of the old system of conduct, and the shortcomings in the former management were authoritatively brought to his notice upon his assuming the direction of affairs, and he at once set about reforming the crying abuses that had obtained in the Division in previous years. He resolved that such knaves as Biebusch, McCartney, Bill Gurney, John Hart, Tom Hale, and other notorious coney men should be vanquished, and the nefarious trade they were pursuing secretly, yet so perniciously, should be broken up. To this work he addressed all the energies of his own mind, and to this object he zealously directed the untiring vigilance of his subordinates.

Upon his final arrest, which was brought about through the persistent efforts of Col. Whitley and his aids, it came out that Biebusch was the possessor of a handsome fortune, accumulated through his unrighteous mode of business-life; for among other property that he owned, it was ascertained that he held notes of hand, upon call, for monies loaned to some of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis, to an aggregate of $60,000.

In 1865, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary in Mo., but through some strange influence he was pardoned by the Governor. He directly resumed his old business, and went on as briskly as ever in the coney traffic. It was his boast that he "could paddle his own canoe in safety forty-nine times in fifty, and clear the breakers, sure." The other chance he did not hesitate to venture upon, and the hour of his downfall finally approached. When at length he was arrested by Col. Whitley, he resorted to all the old dodges he had so successfully played in other days — but without result. He offered money liberally to escape the punishment that loomed up prospectively before him: he bought up witnesses against him, and spirited them away at his own cost; and finally when placed upon his trial — he came into Court, again anticipating a triumph, but only to meet there, on *this* occasion, an apparition that totally dumbfounded him. One of his own former tools had suddenly turned up against him; upon confronting whom, the heart of the counterfeiter sank within him. His late confederate (Bill Shelley) appeared upon the witness stand, and Biebusch saw that the jig was up with him, at last! He bolted from the Court room in despair, and jumped his bail, at the last moment.

It occurred that Shelley had a few months previously left the west, where the repeated arrests, under Col. Whitley's orders, of his coney-dealing associates, had alarmed him — and he had come to New York, where he still worked at his profession as plate-cutter; continuing in the employ of Biebusch, but at a goodly distance from that worthy's western field of operations.

One day the Chief ferreted out the lurking-place where Shelley quietly pursued his work. He pounced upon the engraver without warning, and surprised him in the midst of his labors.

"Who are you doing this work for?" enquired the Colonel, bluntly. "You do not use these plates yourself, I know. Who employs you? And why are you thus engaged?"

"Because I am a poor man, and I have no other means to get bread for my family," said the frightened Shelley.

The Chief looked about the poorly appointed apartment where this ingenious but miserable man toiled early and late to earn a sustenance for those he loved and was bound to provide for, and his heart was momentarily touched with sympathy for the misguided man before him, whom he was confident could not but be the tool of others more guilty than he was.

"Tell me who employs you, Shelley," urged the Chief, as he seized the unfinished plates and tools, and informed the worker that he was his prisoner, also.

And to the official's surprise poor Shelley informed him he was then at work for Fred Biebusch, by whom he had been employed at the west for a long time prior to his coming to New York. Shelley was then taken into custody, his counterfeit effects were secured, and Col. Whitley held him to answer in the future.

He subsequently voluntarily confessed the part he had taken in certain transactions in connection with Biebusch at the West. And Fred being then under arrest and his trial approaching, Shelley was sent to St. Louis as a witness against him. Several of the other Government witnesses had been bought up, and sent away by Biebusch. But *this* man, one of his old confederates in iniquity, he did not have the opportunity to tamper with. The Chief had sufficient testimony in reserve to corroborate the statements of Shelley, and when the latter showed himself in Court, it was too much for his old employer. He saw "the writing

on the wall," instanter. The game was up! He fled — and forfeited his bail.

But Col. Whitley followed upon his trail, forthwith. Every avenue of escape was watched, or blocked. His men sought him in all directions, and within another week, the United States Detectives, with the earnest aid of the St. Louis Police, who are rightfully entitled to a share of the credit in eventually bringing Biebusch to justice — the wily, determined, and cunning koniacker, was once more captured, and this time effectually. He was secured, and committed to prison without bail.

His trial was soon commenced, in the U. S. Court at St. Louis. Biebusch set up the worn-out stale defence of his accusation being a "put-up job;" but his past fearful record and the mass of facts adduced by the Government as to his long career of crime were plainly proven, to the satisfaction of Court and jury. Despite his wrath and the desperate defence he set up, Biebusch had now reached the end of his tether, and he saw that the present Chief and his Assistants were too many for him.

Col. Whitley bears no malice in his breast towards the men who thus fall into his hands. This disposition is entirely foreign to his nature. But he has entered determinately upon a "war of extermination" against the base counterfeiters who have so long cursed the land with the prosecution of their vile practices. He realises that for the accomplishment of this laudable purpose he now occupies the responsible position in which he has been placed by his Government; and he is resolved to carry out the object of the administration, in good faith, and to the uttermost of his ability. Towards the penitent tools employed by the leaders in this crime against the community, he is disposed to extend all proper leniency. And evidence in support

of this inclination is found in the course he has deemed it wise to pursue towards those who have shown their contrition and a willingness to reform. In the instance of Shelley, who was arrested as already stated, and who expressed a desire to obtain some honest employment whereby he might provide for his wife and children, the Chief placed in his hands the following letter — which enables him now to earn a livelihood in a respectable manufacturing establishment in New York city.

"*To whom it may concern:*

The bearer of this letter — William Shelley — was for a long time engaged in the nefarious calling of engraving counterfeit plates, for which offence he was arrested by me. But it appearing that his testimony would be exceedingly useful in a case then upon trial against a notorious and wealthy counterfeiter, and still further that he would ever after refrain from crime and earn an honest livelihood by his trade, I have thought proper to aid and encourage him — so long as he adheres to his good resolution. And I have no hesitation in saying that I consider him entitled, thus far, to credit; and trust that no one will hesitate to employ him.

H. C. WHITLEY,
Chief of S. S. Div., U. S. Treas'y Dept.'

The day of the *final* trial of Fred. Biebusch came round at last in October, 1870. He was under twenty thousand dollars bail, and over a year and half had expired since the celebrated koniacker of St. Louis had been arraigned under the allegations preferred against him by Col. Whitley. He had not been idle in all that interim. He had sought out the Government witnesses and "cooked" all he could find access to. Not a stone had been left unturned, so far as he

was concerned, whereby he could obtain or contrive an apparent advantage in the forthcoming ordeal arranged for him, and he entered Court, with able counsel, to meet the charges against him with the same defiant spirit that had on similar prior occasions marked his conduct before the tribunals of justice. But on the first day of this trial, he discovered that he had a different style of opponent to battle with from those he had previously encountered.

The new chief had woven about the guilty man a web of evidence he had not counted upon, indeed! And Biebusch quickly saw that for once he had "reckoned without his host." He fled as we have stated, and a week passed ere he was recaptured. Chief of Police McDonough, of St. Louis, went for him, and aided by U. S. Detective Eagan, the skulking criminal was tracked to a retired spot near St. Louis, above Bissel's Point, known as Cabaret Island. With a dozen armed men this place was surrounded. Shots were freely exchanged, and a after lively hunt and skirmish, Biebusch was smoked out of his retreat, and taken once more into custody.

The occasion of his jumping his bail a week previously to this last arrest, was found in the fact that Col. Whitley produced as a witness against him the noted Bill Shelley, one of his confederates. When Biebusch saw *this* man in Court, whom he fancied he had "fixed" for certain, the criminal wilted. Detective Fayman submitted his evidence, and U. S. District Attorney, Chester H. Krum, of St. Louis, was bound to convict the man who had so long persecuted the community there, since he was convinced that he had positive evidence that rendered this a "dead-sure thing," on Biebusch, this time.

On the second day of the trial, Biebusch did not appear. The Marshal called him, in open Court. The lawyers

looked at each other, the Judge looked at the lawyers, the crowd looked at the confused court-attendants — but Fred. was not forthcoming. He had stepped out. The jury was discharged. District Attorney moved that Biebusch be called, upon his bond. The bondsmen were then summoned to produce him — but the bird had escaped, and his bonds were forfeited to the Government.

After his temporary escape, he lived on Cabaret's Island in a hut, secreted by day, and venturing out only in the darkness to the Point. He was seen one night to meet his wife in a cornfield, watched, tracked, and discovered. The officer ordered him to surrender, but he started to flee again, and six shots were fired at him without effect. He mounted a high fence, and was just springing this, when he was grappled and brought down, and for the last time placed safely in quod.

He said at the conclusion of this arrest, "I wanted only time to fix up things again. I could have done it. I ran away from the Court because the U. S. Detective force had secured evidence that I couldn't get at, in time, and which I could not rebut. I couldn't get another continuance, either, and I thought that was my only show. They've got me 'dead to rights,' they think, on this occasion. But we shall see. I've got friends yet, and I sp'ose I can give bail again. I am not hopeless — bad as the chances look. But the new Detectives can't be 'worked' like the old ones — that's a fact."

When the final trial was resumed, the Government officials set forth that they were prepared to prove that Biebusch was guilty of selling counterfeit $20 greenbacks, and $5 bogus notes; with having spurious plates in his possession; with passing fractional currency; with employing one "Bill Shelley" to engrave bogus plates; and with disposing of

other large sums of counterfeits, in the western country. Biebusch had been hunted down, systematically, and when "pulled" he resisted, fought the officers, was floored and ironed. He was then searched and "marked" money found on him, which he had received from one McCabe for counterfeits he had sold him. This in February, 1869. Prior to this, it was averred that he had employed and paid Bill Shelley to cut counterfeit plates, for three years, or more, etc., etc.

Shelley gave his evidence clearly and without faltering. He swore to the facts above briefly enumerated, and voluntarily stated that he had had no promises of reward, or of leniency towards himself. His object was to tell the truth — as he had previously stated to Col. Whitley and his officers — in justice to himself and the U. S. Government. Having made a clean breast of it, and reiterating that he had not been under restraint, or in any wise prompted or induced to give his evidence, save from a sense of what was *right* — at last — he retired, and Biebusch plainly despaired of further escape from the event which shortly overtook him. In the midst of this trial, originally, one of the jurymen was approached covertly, by Biebusch (as a final resort,) with the offer of $1000 cash, if he would hold out on the verdict, against an "agreement." "I want to hang the jury," said Biebusch to this man, "and thus turn the tables upon John Eagan and the rest of the U. S. Detectives." But this dodge failed him. The juryman was found impracticable for his purpose. He could not bribe him. At the last trial, it was aimed to impeach Shelley's evidence, by the defence; but this did not succeed. A large amount of damaging correspondence between Biebusch and his pals was shown up by the Government; testimony corroborative of Shelley was brought forward in abundance by

BILL GURNEY,

ALIAS "BIG BILL," THE QUEERSMAN. [See page 78.

Col. Whitley; the U. S. District Attorney, Mr. Krum, delivered an able and exhaustive argument to the jury; Judge Treat charged clearly and fairly; and within one hour from the time they took the case, a verdict of GUILTY upon all five of the indictments was returned against Fred Biebusch, the most noted koniacker ever known in the great south-west.

The prisoner was at once sentenced to fifteen years confinement in the State Prison at Jefferson, Mo., and entered upon his gloomy incarceration Dec. 13, 1870, at the age of forty-seven. If he serves out this rightful sentence, Biebusch will be sixty two years old at its expiration. He had beaten the local and U. S. Detective forces, previously, more than fifty times, in thirty years! He did *not* succeed in purchasing or defeating those he defied, at last; and, through the present organization of the U. S. Secret Service, *another* dangerous rogue has thus been righteously disposed of.

BILL GURNEY,

ALIAS "BIG BILL, THE QUEERSMAN."

In the month of August 1870, there suddenly appeared in the eastern cities an admirably executed counterfeit $20 note on the National Shoe and Leather Bank, of New York. The intelligence of this discovery was telegraphed all over the country to business men, bankers, and others interested, putting the public upon their guard against this dangerous and well contrived imposition.

Col. Whitley, of the U. S. S. Service, arranged directly a plan to reach a *probable* source, in his estimation, of the issue of this counterfeit. He despatched one of his Detectives to communicate with a notable "koniacker," known to him, surmising that this party knew something about it. The dealer he suspected was an "old settler" in the traffic, however, and it was no easy task directly to approach him, without exciting suspicion.

Yet it was highly desirable that steps should be taken to stop the continuance of the issue of *this* counterfeit — which was being largely circulated in other places, and which was soon heard from as having been imposed upon the community in other cities. The Chief looked about him, and

having given the requisite instructions to a chosen agent calling himself "Jake Buck," that individual found a man lately out of the State Prison, who formerly chanced to have been concerned directly with the Chief's suspected party, in the uttering and circulation of counterfeit money.

"Jake Buck" applied to the ex-state prison bird, to know if *he* could sell him some coney.

"No," says the the other. "Are you in the business?"

"I would like to *buy* a little," says Jake.

"I don't sell any myself," responds the other, cautiously; "but I think I might find a man who will accommodate you. I will see, and let you know to-morrow evening."

"All right," says Buck; and the two acquaintances separate. Next evening they meet again — on the same business — the ex-prisoner having meantime applied to the party in whose service he formerly "shoved the queer" extensively, and who remembered his old customer, who had been "pulled" three years previously, for that offence.

"Out again?" says the big rogue, upon recognizing his former patron, who sought the former at his residence.

"Yes," replies the small coney man, "an' I'm dead broke, sure's yer live."

"And what next?" asks the big dealer.

"Nothin'. I don't know. Dam 'f I don't think things look rather glum for a chance. Yer see I hain't got a brad to my name."

"Cleaned out, eh?" says the big dealer.

"Busted. Now if yer like to give an old pal a start ag'in, I'll try it on. What's up?"

The dealer assures his old friend that he feels disposed to help him, and at length places an admirably engraved new counterfeit $20 note in his hands, to commence operations upon. This note he takes to his new-found acquaintance,

Buck, at their appointed second meeting, and the latter buys it, at half its represented value, say $10.

"When can you supply me with some more?" asks Buck, admiring the excellent imitation.

"Day after to-morrow," says the ex-prisoner.

"Let it be a hundred, then," adds Buck.

And the go-between in two days more brings five $20's like the first, which Jake Buck readily gobbles, at forty cents on the dollar.

They smoke and drink and separate again; but not until Buck has agreed to take $500 of the queer from the ex-prison bird — though he now haggles a little at the price.

"Say thirty cents on the dollar," suggests Jake.

"So be it," responds his companion.

And when they meet again, by appointment, Buck pays over the one hundred and fifty dollars in good money, and takes his twenty-five new $20 counterfeit notes, which he is quite sure have all come from the same original source that the *first* one started from.

He has been managing all this time to work himself into the ex-prisoner's confidence, and he has succeeded, admirably.

"It goes devilish hard," says Buck, "atween ourselves. I thought it would go like hot cakes, it was drawd so fine. I can use a heap of it, if I could get the coney cheap enough. Spose you put me to the 'queer cole maker' himself, and let me try my luck with *him*."

"Come to the 'break o' day drum' in B —— Street, to-morrow night," says the other, confidentially, "and mayhap I'll p'int him out to yer."

Within twenty-four hours, Jake Buck meets the wholesale dealer of the queer at the liquor shop in B —— Street, and makes his acquaintance. But this personage is an old sin-

ner, and it is only after a lengthened interview, (during which he ascertains to his apparent satisfaction from Jake that *he* too has but lately left prison,) that he gives him encouragement. But having informed the big dealer that *he* was "copped" two years previously, as a "boodle carrier," and showed him plainly that he was "up to snuff," the former appoints a time and place to deliver him a bundle of "new stock," at twenty cents on the dollar.

He thus purchases $500 more of the queer for $100 good money, directly at first hands, and goes his way. A week afterwards, he finds the dealer again, and arranges for a fresh pile. The dealer in the counterfeits then agrees to deliver him $3,000 of the bogus notes for $18 per hundred. The time named is evening, the place of meeting at the Tenth Street Ferry, on the East River. And "Jake Buck," (who is really one of the Chief's Detectives,) reports progress forthwith at head-quarters.

At the appointed hour — having thus managed already to have purchased several hundred dollars' worth of trash directly from this leading vendor's own hands, he repairs to the Ferry House, to receive $3,000 more of the same sort, in the same denomination of $20's, of which his temporary pal, (the recently released prisoner) has also procured and sold to him several smaller similar sums; and the Chief, with another Assistant, *happens* to be opportunely near by the spot of this last appointed meeting.

But the big dealer knows the Chief and his Deputies, and he isn't to be "caught napping." He's too chary a bird for that! So he comes to the Ferry House and looks cautiously about him. He sees "Jake," but there are other strangers round. He recognizes none others whom he has seen before, however — for the Colonel and his other man simply represent a plain looking parson, and a slightly in-

ebriated mechanic, who are evidently waiting there, in the throng, to cross in the next boat.

He observes the half-drunken man, the cove in the white choker, and Jake, with a cigar in his mouth, (see illustration on page 8) but they are not together. He is anxious to get rid of his $3,000 bogus, and to finger the $540 good money that Jake is to pay him "on the sly." He advances —"Jake Buck" tips him the wink, a preconcerted signal between Jake and his Chief passes, and the next moment the big dealer is stoutly grasped by the sleek parson and his aids, who clap the iron ruffles upon his wrists, and he is a fast prisoner, in the hands of the U. S. Secret Service Detectives — very much to his surprise! The counterfeit $3,000 are found secreted in his breast coat pocket in a neatly closed parcel, and thus the Chief has the famous "*Bill Gurney*," one of the heaviest coney men in America "dead to rights;" and the prime source through which have come the cunningly engraved $20 notes then lately "shoved" on the market is discovered, beyond peradventure.

Bill Gurney is a wily old dog, however. The police had had their eyes on him for years, and he has several times been pulled — but escaped. He had managed like Pete McCartney and Fred. Biebusch to elude conviction or imprisonment in one way or another, and for a long time to keep the authorities at fault regarding his secret infamous work. But the U. S. Detectives finally got upon his track, and this notorious villain was at last driven to cover, and on this occasion was fairly "nabbed in the hock!"

The ex-prison bird, who had been carefully watched, meanwhile, was also secured that night; and thus two shrewd counterfeiters — the greater and the less were safely lodged in limbo, by means of the cleverly contrived but effective *ruse* of Col. Whitley and his operatives.

This capture of Bill Gurney, one of the most notoriously shrewd and artful koniackers in the United States, was highly creditable to the officers of the Secret Service. But he was yet to be tried for his crime, and he was possessed of sufficient ready means to employ the best of legal counsel.

"It's a good job for the 'puzzle coves,'" said Bill, hopefully. "But it's a long way yet to conviction." And though this bully coney-man was safe in hand, for the nonce, he cheerfully accepted the forbidding situation which he so unexpectedly found himself placed in, and determinedly set himself to plotting for an early or ultimate release.

The innumerable legal difficulties that attach to the conviction of this class of criminals — especially those among the tribe who possess ample ready means, for example — are entirely misappreciated by the honest community. Occasionally — though but rarely — a learned Judge is met with who indirectly takes the extraordinary ground that "the testimony of Detectives, as a class, should be scrutinized with great caution, inasmuch as from their occupation or calling, and living a life of deceit, their statements on the witness-stand are not entitled to the same weight as that of men taken from the ordinary good classes of society."

Now it is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the U. S. Detectives have no possible contingent pecuniary or other interest in convicting a counterfeiter. They are paid a stated salary for their services, and are tolerated in the employ of the Government only so long as they do their duty promptly, honorably, and efficiently. There are no special rewards in the system, as at present conducted, and their pay is in no wise contingent on the *number* of convictions secured. They stand or fall upon their merits and capacity, alone, and attain to promoted rank in this service only in just proportion to their official deserts.

It is simply impossible to convict counterfeiters, as a rule, without the aid of their confederates. The lesser criminals in this secretly conducted business can alone obtain the confidence of the greater villains. And thus it becomes an absolute necessity to make use of the minor offenders to aid the cause of justice in bringing the leaders to account. The criminal who has had a dozen illegal transactions with his confederate — undertakes the thirteenth in the same good faith which attended the first twelve offences — and finds himself within the grasp of the law through the defection of the man with whom he has long confidently been practising his wrong against the community. Can the use of such "living witness" against the evil-doer, (though a confederate in lesser degree,) be deemed a doubtful move, in any sense, so far as the rights of honest and innocent men are concerned? There can be but *one* answer to this query. The leading jurists of this country have justly admitted it as a settled rule of evidence that "where the necessities of the case compel the use of an accomplice as a witness, the course is justified; since the principal offender could not otherwise be brought to justice."

In the instance of the arrest of Bill Gurney, a plan was adopted by Col. Whitley (as we have already shown) based upon the theory that to make certain of the capture of this great rogue, resort must be had first to the use of one of his accomplices in guilt, and then, in furtherance of that plan, to bring into the case one of his own subordinates, in disguise, "to consummate the proof of his crime," and bring the commission of the deed directly home to the chief criminal. The success of this ruse, in the use of his accomplice, is already well known to the public.

Wm. M. Gurney is now in the prime of life, in years. He is a large, heavily built man, with hard lineaments and

sinister expression of countenance. He looks the comely scoundrel in feature and form. And his truthful portrait, facing page 77 in this work, affords evidence that he would readily pass for an extraordinary personage, in common society, where he was not known. His commanding, well-developed form and easy address, served him to good account in his intercourse with the public, and his wide spread acquaintance with men and women whom he esteemed to be of the right stamp for his purposes of evil, enabled him to drive a "flush business" in his reckless profession, for a lengthy period, and to goodly profit. But his avarice tempted him to take risks, at times, (as in the instance quoted,) which wiser heads in his line of traffic most studiously avoid.

His parentage was respectable, and Bill was reared in Saratoga County, in the vicinity of the spot where the fashion of the land now pass the summer months. When a boy, he amused himself by perusing stories of the wonderful exploits of Jack Harold, Paul Clifford, Claude Duval, and Jack Sheppard; and thus imbibed a taste for the daring life of this sort of outlaw. At an early age he associated with canallers at Albany and Troy, and here he first commenced his experience as a "shover of the queer," in a field where counterfeit money was readily circulated, and at a period when one State bank bill would pass as readily as another — good or bad.

He grew to manhood, and in a few years Bill became one of the leading "queersmen" in New York state. He made the acquaintance along the Erie Canal, at this time, of almost every "koniacker," "boodle-carrier" and dealer, large or small, in this part of the country — and as he developed into riper manhood, and reached full six-feet-two in stature, he took the lead in the "coney" business, and for years indulged himself in luxury and ease upon the profits of his thriving counterfeiting trade.

At length Bill found his way to the metropolis, naturally. The field of his operations could thus be enlarged, and he grew avaricious as he grew in years and enjoyed his enhanced opportunities.

In New York he associated with the leading sporting men, or the most prominent and polished of criminals. These men thought themselves "posted" in the art and science of crime and intrigue; but Bill soon showed them a trick or two they had not, previously to making his acquaintance, been up to.

Jerry Cowsden, Ike Weber, cranky Tom Hale, Bill Overton, and their chums and pals were then upon their "high-heeled boots," and did a flourishing business — in their way. But Bill Gurney "came, and saw, and conquered!" The cutters and printers and circulators wanted a leader, and the "koniackers" who were then driving a lively business in a smallish way, were not averse to hailing a chief among their fraternity who had the pluck, the stamina, and the "spondulics" at hand to assume the position of head of the gang. Bill saw his chance, he had the "brads," and he "went in." Soon after his appearance among these new found companions, plans were laid to put upon the market a hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit notes upon the Fishkill Bank.

The press for printing this large sum of "coney" was established in New York city. The plates were cut, the paper procured, but only a few thousand dollars were got upon the market. Charley Brockway, alias the "curly headed kid," went back upon his friends. He located the "boodle," and "squealed" on his pals. The result was the whole concern was nabbed, and two or three of the operators were "sent over." Bill, as usual, ostensibly kept "out of this dirt," however.

When the rebellion broke out, he saw a glorious haul in prospective, at once, when the Postal and Legal Tender U. S. notes appeared. He put up his money on it, and the grand results of his efforts at this time were immensely profitable. He got out fair counterfeit plates of the $1's the $2's the $10's and the $20's. These succeeded finely — but the specially successful note was the Legal Tender $50, which proved the most dangerous Counterfeit, as well as the most accurate imitation, of all that ever were got out in this country.

This last named note is defective in the vignette head, where the buttons of the coat of Hancock are incorrectly placed, and upon the left hand corner of the back the repeated numerals "50" are run together irregularly. But bankers, brokers, merchants, railroad-men — everybody took this note without challenging; and a large quantity were shoved, in all directions. The $50 legal-tender was a prime success, and the coney men everywhere were jubilant over this nicely accomplished imposition, of which not less than half a million dollars got into market.

Bill was arrested by the former U. S. Detectives, but he was released, about the time this counterfeit was discovered. He then went to work to introduce another capital bogus issue, after the original U. S. Compound Interest note, of the higher demonination of $100. This undertaking entailed a heavy outlay of ready cash, but Bill was equal to the emergency. "Young Ned," a pal, who stole the *back* impressions of this note from the U. S. Treasury, and who knew all the "koniackers" far and near, was no longer needed. Bill and his companions feared him, and so a plot was entered upon to "put him out of harm's way." He was poisoned in Washington, and died an awful death. His secrets and the confidences of the busy tribe who had con-

sorted with him, were buried with him. In this case, Gurney was again arrested (for the fifth or sixth time, in New York,) but soon found himself at liberty, once more, through some gerry-mandering process known only to himself and those who then held him in custody.

For a time he disappeared, and it was thought Bill had gone into retirement, under an *alias*. But he had long indulged a taste for gambling, and he "fought the tiger" fearfully, for months — when he awoke one day to find himself "dead broke!" He had lost his handsome fortune, at play, and was without funds as well as minus friends. In this strait, he went back to his old trade, but the tide of his luck had turned. He botched whatever he undertook, lost caste, gambled, tried first one thing and then another, but all failed him. He first pushed the famous Newburgh National $10, upon the market, but it was poorly executed, comparatively, and involved all who attempted to shove it in dire trouble. Several of his associates were nabbed by the U. S. Detectives on this work, and two or three were sent to the State Prison, on conviction. Just before he was arrested by Col. Whitley, Bill made a fortunate strike, however, and got in funds, once more. He had laid out the programme for some stupendous operations, and would have been down upon the public shortly, heavily, had his career not been fortunately checked, and this base man removed from the chance farther to impose on and wrong the public, as he had done unblushingly for years and years. He was taken, as we have stated; $3,000 in counterfeit money was found upon his person at the capture, by Col. Whitley and his men; the Chief had thus "a dead sure thing" on this notorious offender; he was taken before the U. S. Commissioner, and in default of being able to procure the amount of bail required ($20,000) he was placed in jail to await trial.

This arrest of Gurney placed in the hands of the Government the counterfeit $20 *plate* upon the National Shoe and Leather Bank; which will be more fully referred to in a future article, in the important case of Joshua D. Miner.

Gurney married a beautiful and accomplished lady of the highest respectability some years since, and she is devotedly attached to him, as he is to her. She did not know him, however. Yet he has always treated her kindly; and the misfortune that befel her in uniting her fortunes with those of the gambler and Counterfeiter — though innocent of any knowledge of his base profession — is now intensified by his subsequent sad but deserved arrest and punishment.

Bill was convicted, though he boasted his ability to beat the Chief "bloke" of the Secret Service. The jury found him *guilty*, without leaving the box. He was sentenced by Judge Woodruff, of the U. S. Court, to ten years' imprisonment in the King's County Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of $3,000; to be committed until paid.

Thus ends, for the present, the history of this remarkable man, who has filled a large space in the annals of counterfeiting, in New York State; and who is now, luckily for the peace and welfare of the people — through the active zeal of the Secret Service — placed where they will realize, at *his* hands, no farther trouble for half a score of years to come.

THE WHOLESALE

NEW ENGLAND "BOODLE CARRIER,"

BILL DOW.

More than twenty-five years ago, a sharp-eyed, handsome boy of sixteen or seventeen was "beating the bush" in New Hampshire, anxious to make his way, whenever opportunity presented, like most keen young Yankees one meets with in that money-loving country, where Washington Irving credits this sort of biped with being especially partial to the acquisition of the "almighty dollar." He had "boxed the compass" pretty effectually, thereabouts, and had passed his time in various attempts to earn his livelihood — in stables or markets, and generally about the town of Concord, until he finally settled himself for a while as an attendant in an eating saloon there; where, through economy and industry, he contrived to put by a few dollars for "a rainy day."

The ambition of this young man was to keep out of debt, and work along quietly as he approached his majority, hoping to light upon some chance (for which he was constantly upon the watch) whereby he might "strike a lead" that would better his fortunes, and enable him to live easily in the future.

He conceived a peculiar fancy for horse-flesh, in his young years, and was desirous to become possessed of an animal he could call his own. In the restaurant, he not infrequently met with strangers and travellers passing up and down the country, who halted temporarily at this eating-house as they went, and who often left behind them questionable looking bank bills, which he subsequently discovered in his master's money-drawer. The restaurant-keeper did not object to take these spurious notes; but, on the contrary, received and passed them off, and smiled at the young man's expressed solicitude on the subject.

"It's as good money as any," said his employer. "Don't be too nice! It all *goes*, and it answers our purpose. Let it slide."

And thus the boy's eyes were first opened to the chances before him. If these bogus rags could thus readily be passed in that establishment, he mentally argued that there was a bigger field of operations to be easily found, if one but took a little time to "prospect for it!" And as the young man thought this affair over at his leisure, he concluded he would now purchase the horse he coveted, at the earliest convenient moment, and then turn his attention to something promising larger pecuniary results than were attainable in the meagrely rewarded service of a drudge, in a country eating-saloon.

He had previously formed an acquaintance with a New York horse-man, who came to the saloon in Concord frequently, and he had seen him and others "shoving the queer" there so often, that he fancied it wasn't a difficult process — while he felt assured that this lively business would *pay*. He got more intimately conversant with these "gentlemen from New York," and finally left Concord, went to the great metropolis, where crime is so commonly

cloaked and smothered in fine linen or sanctimonious hypocrisy; and, with a few dollars of his hard-earned good money (mixed with a generous sprinkling of the bogus he had gathered,) from one of the very 24th Street horse men who had first incidentally opened his youthful eyes to the facility with which this thing could be done, he bought and paid for a good stout cob of a horse; with which — and a liberal supply of fresh "coney," furnished him by parties in Houston Street, whom he found no difficulty in approaching, at that time — the young man went forth upon his first journey in a pilgrimage that has led to ruin wiser heads and stouter hearts than even this keen young Yankee then or subsequently possessed. But he was hopeful, spunky, cautious, and well informed; and he entered upon the prosecution of his new vocation, with zeal and determination now to "make his pile."

At Mike O' Brien's, who was then in his prime, in New York, the young man made the acquaintance of the noted "Dock Young," afterwards convicted for robbing the U. S. mail coach on the highway in Maine, and who was sent to the State Prison there, for this offence. The boy's early education, after quitting the saloon, was thus obtained in the association of "cracksmen" "coney men," and their "pals." But he was unusually smart for his years — bright, intelligent, good looking and daring; and he soon made up his mind that the *dealer* in the "queer" rather than the "shover," was the party who piled his gains with the greatest ease and celerity. But the way up to this elevated position among the "coney" fraternity was a tortuous road, and one that he found "hard to travel," before he reached the apex of the then far-away hill-top to which he aspired. And so for more than a dozen years, he went and came as shover, circulator, boodle-carrier, or cracksman, before he came to be a wholesale dealer.

This youth was the afterwards notorious *Bill Dow*, a faithful likeness of whom will be found at page 128, whose numerous exploits as "cracksman" and counterfeit dealer, throughout the length and breadth of New England, marks him as one of the most skillful of coney men that ever flourished in America.

It was Bill's custom, after a varied experience in his newly adopted secret trade, to visit New York city, and thence to take away from five to ten thousand dollars of bogus bills, at a time, upon the State Banks then in operation. These sums would last him but a little while, when he would return and get another bundle of "stock" which he distributed himself, or spread abroad through his confidential agents, all over the Eastern country. *Large* bills he could not use to advantage in that region, and so he carried one's and two's and three's, most frequently. He obtained this stuff through Bill Gurney from Josh. D. Miner; then, as in later days, a big wholesale dealer in the coney.

As a cracksman, afterwards, Bill Dow got familiarly acquainted with Mike O'Brien, Jack Rand, Charley Brockway, Langdon W. Moore (alias "Charley Adams,") Tom Shotwell, *et als.*, and with these worthies he was engaged for years in his inquitous trade, *sub rosa*. Tom Shotwell, known as "Blacksmith Tom," furnished the burglarious tools. He was a good mechanic, and was constantly in Bill's confidence and employ. Dow paid all the bills, at length, for he accumulated money rapidly. As a leader in the nefarious work, it fell to his lot to "locate" the jobs, of which he was the grand manipulator, first and last, prior to the operations of the cracksmen, with whom he was thus in villainous association.

Bill grew to be a very handsome man, and at 35 to 45 years of age his polished address, gentlemanly bearing, and

genial manners drew about him many personal friends, among the good and bad who chanced to cross his path professionally or socially. In his personal appearance, in middle life, he resembled a wealthy country gentleman, though he was evidently "a man of the world," as well.

When, in the course of his busy career, a bank was to be "cracked," Bill was always near by the scene of operations, on the watch to "pipe off," personally. In the manipulation of the "queer," he never trusted the "kids—" but always received and "planted the stuff," himself. After cracking a "crib," or bank successfully, and getting away with the "plunder," Bill would lay for the "reward" which he knew would shortly be offered for the recovery of the money. Then he would "work back" the notes, through the police, or certain "easy" detectives; and take his commissions, or share (after indirectly negotiating sharply) for the return of the lost funds. This course he adopted, because the stolen notes were for the greater part the issues of the bank thus robbed; and such large sums of the same kind of good money were far more difficult to get rid of without detection, than were even so many counterfeit notes. At the close of such a transaction, Bill would pay off the "kids," the blacksmith, and his pals in the enterprise, and "go in" again upon a fresh hunt.

Bill went to New England, where he readily found plenty of "boodle carriers" anxious to assist him and take the "stuff" into the interior, at figures that paid him generously, and afforded them large profits. "Hod Bonney" of New Hampshire, was one of his chief boodle men. These agents parcelled the bogus notes out to "peddlers," or itinerant dealers, who "shoved" it every where in the country towns, liberally. Bill travelled in all directions, to oversee this work, kept up the supply regularly, and meanwhile was

continually on the watch for fresh chances to crack a country bank, at an opportune moment.

On one occasion he succeeded in relieving the Concord Bank of some $300,000 in good money; and at another time he made a big "lift" at the Wolfboro', N. H., Bank.

The amount of money he and his confederates thus obtained was so great that none dared to keep it. They got alarmed. "Blacksmith Tom" was afraid to hold it, and it was quickly secreted in glass jars and buried. It was subsequently recovered and mostly restored, through the active exertions of the New York city police.

When the famous counterfeit $50 legal tender note came upon the market (already referred to in a previous article) all the "coney men" rushed to New York to obtain bundles of this admirable specimen of the "queer" — which is *the* best counterfeit note, of any denomination, ever produced in America, and which deceived all sorts of money judges, for a long period.

Bill Dow, Tom Hale, "cranky Tom," Bill Gurney and others, formed a secret co-partnership for the purpose of using these large bogus notes to purchase jewelry and fine watches in Boston and Philadelphia. They *first* bought a choice watch of the Waltham Co., by express, "C. O. D.," for which they forwarded six of these spurious $50 notes in payment. These notes went through, the watch was sent to New York, the bills were deposited in the Bank, paid out again, and the fraud remained undiscovered. The six notes were never heard from. This incident is cited to show how exquisitely nice was this imitation note. *No* one then suspected it.

But the facts herein stated were all subsequently ascertained, and Detective Newcomb, now of Col. Whitley's force, worked up this case, and found the three hundred

dollar Waltham Watch in Bill Dow's possession. He seized it, took it to the Company, sought for the *notes*, but could not trace them; and was actually compelled to *return* the watch to Dow, as his property! Bill told the details of this story himself, and the tale was subsequently confirmed by Detective Newcomb, as above, in all particulars. Sixteen more of these same $50 notes were "shoved" in one day, in New York city, by Tom Hale and his "moll," at the dry goods stores. And Bill Gurney also (about the same time) bought jewelry largely in Philadelphia, C. O. D., with these same notes, and with similar success.

But Bill Dow found this counterfeit, though it was so finely got up, of too large a denomination for his New England trade. He therefore continued his practices there with the smaller ones. He had made a pile of money, and he went to Mike O'Brien's place at High Bridge, N. Y., to rusticate a while. But he soon moved off again, quietly, and undertook the cracking of the Bank at Wolfboro', N. H.

He rarely dealt in bogus *coins*. This stuff was too cumbersome to transport. But he came and went to and from New York, and procured his paper "stock" at East and West Houston Street, (where it was openly sold in large packages to him and others.) These places were well known as the coneymens' head-quarters. "Deals" by tens of thousands were made there, daily. A loaded revolver lay upon the table at the dealer's right hand (between him and his customer) as a reminder that during the transfer, good faith must be observed in these transactions between buyer and seller. This was the only precaution used. Once the "stock" was out of the dealer's hands, he had no concern about it. But among these thieves in council, honor was observed; or an explosion followed suspicion of an attempt to play false with the providers of the stuff.

The "coney" *team* was as common at one period for years, in New England, as was the peddler's cart; and it was looked for in its rounds quite as regularly and much more anxiously, in certain quarters. These "shovers of the queer" put forth myriads of counterfeit notes, and the whole country was surfeited with them, while Dow was rioting over his gains, and pushing things to extremities. Though he did not realize it, he was hastening to ruin, "with a flowing sail." His last big "deal" at Springfield (where he shoved over $10,000 in bogus bank bills,) did his business for him, effectually.

Bill had long been watched by the police, and the U. S. Detectives got upon his track at length, in earnest. He had studiously "kept his eye peeled," nevertheless; and, like other of his accomplished pals, he had so managed as to elude detection, with great adroitness. But, during the rebellion, he run a new rig, furiously, and at last a snare was deliberately laid by Col. Whitley, for his capture, which was carried out to successful conclusion as follows.

Wm. W. Kennock, one of Chief Whitley's Detectives, went forth, under instructions from head-quarters, to hunt this offender down. Upon tracking Dow, after careful search, he "lighted" on him at the town of Hookset, N. H. Kennock directly assumed to represent the professional "cracksman," and upon getting into communication with Dow, he pretended that he had himself just made a good thing upon a distant country bank, and had come to New Hampshire to lie by a while, until the affair should cease to be talked about. He soon contrived to ingratiate himself into Bill's affections and confidence, and by dint of careful conduct, and the information he possessed regarding the ways and manners of both the queersman and the burglar, the disguised official got a hold upon Dow's "tender spot," and they quickly affiliated.

But, among Dow's bad qualities, he had long been possessed with a love of liquor, and he never "shirked his tod" among boon companions. His newly made acquaintance, who passed, (on *this* occasion) for one "Jim Drake," indulged Dow's failing in this particular, and "treated" him liberally, whenever Bill was inclined to drink — for he was well aware that New England "white-eye," like "good wine, will loosen the tongue" wonderfully, at times! They drank together. Bill poured it down freely, and "left no heeltaps," until "Jim Drake" had pumped many of Dow's secrets out of him, while he filled up his inner man with the "ardent" he loved so well.

"You don't say you dodged the 'cops' after that little affair, so handily?" mumbled Bill, as the liquor began to tell on him.

"Yes," responded Drake. "An' I made for the 'cross-drum' lively, you can bet. It *was* a 'big thing,' and a hellabulloo followed, next morning."

"O' course," muttered Dow, knowingly.

"Take another 'snifter,' Bill," suggested Drake, pouring out half a tumbler full of the bingo, and passing it to his victim, who was already pretty full, and very communicative.

Dow didn't need urging, nor did he observe that his companion only *pretended* to imbibe. The "fly-cop" who had this koniacker now in hand understood his biz'; and he "chaffed" him right pleasantly — the while manœuvering to draw him out, and gather from him various important hints that he succeeded in obtaining, ere Bill was aware that he had "blowed" upon himself, essentially!

Dow did not get so drunk that he could not carry himself. He talked with easy familiarity, believing that he had found a new man who was as deep in the mud as he was in the

mire; and whom he could manipulate perhaps to advantage on some future occasion — for Drake appeared to him to be a right jovial fellow, who was thoroughly posted.

Thus Detective Kennock (alias "Jim Drake") wormed himself into Bill's favor fairly, and got upon the scent of more than one of Dow's prospective "jobs" then in contemplation.

A prominent confederate of Dow was the notorious Jim Boyd, who was a Deputy Sheriff and Canadian mail agent.* Messrs. A. B. Newcomb, Del Omo, and Kennock were the U. S. Detectives who worked up the Springfield job, in which Bill was concerned. Kennock was the man who sprung the trap and "put the collar" upon Dow at Hookset, N. H.

Alf Tenney of Lowell, was another notable companion of Dow's. Tenney was an "old dodger," and was too sharp to be "cleaned out" by the Eastern police, though he was watched and waited for, a good while. He too was a constant frequenter of the tap-room and the "boozing-ken" — and met his fate finally, as will be seen, hereafter.

Detective Newcomb took Bill Dow from Hookset to Boston, and placed him in charge of the Chief, Col. Whitley, who awaited his arrival there, after having been notified of his arrest, by his operatives. Then the Colonel proceeded to an interview with his prisoner, who at once "knuckled" to the Chief, whose men had run him "to close." Dow caved! The Chief had hardly been in conclave with him fifteen minutes before he "acknowledged the corn," owned up fairly to having been in the coney traffic a long time, and offered to make disclosures valuable to the Government.

"You've got the 'dead wood' on me, Colonel," said Bill,

*Jim Boyd was subsequently arrested by Col. Whitley's men through a cleverly managed ruse, which is explained in another chapter of this work.

despondingly. "I know it, and I knock under. You've beaten me, and I won't contend. You're *right*, in the course you've taken. I don't complain."

"Will you plead guilty of being a counterfeiter?" asked the Chief. "We've got this thing on you, dead sure — and you can't escape me now, Bill."

"I know it. I own up. I don't want any trial. I submit, and will give you valuable information in reference to this iniquitous business, hereafter."

The Chief believed Dow was repentant. He had a wife, who was innocent of his evil doings, and Bill exhibited a contriteness that seemed real; while he solemnly promised never again to mix in this nefarious work. Col. Whitley put faith in his contrition and promises, and taking into consideration certain favorable extenuating circumstances in Dow's case, he explained the matter to the Court, when the offender was arraigned to answer to the allegation the U. S. authorities had against him.

The Colonel did not believe that Dow was "a hardened criminal," in the usual acceptation of that term. He sincerely hoped that this young man *would* reform, in future years, and thus he was induced to urge the imposition of no unduly harsh sentence upon his prisoner.

The Court considered the fact that after his arrest Bill had given Col. Whitley highly important information in reference to the counterfeiting business in New York city, and in view of all the circumstances attendant upon the case, Dow was sentenced to the State Prison for two years, at Charlestown, Mass., without a trial — upon the man's pleading "guilty, and *nolo contendere*."

The hope is indulged, that after the expiration of this lenient sentence, Bill may reform, altogether, in accordance with his voluntary pledges solemnly given to Col. Whitley, and that he may yet live to become an honest citizen.

FRED. BIEBUSCH,

THE GREAT SOUTH-WESTERN KONIACKER. [See page 63.

A LIVELY MEMBER

OF THE CONEY FRATERNITY,

"JIM BOYD."

Among the sharpers and adepts in the counterfeiting line, the subject of this "memoir" held high rank in the estimation of his associates; and few men of his tribe have had a more varied and lively experience than has Jim Boyd — the Canadian "koniacker." He was an expert in the details of his infamous occupation, and so cunningly managed his affairs, in conjunction with his numerous notorious companions in iniquity, that the local police were kept at a distance for years, and were unable to settle their gripe upon this accomplished, dangerous, and wily operator in the "queer."

He had been frequently hunted, and every conceivable plot had been entered upon, with a view to capture this shrewd rogue. He snapped his fingers at the officers, and boasted that "city, state, nor U. S. 'coppers' could contrive to get ahead of Jim Boyd's time!" Bold in his plans, subtle in their execution, persistent in his wickedness, and defiant in all his schemes — he went on with rare success, unchecked in his studied machinations — for several years.

His real name was James Boyd, Jr., but he passed under the cognomen which heads this article, and for a period he held the office of Deputy Sheriff, at Frelingsburg, Canada. He was also nominally a Detective, informer, merchant, traveller — each in turn — and was mail-carrier, and said to have been at one time a deputy post-master at the town mentioned, where he had resided from his youth upward, although born in Massachusetts. In this vicinity, the people had become aware that a large amount of counterfeit money was in circulation from time to time, and every now and then, fresh batches of bogus notes found their way mysteriously about, among the trades-men. But Boyd was not suspected, though from the increase of the coney men in that region after a while, one of the streets in the town of Frelingsburg was christened " Coniack " Street.

At an early period in his life, Boyd had heard a good deal about counterfeiting, and he conceived that this profession, if well followed, pointed out a right " royal road " to speedy fortune. He possessed a money-making turn of mind, and thought he saw the way clear to mass up wealth, through this lawless means. He married at a very early age, and was exceedingly ambitious to get rapidly ahead in pecuniary condition.

His first venture in this direction was in the butter trade, and he began to earn an honest living through this channel, in which business he was moderately fortunate. But this slow road to wealth was unsatisfying; and having previously known more than one of his friends who had come to possess large means, in a brief space of time, he felt convinced that the secret of their success lay in manipulating the bogus money with which the country over which he travelled was flooded. He looked about him, and from his somewhat prominent position and large acquaintance, he

found little difficulty in getting the "inside track," in a short time, among the men who were zealously "shoving the queer" in his neighborhood.

Jim was sufficiently secretive in his natural habit, and upon entering on his newly chosen vocation, he quickly became an adept in the business. He bought and sold large sums of "coney," upon his own private account. He enjoyed rare facilities, too, for putting these false notes upon the market, in various ways. For some time Boyd had a good run of luck, and thousands of dollars in spurious bank notes were shoved by this cunning knave, whose avariciousness and recklessness grew with his steady success. But at length he went too far, and exposed his hand. He left the Colonial limits of Her British Majesty's dominions, and frequently crossed the border, and renewed the details of his business upon the soil of the United States.

He went and came, shoved the queer at every opportunity, smuggled goods over the line upon occasion, but kept up his hotel at Frelingsburg in respectable style, at which house he had a goodly company of guests, the American Consul being at one time a resident at his house. He was obliged to visit New York city, to procure his "stuff," in quantity; and when he left, he passed up the Hudson, usually, to Albany and Langsingburg, where he had friends. Thence he journied to Springfield, to Boston, Lowell and Salem — and then north to Lawrence, Manchester, and via White River Junction to Canada. All along his route, he scattered the counterfeits among his long-time agents, who shoved it wherever they could put it off, and constantly to good account, so far as his profits were concerned.

Emboldened by success, he became careless, but always continued anxious to make the most of his chances. Every effort was put forth to catch this man, but he eluded the

officers who were put upon his track. He did not appear the desperate man he proved to be. He was quiet, plausible, and pleasant in his intercourse, and was warmly attached to his wife, though at one time she caused him serious trouble, through her scandalous conduct. He finally got into the habit of receiving his counterfeit stock by express, and returned the pay by mail — when he did not go to New York in person.

Col. Whitley made himself acquainted with the antecedents of Boyd, and put a couple of Detectives after him. But latterly Jim did not come down, in person, to New York so often as in earlier times, as it was found — at length — to be a difficult matter to induce him to cross the border; for he was made aware, through his friends, that he was being narrowly watched. He continued to sell butter, and to venture upon long journies, however — at times — always keeping a sharp "lookout for breakers," yet nevertheless ever anxious to drive a trade in coney, whenever he could do it safely, and especially when the purchaser he met was in want of large sums; upon which latter operations he made a good thing out of his transactions, with but little trouble, in selling to the *right* man. And the "right man" came along, one day.

In the course of the search for Boyd, two or three of Col. Whitley's Detectives were put upon the scent. One followed his track through New England, another went through New York, to the border. Messrs. Anchisi and Delomo were engaged in the working up of the case. Delomo proceeded on this duty as one "Monsieur Leroy," and Anchisi passed as "Charley Bon;" both Canadian Frenchmen. At Reading, Mass., one E. J. Ober was discovered — and, by dint of management, this man was found to be a friend and correspondent of Boyd, in whom Jim placed entire confidence.

"Charley Bon" got into this Ober's favor, and offered to buy $500 of the queer of him. After a little, Ober told him that he obtained his coney of Boyd, and showed Bon the last letter he had received from the Canadian dealer, which ran as follows:—

"Can procure you what you want, but not till end of month. Any *kind* you want. Let me know how much stuff you desire, and the denominations you wish.

J. BOYD."

"Charley Bon" (Anchisi) agreed to take his five hundred in $10's and $20's National Currency, and Boyd soon arranged to meet Bon at White River Junction, to deliver this sum. It stormed, and he did not appear, on the appointed day; Monsieur Leroy had meantime got acquainted with Ober, and took a letter from Ober to Boyd, saying:

"The bearer is all right. He is the friend I wrote you about. Whatever he does in relation to business will be 'all on the square.'"

E. J. OBER.

Anchisi learned that a new $2 counterfeit National note would soon be out, (as it *did*, in May following.) He met Delomo (alias Mons. Leroy) and they went to Lowell, together, and met at Ordway's "boozing-ken" near the railroad station, in the city of Spindles. Here Alf Tenney, another noted New England counterfeiter and shover was encountered, and made "a deal" with Anchisi, alias Charley Bon.

Bon assumed the role of a "fence" on this occasion, and was roughly attired. He got acquainted with the bar-keeper of Ordway's drinking-shop, and one day there came in a stranger, named McLaughlin, an ex-state prison bird, who thought he recognized him.

"Who's *that?*" he enquired of the bar tender, suddenly eyeing Anchisi.

"That? Charley Bon," said the young man. "Do you know him?"

"Yes, indeed," says McLaughlin.

And crossing the room, he seized Bon's hand with an earnest gripe.

"Charley," he exclaimed, "don't you remember *me?*" And then in a low tone he mentioned how they had been in Sing-Sing prison together, and how Bon had got out first — a few months previously!

Bon fell in with this mistake, at once, and they had a drink together, for "auld lang syne."

Thus the Detective's disguisé was assured.

This man introduced Tenney, Ordway, and Clarke (Bill Dow's travelling agent) to Bon, and all got acquainted readily; as "birds of a feather," &c., &c. At last it was arranged that Detective Delomo, who represented "Mons. Leroy," should proceed with Ober to Canada, to get the coney direct from Boyd's hands. He reached Boyd, but *he* hadn't the money with him. Leroy wanted $5000 in National Notes. For this large sum it was necessary, Boyd said, to go to New York. After some chaffing, Boyd agreed to go down to New York city, and deliver Leroy the coney *there*. This was precisely what his customer had long been operating for. He thus had him upon Yankee soil, and would eventually know where all this money came from; as well as to work the job up that they had in hand, so far as Boyd was concerned.

The appointed place of meeting in New York was at the Revere House, where Leroy was to stop. At this point a report was made to Chief Whitley, and the balance of the plan to get a "dead sure thing" upon Boyd, was at once

consummated at Secret Service headquarters. Delomo got his *good* money with which to buy the bogus (at twenty cents on the dollar) which notes were duly *marked* by the Chief, and then "Mons. Leroy" once more appeared at the Revere House, where Boyd had already arrived with the counterfeit stuff, which he had obtained in New York of Frank Gleason.

Gleason was the worst scoundrel of the two, but we shall come to him by-and-by. *Boyd* was the man the Chief was after now. Gleason was "shadowed" directly, however, and was known to be in association with Boyd. At a meeting in a lager-beer saloon in Fulton Street, Boyd sold to "Mons. Leroy" $1,700 in counterfeits, and arranged to deliver the balance of the ordered $5,000 in the evening of same day; saying that "his man had not succeeded in getting so large a sum down, at once; since he had to go up town so far for it."

Shortly afterwards, Boyd went out, and the Detectives followed him to Barclay street, with the Chief in company. At the opportune moment "the jig was up" with Mr. James Boyd! He was collared upon the sidewalk, ironed, the marked good money that "Leroy" (Detective Delomo) had paid him for the $1,700 bogus was found upon him, and he was borne to the Chief's office "in a jiffy," not a little chagrined as well as astonished that his quondam friend "Mons. Leroy," who spoke such excellent Canadian French, who had helped him tote more than one heavy firkin of butter to a customer, as they travelled together, and who assisted to put those admirably fitting but not over-ornamental iron ruffles upon his wrists, was none other than Louis Delomo, a very clever Detective in Col. Whitley's Division of the U. S. Secret Service!

It may safely be affirmed that the ex-hotel keeper, ex-sheriff, ex-koniacker, ex-etc., etc., was nonplussed and com-

pletely crestfallen. Still, he put the best possible face upon this dash of ill luck in his career.

Upon his arrest, Boyd was soon brought into contact with the Chief, at his office. The case had been consummated with entire success, and the prisoner saw that there was no escape before him, on this occasion. The marked money was taken from him, and upon a brief conversation with the Colonel, the hitherto lively, busy Canadian — who had had an unusually "good time," so he averred, thus far in life — "squealed" before the Chief, and owned up that the U. S. S. Service men "had him foul," at last. He confessed his offence, and declared himself willing to make certain revelations that would be of advantage to the Government.

Col. Whitley then made an effort, in conjunction with this arrest, to capture the bigger sinner of the two, who he was well satisfied supplied Boyd and others with these counterfeits, without limit — to wit, Frank Gleason. He at once sent Boyd to the Revere House, advising him to "sham Abraham," (be ill) and send for Gleason to call upon him — which advice Boyd at once appreciated, and in accordance with his voluntary promise he carried out his part of the arrangement.

Jim went to bed, apparently sick, at the Revere Hotel. He summoned Gleason to his bedside, and the Chief took the precaution to have one of his Detectives secreted within ear-shot of what subsequently might ensue in conversation between these two "pals." Gleason had not been informed of Boyd's arrest, and he only knew from the messenger that his friend Jim lay sick at the hotel, and desired him to come down to him.

Gleason was too old a rat to be caught with this kind of cheese — most probably! At any rate, he didn't go there. He sent another man, and this part of the programme did not work "all serenely," as it was hoped it might.

Boyd was then placed in jail, being unable to obtain the requisite amount of bail to satisfy the Court. And at this writing, he remains there — his trial not yet having taken place. So far as his offence is concerned, Col. Whitley has got him "dead to rights" unquestionably. And thus one more dangerous counterfeiter and large dealer in the queer, is removed from the sphere of his long-time damaging and dangerous operations.

THE CONNECTICUT

FORGER AND PLATE PRINTER,

WILLIAM BROCKWAY.

About a score of years since, say in the year 1850, the proprietor of a modest printing-establishment in the beautiful "City of Elms," Conn., was employed by the New Haven bank to strike off all its notes, from time to time, from plates furnished by the Bank itself, upon paper also supplied from the same source. This work was performed (in those days) invariably in the presence of two of the Directors of the Bank, who stood by the press while the issues were thus being worked off, who brought the plates to the printer from the bank-vaults, and who as scrupulously noted their return to the safe again; where they were locked up until they were similarly required for use.

There was no risk in this performance, and thus no one save the officers of the institution had access to these valuable plates. The paper was peculiar in fabric, and so it was difficult to counterfeit this Bank's issues; which were signed, in the old-fashioned way, by the president and

cashier, individually, as a farther safeguard against unlawful deception.

There was a single apprentice employed in this office, by the afore mentioned printer, who, as he advanced in years gave promise of becoming a rare good workman — skillful, tasteful, artistic, and deeply interested as he was in his profession — whom his master at length consigned to Prof. Silliman of Yale College, to study the art of electro-chemistry; the expenses of which acquirement the master willingly defrayed. The boy became a proficient in this important science, and the knowledge he thus obtained served both himself and his employer to excellent account, in after years.

The young man's name was William Brockway — the subject of our present sketch. He was modest, reticent, clear-headed, quick-witted, and "knew a hawk from a hand saw, every time." He lost no opportunity during the term of his studies with Prof. Silliman, to gain all the knowledge of this science then attainable, and he left his instructor an accomplished chemist and a very clever student, to return to his labors again devotedly in the printing office.

The boy told his astute but not so well informed employer how some things could be done, in the course of his business, which vastly pleased him. And so it was agreed between them, one day, that when next the New Haven plates came to the office to print more Bank notes from, the attempt should be made to get up a plate of their own — from the original — in a way that William suggested would be quite feasible. Delighted with the idea, the old knave and the young one watched for the future coming of the plates, attended by the careful sober Directors, with considerable solicitude, for both man and boy saw in their scheme a heap of money in prospective, if the plan conceived should not miscarry in the attempt to execute it.

The Bank note paper arrived one day, and then came the burly, staid Directors, with the $5 plate, which they cautiously placed upon the press, and then they stood by to count the sheets, and see that only the ordered and recorded number of impressions came forth, as had been their usual custom.

The boy worked the press, and a very good workman he was, too. On a sudden (as per arrangement previously made between master and apprentice,) the old man called the attention of the two Directors to the other side of the room, ostensibly to examine the last lot of paper the Bank had sent in, which, he said, was inferior in quality. The two men turned away for but a moment or two only to find, on looking at the paper, that it was all right, while the young man deftly took out from beneath his apron an impressible plate, which he slipped in upon the genuine, and out again as swiftly — and thus secured *a copy* in soft metal, of the original plate — as perfect as the other.

He placed this transfer beneath his apron while the backs of the two Directors were for the moment turned towards him, when they returned to the press, to note that William was getting along regularly, and no questions were asked. They took their $5 plate back to the bank, subsequently, locked it in the big safe, and having thus done their duty as members of the august board of which they were honorable and honest — but innocent members — they slept the sleep of eminent gravity and peace, while Bill Brockway and his master chuckled over the ingenious "little game" they had so sharply played, upon brief notice, at the Bank's expense!

The *impression* Brockway had thus obtained of the genuine plate was quite perfect in its transfer, and Bill electrotyped it, directly. He had lately learned the details

of this process. He copied it, with a second transfer, electrotyped this, and had a fine copper-faced plate that worked to a charm, precisely like the original. The two conspirators now had plate, press, and ink. They lacked only bank *paper*, to complete their contemplated job. The printer procured this by degrees, and finally got sufficient to work off twenty thousand impressions of the $5 note — equalling $100,000 in money!

This huge amount was nicely prepared, and then the notes had only to be signed fairly, and their fortunes were made. Brockway was a good penman, and at it they went. In a few days, the pile was ready to "shove." And within a few weeks, the whole of it found its way into markets in different directions. It was so precisely like the genuine (of the old style of Bank notes,) that it was not questioned, but passed as freely from hand to hand, in trade, through the banks — and especially at a distance — that the enterprise proved a prime success, and even the New Haven Bank people themselves received these notes for a time, unchallenged. But the forged signatures of the officers at last roused suspicion.

These notes were then examined, compared with the genuine, and the impressions were pronounced to have been taken from the genuine plates, *sure*. There were now found a good many of them. How had they been printed? was the query. The original plate was in the Bank vault, intact. The mystery was inexplicable. The two watchful Directors had performed their duty faithfully, and no one had had access to the genuine plates, save themselves. It was a very strange result. And finally it was determined that an exact copy of the $5 plate must have been obtained by the *printer;* nobody could say how, or when.

The Bank thenceforth did their printing in their own

establishment. They redeemed the spurious notes, (for they were evidently from the true plate which at that period was not so elaborately executed or printed as those at the present day,) and the affair remained unexplained, and unexplainable.

There were but two or three persons in this secret. The printer swindled Brockway out of his share of profits, in the foul undertaking, but gave him the $5 plate, at last. Bill then got out a five on the North River Bank, and one of $2 on the N. Y. State Bank. This last was poorly executed, and the shovers of it got into trouble, directly; Brockway himself being among the parties indicted by the Grand Jury for uttering this forgery. $250 reward was offered for Bill's arrest, and the Police run him out of New York into the Jersey woods, back of Bergen Hill; where he skulked for several days, and well nigh starved to death. He was caught, and was almost famished, when taken.

Upon his capture, he was fed and secured in quod, where he subsequently gave up all the counterfeit plates he had. But the New Haven Bank officers would not believe the tale about the *transfer* plate, until it was placed in their hands, and informed of the name of the young man in whose possession it had been found. He was convicted soon afterwards upon the $5 North River Bank plate charge, and sent to the State Prison for six years. This was Bill's first appearance publicly as forger and counterfeiter.

He got out of prison years afterwards, and went to work at his old business, immediately. Since then a variety of exploits are credited to him — among the chief of which was his stated connection with the great United States 7.30 Bond counterfeit, of which $90,000 in value found their way, through the hands of our first American bankers, directly back to the Treasury at Washington, before any one suspected *that* exquisite imitation of the original.

How had this work been accomplished?

Nobody could answer.

Indeed no one could positively say whether or not these Bonds *were* genuine! It fell out one day that two returned Bonds at the Treasury bore the same *number* upon their faces. But none could determine for a time which was which, so admirably were both finished, in every particular. It has taken three years to decide this knotty question, already. And to-day there are current more good theories than one, as to the probabilities.

Jay Cooke, and others who had received and sent these $1,000 counterfeit or spurious Bonds back to the Treasury, legally contested the question of their alleged falsity, and after a lengthened hearing in the Courts, the Government obtained a verdict in its favor. They were thus pronounced counterfeits, though the other side claimed that they must have been printed from the genuine plates, through some surreptitious means, *if* they were irregular. But the depositors of the bonds were compelled by the decision of the Court to "pocket this loss," at last.

When Brockway was arrested and charged with having had some connection with this monstrous fraud, it was argued that he must have contrived in some way to have got into the Printing Department of the U. S. Treasury, where he deftly played the same game that he was known to have practiced in New Haven.

It was also alleged that he had in this, or some other inexplicable way, obtained an impression of the original plates, from which he had printed these perfect imitation Bonds. But nothing appears clearly ever to have been *known* about all this complicated transaction. Still, Bill was "pulled," and the Detectives went at him, hopefully.

This occurred in 1867, before Col. Whitley was appointed

Chief of the U. S. Secret Service Division. Brockway was the *only* man known in the country who possessed the ability to accomplish *this* kind of feat in counterfeiting; to wit, the accurate *transferring* of the face of a plate, by electrotype process, from which the fine steel-plate engraving could be so nicely reproduced.

But he was arrested, and very soon afterwards was "turned up" by somebody, and went clear. Did he buy his way out of this dilemma? He had ample means to do this. Could he have so planned his affair? With whom? And *how* did he escape? . . . . . "That is the question!"

He *did* go free. It was said that there was no positive legal proof forthcoming to condemn him. Yet *a* plate, (said to have been the actual one from which these spurious Bonds had been printed,) was, through some unknown process, produced; and then Brockway was permitted to go about his business. Whether the prisoner turned this plate out, or whether somebody else did it, has never been satisfactorily shown, nor has it been settled that *this* plate, however obtained, was *the* plate from which the Bonds in question were printed, at all!

He gave bail for $20,000. When his sureties were called for, his wife promptly drew from her bosom forty $1000 U. S. Bonds, and stood ready to back the bondsmen who signed Bill's bail. But the whole matter became involved in fog, and thus it "hung fire" for months. Then it was dropped, and Brockway went his way. The reasons for this action are best known to those who had the management of the case, and whom Brockway charged with having profited pecuniarily by this result in Bill's favor. This counterfeit, or copy, of the true plate for $1000 was traced, and when sent to the United States Treasury, was in a damaged condition. Then it was that the difficulty arose as to its actual

genuineness. It was carefully and critically compared with the original, but it was so battered that no decided opinion could be arrived at, nor could anybody divine *why* it was thus disfigured — which to say the least of it was very extraordinary. *Why*, and by whom had this plate been so bruised and defaced?

Brockway having been seized in New Jersey, he was transported to and from Newark several times, which cost him some $5000 or $10,000 during the course of the examination into the mystery. But finally "Charley Adams," who was an old "pal" of Bill's, was arrested down in Maine, was convicted of burglary, and sent to the State Prison, there. "Charley" declared that Brockway could have saved him — but his old chum declined to come to Adams' aid, and he went up. For this neglect, the latter was very bitter in denouncing Brockway.

Upon the Jay Cooke trial, the Jury decided the Bonds were "counterfeit." On this verdict being rendered, Brockway was again arrested in New York, and committed to Ludlow Street jail, in default of furnishing bail on that occasion in the required sum of $30,000.

Wm. Brockway had two aliases, and was known to the authorities and the coney fraternity as "Billy Spencer," and "Long Bill." When he was arrested in 1870, Bill had his own story of this very foggy affair, which he declared to be a course of persecution towards him, throughout! He asserts that certain parties picked him up, and from the start, attempted to "beat him" out of a pile of hush-money, in consideration of the payment of which he was to be set at liberty. He says he lived in Philadelphia, and was arrested there in '67, and taken thence to Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, whence he was afterwards removed to and from Newark, nominally for trial, on a charge of being a counter-

feiter. But, as there could be adduced no proof against him, he was discharged.

He got bail, readily, on that charge, and about the middle of 1870, one of his former accusers, (whom he names,) came to him and informed him that he "could save him serious trouble, if he would give him $1,000 in cash." He declined, and was arrested again, but he was afterwards notified that "he was not the man" they wanted. This same ex-officer met Brockway six months afterwards, and offered, if Brockway would give him $5,000, that he would show B. how to get out of his scrape. He had a valuable secret, he said, which he would sell to Brockway, etc, out of which, with his genius, a fortune could be realized. But Brockway adds that he refused to have anything to do with any such proposal or "secret."

All this, and more of the same sort, is charged by Brockway upon the heads of others. In conclusion, he stoutly avers that he has had no connection with any of these transactions, and affirms, with a show of apparent injured innocence, that "no man, alive or dead, could say truthfully that he is now connected, in any manner, with counterfeiters or coney dealers."

His case is a very curious one. He is talented, sharp, taciturn, and knows how to "keep his counsel," despite all that is charged against him. He is unquestionably a polished rogue. If all that is stated so freely about Brockway is true, he ought long since to have been "put away." But his case is an interesting as well as a melancholy instance of the prostitution of rare talents to the basest purposes. That the allegations preferred against him for years are mainly true, no one who has studied the facts in the evidence that has accumulated against him can doubt.

That he may have been the victim of the rapacity of

parties some years ago, whom he openly denounces and charges with attempts at subornation of witnesses, of offering to accept bribes, of cheating him with fair promises they never intended to perform, of "beating him" out of thousands of dollars, and "crying for more," of leeching him and wronging him at every turn, for their own aggrandizement — there is a deal too much of plausibility. And the *end* may not as yet have been reached!

Brockway is a plausible but innately determined person, and has given the police, as well as the U. S. authorities, an immense amount of trouble. It has come out, in the course of the tedious, tortuous examinations and trials to which this arch deceiver has been subjected in the past three or four years, that he has been the intended victim of a series of experiments at black-mailing, unparalleled in criminal annals.

He has studiously battled against these attempts, and steadily refused to submit to the unrighteous and selfish demands of those whom he declares have thus persecuted him. Plenary proof is furnished that plans have been laid thus to "clean him out" of his ill-gotten gains; but he has stoutly refused to succumb to the pressure brought to bear against him, in past years; and hence much of the fierce enmity he has incurred, in certain directions.

That he is a precious knave, and one of the guiltiest rascals in the land, as forger and counterfeiter, there is not the slightest question. And that most of his assertions in relation to the villainous course pursued towards him, by those upon whom he so fiercely turns, in his adversity, are equally true, it may now well be believed.

At the same time he has escaped conviction, latterly, and is now at large; though he is not known to have offended, recently — and it is supposed he has given up his old trade, it is to be hoped — altogether.

THOMAS E. LONERGAN,

OPERATIVE, U. S. SECRET SERVICE.

Among the portraits which are scattered through this volume, are several engraved from photographs of leading DETECTIVES in the United States Secret Service; which pictures represent these gentlemen, fairly *au naturel*. The brief account in our present chapter relates to Thomas E. Lonergan, now resident at Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Lonergan has been highly successful in his official experience, and in some of the most important captures of counterfeiters in America, he has taken an active part in the success resulting.

He is a native of Lockport, Ill., where he was born, in 1844. He was educated at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., which he left in the year 1861, at the breaking out of the rebellion, at which time he entered the Union army as a private soldier — joining the 90th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, of which he was appointed Sergeant Major.

After serving creditably in the Union army at the South, Mr. Lonergan passed examination for and received an appointment to West Point Military Academy, from the "Army of the Tennessee" in October, 1863. He was rec-

ommended by Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, for Captain in any Illinois Regiment, but was wounded at the battle of Mission Ridge in November '63, which resulted in the partial loss of his right hand, and his unfitness in consequence for future military service.

He was discharged from the field in April, 1864, and upon returning to Chicago, he received an appointment to a clerkship in the Post-Office at that city, but resigned that position to enter the employment of Allan Pinkerton, of the "National Detective Agency." Mr. Lonergan was appointed Superintendent of Pinkerton's Chicago office, and transferred to and opened his office at Philadelphia, in the month of June, 1866. In the fall of that year he assumed charge of Pinkerton's New York office. Resigned in July, '67, and then assumed the editorial chair of the New York *Era*, and the Professorship of Military Tactics at the People's College, New York.

He resigned these places in May, 1868, and accepted a post on the editorial staff of the Chicago Republican, where he remained until he was appointed Chief Operative in the Western Division of the United States Secret Service (in February, 1870,) and was placed in charge of the Chicago District, by Col. H. C. Whitley, the present Chief, where Mr. Lonergan is now officially established.

This energetic officer has proved an able and efficient Assistant in the Department in which in latter years he has been engaged; and since energy and application will accomplish any thing that can be done in this world, his appreciation of this theory has induced him to apply his talents in earnest towards achieving excellence in his adopted role — for "no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities," says Goethe, "will make a two-legged animal a *man*, without energy."

Mr. Lonergan is, at this writing, in the prime of manhood, of good features, well made frame, though not oversized, and in the course of the performance of his duties has proved himself a shrewd, careful, discreet and enterprising aid in the detection of criminals; while his general success has been quite equal to that of his compeers, among whom he is justly and favorably esteemed.

He is now less than thirty years old, but in the course of his career as Detective, he has worked up individually, or in conjunction with associates in the Service, several very important cases of criminal offenders where conviction and imprisonment have followed upon the arrests made by him; and at this time he enjoys the confidence of his superiors in an eminent degree, as well as the good will and favor of the business community, whose best interests he looks after so carefully and so well.

In the pages of our present volume, further on, will be found under the caption of "*Eli Brown*, of Chicago," an interesting account of a most curious case worked up through Mr. Lonergan's management, to the details of which incidents the reader is referred more particularly for the characteristics and skill of Mr. L. as a Detective officer.

"OLD LAME SAM,"

AND HIS MYSTERIOUS CANE.

SAMUEL BROWN.

The residents and passers-by in the Bowery, on Hestor Street, and along the byways adjacent thereto, will not have forgotten a limping, oldish man, who perambulated that vicinity regularly for a long period, until within a year or two — slightly palsied, but decently attired, like a farmer or up-countryman — leaning upon his stout cane, which he invariably carried with him, as a support for his at times nervous and tremulous limbs, and who was familiarly known as "Old Sam," of — nobody knew where, precisely; though it was asserted by those who knew him best that he had a domicile somewhere in New Jersey. This eccentric individual is the subject of our present chapter, and his history will be found an entertaining one.

He was generally known by the sobriquet of "Lame Sam," and his every-day innocent manner of speech, and the pleasant smile that almost constantly pervaded the benignant expression of his features, notwithstanding his halting and apparently irksome style of locomotion, could not but

be remarked by those who so frequently met him, in the course of his regular diurnal peregrinations.

"Lame Sam" was *not* a saint. To watch him upon a Sabbath, when he wended his way to church, for example, while he wandered through the city route, or when he went into the suburbs (as he often did) for a change of air and scene — it might readily have been imagined that the "good old man" entered the sacred edifice to "sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary," with right good purpose!

But his designs were always pre-eminently selfish, nevertheless. Sam attended church, as he performed other acts in his strange life, with sinister motives. And he rarely did anything without *intending*, at least, that in the end it should redound to his pecuniary profit. He was secretly an arch rogue, though he was constantly being mistaken for "a good old soul," a sage, a well-to-do countryman, or "any other man" save what he really *was* — to wit, a shrewd, close-mouthed, wary scamp of the first degree; and the pal, sub rosa, of that notorious counterfeiter, burglar, and safe-blower — Wal' Crosby; of whom we shall write more in detail in another chapter.

Old Sam had "run his rig," for years. He had systematically "shoved the queer" wherever he could find an opening in his journeys, and he was utterly devoid of principle, *malgré* his good honest looking face; a glance at which would ordinarily impress upon a stranger the idea that butter would scarcely melt in this old fellow's mouth. He had followed his quiet business of passing counterfeit money so long, and with such remarkably good luck, that from his accumulated savings he was able to purchase and pay for a very decent farm in Quakertown, near the Pennsylvania line, which yielded him, for a considerable period, a not indifferent percentage of return for his investment.

BILL DOW,

THE NOTED N. E. "BOODLE-CARRIER." [See page 90.

Lame Sam was ingenious. A "smart old cuss," some of the knowing ones called him. And he was continually "on his make." But he followed his base calling so plausibly, so cunningly, so piously, and so carefully withal, that no one thought he was aught but what he seemed — as he walked about the town or city, seeking whom and what he might "pick up."

And thus he went and came, and limped about, an object of friendly sympathy, wherever he made acquaintances, while few suspected him, and none knew the rogue who travelled in old Sam's clothes — until one day Chief Whitley got upon his track, and followed out a little plan he laid to bag this tough old boy, who had so long enjoyed his leisure and his tricks, at the expense of the people amongst whom he journeyed.

The thick, stout cane Old Sam continually carried about with him was a very serviceable staff, and "really he couldn't get on without it, he was *so* lame," he declared. It was his constant companion, everywhere. It was a valuable support to him, indeed, and it was *so* handy that he never forgot it, day or night. But one day a Detective, under orders from Col. Whitley, "shadowed" this gray old sinner, and learned a new "dodge," before he quit the trail of honest, plain, respectable looking "Lame Sam."

The Detective called himself "Simon Rugg," for shortness, during this little enterprise. A great deal of bogus money had been circulated in New Jersey and down in Maryland, in small sums, and the attention of the Chief had been called to this grievance. So Mr. Simon Rugg was sent to look for the "shovers of the queer" in that locality, and directed to return a report, as usual, at the earliest opportunity.

Old Sam was in the habit of travelling upon brief trips of

a day or two at a time, and with very little luggage. His big straight *cane* was always in his hand, however, and he was very careful to place it where it would not be mistaken for another's. For without this, how could he get along with his business? He *couldn't*, indeed!

Mr. Simon Rugg was not long in discovering old Sam's partiality for this clumsy looking staff, and the circumstance interested him. He travelled with Sam. Met him on the road. Saw him in the country taverns, in the Bowery, in the beer-saloon; drank with him, chatted with him, and got acquainted with him. And one day Mr. Rugg saw old Sam quietly shove a ten-dollar counterfeit note upon a poor hotel-keeper. He watched him, and saw the respectable looking old gentleman try the same trick in another place, and another.

And Mr. "Simon Rugg" went for "Lame Sam," accordingly.

The ancient reprobate was at this time upon his old stamping-ground, in New Jersey. Rugg had "spotted him" at the little hotel, first. He went into that establishment just as the old gent left, where he inquired if Sam had spent any money there.

"Yes," responds the landlord, "fifty cents. He's a cussid ole miser — never stays over night."

"What money did he give you?" asks Rugg.

"A ten-dollar note."

"Have you got it now?" says Rugg.

"Yes. Here it is." And the hotel man produces it.

"It's a counterfeit," says Rugg, quietly.

"A what!" exclaims the tavern-keeper.

"A 'dead-beat,' old fellow. Not worth a penny."

"Dammim," begins the landlord —

"Quiet, now, my friend. I am a United States Detective

— in the Secret Service. Leave it to me. Take care of your money till I return."

Out goes Rugg, and overhauls old Sam, down the road same distance.

The old man has just come out of the country store near by, where he had made the proprietor a similar visit.

"My darter," said Sam, "wants me to bring her three yards o' blue cambric, if yer've got *good* cambric."

"Yes, we have," says the storekeeper.

"How much is it?" asks Sam.

"Sixty cents, sir."

"Ain't that a leetle high for it?"

"No. Cheap as a broom."

"Well, ef you say so — all right."

And he hands *him* a bogus $10 National note, and leaves with the "cambric for his darter," and nine dollars and forty cents in good money.

Mr. Simon Rugg has so changed his dress, beard, hat, and general appearance, that Lame Sam don't know him "from four and sixpence!" And besides, the young man who now suddenly approaches him, is certainly a little the worse for liquor. He has plainly been indulging in more than one draught of "Jersey Lightning," as Sam observes.

"What's up?" queries Rugg, as he tumbles upon the old fellow, pretending to be slightly drunk. "How ar' ye — ole chap, 'ic? W'are yer goin'?"

Lame Sam halts. They sit down by the roadside, and chaff a little. Simon Rugg asks the old gent what he's got in his bundle, and learns where he just purchased the cambric. Sam points him back to the store — for Rugg "wants to get some cotton and thread for his old 'oman, and is a stranger there." Then he takes out a good $10 note and induces the old fellow to break it for him. Old Sam sees

his chance again, and gives Rugg two $5 counterfeits, for the good $10, for his new acquaintance is too drunk to know a bad bill from a hole in the ground — so Sam imagines!

Simon insists that Lame Sam shall return with him to the store; and then they will go along the same road together to the next village; which proposal Sam agrees to. Just as they are starting, Rugg notes the familiar old *cane* again.

"It's a cur'ous cane — this 'ic is," says Simon, hiccoughing out the sentence, and gently taking it from Sam's hand. Then he turns it over, and twists the big round handle, to find that it turns upon a screw. He actually *un*screws the head, and discovers a string attached to the inside of the handle.

Old Sam is on nettles by this time, but he's a wily dog, and he manages himself admirably.

Rugg pulls this string, (which has a button at its lower end) and out tumbles a roll of bank notes! He continues to tug away, and out tumbles another, and another — a dozen small snug rolls of ten and five-dollar bills.

In his affected drunken surprise and fun, Rugg is seemingly delighted — while Lame Sam is all amazement, at this exposé.

"Why, yer rich — rich, old fellow!" exclaims Rugg.

Sam gathers up the rolls.

"Do you think they're *good?*" queries Sam, his wits coming quickly to his aid.

Rugg looks them all over, and pronounces them "good, o' course, 'ic — *o' their kind.*" But he sees at a glance, that every one of them are recent counterfeits.

"It's very extro'nnary," mutters Sam. "I've hed that ar' cane now, more'n twenty year. My dead father left it to me; an' I never thought to look at this cur'ous arrangement of the handle, afore — never!"

"Twenty 'ic year?" says drunken Simon. "Well — an' you've had it 'ic all the time?"

"Yes — never goes out o' my hands."

"I notice — 'ic — that these bills hain't bin printed, 'cording to their dates, 'ic — more ner three years — 'ic — ole man," gulps Rugg.

This was a poser!

But Sam picked them all up, and said, "Well, let's go an' get what you want at the store, an' we'll come back together."

"So we will," responds Simon, stumbling to his feet. "I muss git the cotton for the ole 'oman." And away they trudged.

As soon as they enter the shop, Rugg says quietly to the proprietor, "Did this old fellow buy some cambric here to-day?"

"Yes — an hour ago," responds the store man.

"What did he pay for it with?"

"This," answers the shop-keeper, turning out the $10 Newburg bill, instanter.

"It's a counterfeit," says Rugg, coolly.

"No," exclaims Sam; "that can't be. I'll take it right back where I got it, if that's so. I'm a ole man, an' my eyes is none o' the best. How they *do* take advantage of a poor ignorant ole creetur, whenever they can!"

And the tears came into the ancient hypocrite's peepers, as he contemplated the extent of this outrage.

Sam fumbles his pockets, and gets out ten good dollars, and in apparent deep distress, he is about to depart, when Rugg (who has suddenly become sober!) asks old Sam if *all* his money is like this, which, it seems, is just like that which has been wormed out of the hollow cane. To which Sam says he "railly can't say, his eyes is *so* bad he can't see."

"Well, let's go to the hotel, an' take a drink," says Simon — which Sam agrees to — though he would very much like to get rid of this man.

Arriving at the tavern, Rugg calls the landlord. "Where's the $10 note?"

"Here," replies Boniface.

"Did this man pass it to you?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"What change did you give him?"

"Nine dollars and a half."

The next moment Simon seized Old Sam and "went through him." He first found the landlord's nine dollars and a half in his pocket, then his own good *marked* $10 note, for which Sam had given him two counterfeit $5's, besides the *reserve funds* found (over $400) all counterfeit, rolled up within the cane!

"Where did you get this money from?" asked Rugg, now thoroughly sober.

"I brought it from home. I've been to see my sick darter," commences Sam.

"That's played out," exclaimed Rugg, throwing off his disguise of beard. "I'm a U. S. Detective, from the Secret Service Division. You're an old liar and counterfeiter. And you're my prisoner!"

The Detective lost no time in placing the "irons" upon the aged culprit's wrists, and after a brief journey by rail — the cost of which ride Old Sam congratulated himself did not tax *his* pocket — Mr. "Simon Rugg" had his prisoner before the Chief, at his New York head quarters.

However we may account for the peculiar influence or mental power which Col. Whitley possesses over such hardened criminals, upon these occasions of arrest, the *fact* remains that, as a rule, when once they find themselves thus in his power and presence, the victims cave.

Old Sam looked into the cold, stolid face of the Chief, who addressed but a few chosen words to him, when the latter "squealed," and "freed his mind." He then informed Col. Whitley that he procured his counterfeit money of Wal' Crosby, the coney dealer, and owned up to having carried on the business of "shoving the queer" himself for many years in New York and vicinity, in New Jersey, Maryland, and other places.

Lame Sam pleaded guilty upon being arraigned before the U. S. Court in New Jersey, and was sentenced to four years' imprisonment at King's County Penitentiary, where he is now serving out his time.

Thus one more dangerous coney man was disposed of, whose habit had been, according to his own acknowledgment to Col. Whitley, to palm off large sums of worthless counterfeits upon the unsuspecting public, every year: and he had done this continuously for nearly a quarter of a century more or less.

Good-bye, "Lame Sam." May you live to repent, reform, and be happy! And if you should ever chance to meet with this reference to your eccentric history, let us commend to your careful consideration this truthful axiom; that "honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom; since, however difficult it may be for integrity to get *on*, it is a thousand times more difficult in the end, for knavery to get *off*."

TREASON IN THE DETECTIVE SERVICE.

SAM FELKER,—EX-DETECTIVE.

In the tortuous course of duty imposed by the circumstances surrounding their official life, Detectives meet with obstacles which are not conceived of by the public, who hear so little of their actually intricate labors. But among the difficulties these officials encounter, none have proved more obnoxious and disheartening than the studied opposition that is occasionally found in instances where self-constituted, or ex-detectives thrust themselves between discovered criminals and the official operatives — for pay — in the interest of offenders. In our present chapter, we give a brief exemplification of this unfortunate state of things.

The traitorous career of the notorious individual whose name heads this chapter, has been marked by a series of the strangest of developments, indeed.

Under the *old* regime he was employed for a time in the Secret Service (not under the auspices of Col. Whitley,) and in the course of a brief period he exhibited himself beyond question one of the most finished rascals ever in or

out of the penitentiary; while he was a graceless traitor as well, towards those who harbored or upheld him for a season, in his well disguised course of criminal infamy.

There is some ground for the truth of the assertion that the man who is constantly treading upon the margin of the precipice of crime, or just touching the edge of the crater, as it were, may find himself the subject of temptation. But he who is placed in the position of an official Detective or legal informer against the unrighteous acts of counterfeiters, cracksmen, thieves, and their confederates, and who forgets his duty to society in this position so flagrantly as to "go over to the enemy," or to join such criminals, in furtherance of their iniquities, may truthfully be set down as the vilest of the vile — par excellence.

Felker was not unpretentious in his claims to being a good Detective, at Chicago, some seven years since. He was a smooth, polished conversationist, and a genial man; but he became subsequently, directly or indirectly, involved in such a maze of crime, as to have drawn down upon him the heavy hand of the law, with emphatic import.

It is charged that he loved his own pecuniary interests more ardently than he ever did the interests of the Government. He stood ready to remove or to destroy the evidences of a prisoner's guilt, if the criminal or his friends possessed the means to pay roundly for this service. He was more than suspected of having been a personal friend and secret associate of the Reno gang, who, it will be remembered so long flourished amidst their evil deeds in the State of Illinois.

The case of the Reno boys must be familiar to every one. They were charged with having robbed the Adams Express Company, in 1866 or '67, of a heavy sum. When they were discovered and escaped into Canada, and the extradition

process was being executed, (which would return them to United States' jurisdiction,) Felker opposed this movement against the robbers, with great earnestness, for reasons that none could then understand. The case was then in the hands of Allan Pinkerton, the well-known head of the "Western Detective Agency," whose success in his peculiar line, is well appreciated in this country and the Canadas — where he has "driven to cover" first and last, a host of thieves, burglars, forgers, and other offenders.

The crime of the Reno boys was of such a startlingly bold character, that the people in the West were aroused and became exceedingly indignant at the course he adopted on that occasion. The thieves were nabbed, and were subsequently very justly hung by the populace. But it soon became evident these villains were at work with accomplices — who moved in a respectable sphere of society.

Just prior to the Adams Express robbery by this gang, somebody was observed hanging about the office, watching, as it has since been determined, for the Company's valuable packages then about to be shipped; and this party, from the description given by competent witnesses, corresponded very accurately with the person of Felker. His sudden turning up to the *rescue* of these robbers, his having received at that time several of the bonds actually stolen on that occasion — and his promising to assist the thieves out of their dilemma, through his official influence — point very decidedly in the same direction; and leave no doubt of his actual complicity in that "heavy transaction" with the Reno boys, before and after the fact.

He was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the noted robbery of the Farmer's Insurance Company in '65, and placed in irons, charged with this offense. He escaped punishment at that time, after expending a heavy sum of

money, (about $8,000,) as he did — in the right direction. In the instance of the notorious counterfeiter, Hank Hall, brother-in-law of Joshua D. Miner, several times picked up by the police for manufacturing or dealing in "coney," the course of Felker was absolutely disgraceful; for no sooner would this rogue be caught and reported, than Sam Felker would indirectly find his way to his aid, and for a consideration, get the culprit eased off, or released.

The unblushing effrontery of this man, even while he temporarily held his position as self-constituted Detective, was notable. He might almost have been deemed insane in his utter recklessness, but for the "method in his madness" exhibited, and the success he enjoyed in forcing those temporarily within his power to disgorge. He did not hesitate openly to boast that *he* "was in the Detective business to make money out of it." He tried his hand at the blackmailing business upon a New York cigar dealer; but failed in carrying out his design, the merchant defying him. And Felker dropped out of the job he essayed to put up on this "spunky" individual, who proved "one too many" for him.

In the attempt to discover the murderer of the Joyce children, in Bussey's Woods, a few years ago, this adventurer took a hand, when large rewards were publicly offered for the arrest of the offenders. This shocking, double crime, is still fresh in the recollection of the people. Two children, a pretty girl and boy named Bel' and Johnny Joyce, of Roxbury, Mass., remarkable for their beauty and guilelessness, were inveigled into the woods one afternoon, and never returned alive. Their gashed and mutilated dead bodies were discovered a few days afterwards, and both the friends of the murdered pair and the authorities offered large rewards for the capture and conviction of the assassins.

In the midst of the search, Felker came upon the scene, and through his artful and insinuating persistence, his bold management, and the encouraging hopes he held out to the parents, contrived to worm out of them a large sum of money — pretending this was necessary to carry on the search, and that the result of his labors was certain to disclose the perpetrators of this direful deed, while Felker knew nothing whatever about the affair, in any shape or manner, as it proved.

He tried the blackmailing process upon Mrs. L. Moine, the anxious and devoted wife of Jed. L. Moine, who was convicted of breaking the bank at Clearfield, Pa., and twisted three thousand dollars out of that woman, nominally, "for his services" in the case; pretending that *his* influence would set all right with the Governor, and the authorities. This fraud was fastened upon him, and he compromised the affair with Mrs. Moine; though Felker was then indicted by the Grand Jury for the offence of extorting money under false pretences, but escaped punishment.

In the case of the infamous "Charley Adams," convicted in Maine for the robbery of the Lime Rock Bank (in conjunction with his pals,) Felker's hand found its way, as he ascertained that several thousand dollars were put up for the purpose of freeing Adams — the grand object being to get Charley out of the jurisdiction of the Maine Court, and transfer this scoundrel to New York city, where Felker boasted of his ability to manage his affair to Adams' advantage.

Bill Brockway — whose career we have already noted in this volume — was then under arrest for complicity in the famous 7.30 U. S. Bond counterfeits; and Felker set up the plea that Adams' evidence was absolutely necessary upon Brockway's trial, in New Jersey, or New York city. Thus

Adams would have been taken out of the hands of the Maine authorities, had Felker's plan worked as he plotted to have it, and *both* these knaves would probably have escaped the justice that in the end was meted out to only one of them. Brockway was let up, (as we have shown,) at that time, but Adams was not given up by the Maine Court, and went to the State Prison afterwards, as he deserved. Thus Felker did not make "that frog jump" as he intended and hoped to do!

A dastardly attempt was subsequently made to take the life of Allan Pinkerton, of the "Western Detective Agency" at Detroit, Mich. George Barry, the noted assassin, openly charges Felker with being connected with this foul plot. Barry confessed that he was urged to this infernal job by Felker himself, who supplied him freely with money, and promised "stool-pigeon" testimony to clear *him* of complicity in this base act, provided he (Barry) "would give Pinkerton his quietus."

The cause of Felker's personal bitterness towards Pinkerton, was found in the fact that this accomplished officer opposed Felker in his continuous plots of villainy in the Northwest; for he was largely instrumental in blocking Felker's schemes to protect the villains who rioted in that region for a time; and whom Pinkerton pursued unrelentingly to justice, first and last, in spite of Felker's efforts to shelter the knaves. Among these criminals so hunted down, the Reno brothers were conspicuous; and their final arrest was the "last straw" that broke the camel's back in Felker's estimation.

He resolved that Pinkerton should be put out of the way. The assassin who undertook this work directly was twice captured, but escaped. A third arrest was more successful. Then Barry confessed the conspiracy, and swore that Felker

had put him up to it. Felker was then indicted for this serious and wicked complication, and a tedious trial followed. The Jury were "burst," however, through some unaccounted-for, but fairly suspected reason, and a disagreement caused Felker's discharge — fortunately for his skin.

The celebrated Nathan murder case arrested Felker's notice, and excited his natural cupidity. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the guilty parties in that instance, and Felker "went in to win" in that affair. He found a different style of men to deal with in New York, however. They knew him, and he made very little headway towards pocketing the reward proposed — though he made loud pretensions as to his ability to produce the guilty perpetrators of that crime. But he refused to part with the information he declared he possessed, unless the whole of the reward were paid him. This excuse was a very shallow one, and the authorities declined to treat with him. He went his way, leaving them as ignorant as he unquestionably was himself in regard to the probabilities in that important, but as yet never explained brutal murder.

We have cited the above case to show that dishonest, scheming, unworthy men, occasionally contrive to work themselves temporarily into the confidence of the officers of the Service. But the instance quoted is altogether an unusual one. Felker's career was simply infamous; and through his subtle cunning (not his talents by any means,) he managed to bring down odium upon the business for a time.

As the Secret Service department is now organized and conducted, there is absolutely no opportunity for a recurrence of the abuses we have referred to. The first intimation of the prostitution of a subordinate's office in this direction, under Col. Whitley's administration, would be the

signal for such offender's official decapitation. It being perfectly well understood that the present Chief would rather detect a defective officer, than a criminal.

The men now employed upon the force are well known for their uprightness and general integrity. We give this sketch of the career of a "traitor in the camp" only to show the shadowy side of the subject. There are no Felkers now in the U. S. Secret Service, it is believed; and we trust he is the last of his tribe who will thus disgrace the profession.

THE STARTLING

ROMANCE OF CRIME.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

It is probably true that New York city is annually the scene of more crimes than are committed in any other five cities in the United States. Yet, in other places, colossal offences occur, and great criminals flourish, in spite of all effort to prevent or suppress the evil-doings of the wickedly inclined. The cloak of piety and the outward garments of "eminent respectability," hide a multitude of iniquities; and very few instances of well dissembled charity and righteousness which parallel in depth the following veritable occurrence — are found even in the annals of the romance of crime.

A fine brown-stone mansion in —— th Street, not a mile above Union Square, was two years since the almost palatial residence of a man who enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and who dwelt in fashionable style, among his genteel neighbors, unknown — save from the fact that he had for a considerable period occupied this elegant establishment, and had moved in society as a very honorable and gentlemanly per-

sonage, who lived well, paid his debts promptly, enjoyed his handsome income, attended church with punctilious regularity, dispensed charity becomingly, and had a beautiful young wife to whom he seemed decorously and warmly attached.

Eleven o'clock has just struck, upon a cold starlit night. The sound of the last stroke had scarcely pealed away from the aristocratic neighborhood of the great church in whose tall steeple the bell was suspended that told the hour — when the night stillness was again broken by the movement of carriage-wheels, approaching the front portal of the great mansion described. It was a stately house, and, with its heavy-lined brown-stone frontage, rose grim and sombre against the clear, dark sky, — an architectural giant — in the wealthy neighborhood where it stood. The carriage halted, the liveried footman descended from beside the well-fed coachman, and opened the door of the handsome vehicle, as a flood of light from the broad hall of the house gleamed outward across the flagged pavement, and a lackey from within came down the steps to assist the gentleman in the coach up the ample marble stoop.

The occupant of this carriage had been dining at the Club; whence he had been thus borne home. The footman stood respectfully at the opened door of the vehicle, but the fashionable and wealthy diner-out made no apparent effort to alight. He was sound asleep.

The high-mettled horses were impatient, and restive. The driver was obliged to speak to them sharply to keep them quiet. A heavy footstep sounded on the walk, and the night watchman came up. He stopped a moment, looked furtively at the waiting attendant, and inquired, "What's the matter, David?"

"Nothing," replied the footman.

"What you waiting for?"

The attendant pointed to the inside of the vehicle, but vouchsafed no further explanation.

The watchman looked in at the door, and asked —

"Is it D——?"

The footman nodded in the affirmative.

"Is he hurt?"

"No," said the other.

The watchman moved away, muttering in a low tone — "Drunk, eh? Poor fool!"

The "poor fool" inside the elegant carriage stirred, opened his dull eyes, looked up, and said —

"Got home, Davy?"

"Yes, sir."

"W'y din't je sezzo — 'en?" grunted the gentleman. "Wossar mar'r wi' yer, Davy?"

"Nothin', sir. All right. 'Ere we are. Take my arm, sir."

And with the aid of the hall servant, the well-dressed, but weak-kneed gentleman, was with difficulty helped up the steps into the lordly house.

The heavy black-walnut door was closed, the carriage disappeared, and the slightly inebriated proprietor of the stately mansion rolled sulkily into the well-lighted drawing-room, where sat his wife and little daughter, who had been anxiously looking for his coming three or four hours.

The husband and father was Mr. Theodore D——, who had resided in this stately dwelling in that highly genteel neighborhood sufficiently long to make hosts of fashionable friends, who entertained a very favorable opinion of him; for his outward appearance had been that of the courtly gentleman, and his "high-life follies," and occasional fits of over-indulgence in worldly dissipation, were either unknown or were leniently winked at.

But D—— had been failing in health for some time, notwithstanding the bold front he assumed, and the reckless manner in which he occasionally passed his evenings at the gay and festive board. His *real* character was totally unsuspected by his neighbors; and he passed for "a marvellous proper man." His address was pleasant, his intercourse with all who met him polite and affable; but for all, Theodore D—— was a plausible, arrant hypocrite, and in his secret life, a first class scoundrel.

Sanctimonious and moral to a fault, he was, nevertheless, so far as public observation went. And, even towards his handsome wife, so scrupulously decorous and attentive was this deceiver, that even she never dreamed that D—— was not precisely the upright worthy man he always seemed. He had been a member "in good standing" of the church, too, for years, and was looked upon, by outsiders, as a bright and shining light of truthfulness, integrity, and honest piety!

A radical change was pending in this rich man's fortunes, at the time we speak of him, however. Certain glaring facts had fallen under the eye of the Chief of the Secret Service Division, in the course of his round of observation of men and things in New York, and Col. Whitley felt it incumbent upon him to place a watch upon this saint's movements. But at the end of a few months, it was found that Mr. D—— had fallen into a threatening decline in health, which terminated in confining the man of wealth entirely to his house, and finally to his own bed-chamber—where he at last lay a hopeless, helpless consumptive.

His constitution was totally wrecked. He had battled with this disease manfully, and everything that medical skill could do for him, had been accomplished. But now the end approached, in this man's shameful career of crime.

His wife was his constant attendant, and tenderly she bent over the stricken form of him she loved so affectionately, whose secrets had never been entrusted to her, and who believed, in her confiding soul, that if *ever* there existed an honest, faithful Christian, her suffering husband assuredly was one. She had implicitly trusted him, and believed him, when he assured her that his absence often at evening, or far into the night, was occasioned by urgent calls of "business down town," or at the club he *honored* with his patronage and presence.

She knew he had in latter years got rich rapidly through the channels of "speculation" to which he sometimes alluded. But she knew very little, and cared less, about the details. And so the months or years flew by, and finally Death "came knocking at the door" of the stately mansion in —— th Street.

At this time, the Chief, having through careful investigation satisfied himself as to the real character of this man beyond a doubt — prepared one day to wait upon the invalid in the way of business.

That very day (as the Chief learned during his investigations) the sick man's wife had been reading the morning paper, and chanced upon a paragraph in reference to a new counterfeit that had recently been discovered current in New York. She had made a purchase at a fashionable establishment, and had received in change for a $100 note some of the very bills described in this paper. She examined her porte-monnaie, and found *one* $10 note that looked suspicious. She handed it to her sick husband, who pronounced it bad, directly.

"This is provoking," said the lady. "I really wish the wretches who make or utter these base notes might be brought to condign punishment. I will return it where I got it."

"No, no—" said the husband, nervously, "never mind. It is only ten dollars. The merchant can't afford to lose it." And he at once tore it into shreds, somewhat to the lady's surprise.

"If I had my way with the scoundrels, who put forth these base counterfeits," she continued, severely, "I would imprison every one of them—and would soon rid the community of their baleful presence."

The invalid husband turned away nervously as the lady flung the shreds of the torn note into the fire. But the wife remained in ignorance of the cause of his renewed uneasiness.

"There's this satisfaction about the business," continued the lady. "The miscreants are being caught every day; and I hope the Detectives won't stop in their laudable pursuit of the knaves until every one of them are caged, as that infamous Clark has been."

"*Clark*, did you say?" exclaimed her husband, wildly, turning his pallid face towards her.

"Yes; and Pierce, and two other accomplices—all arrested for counterfeiting. And served them right, too."

Mrs. D—— then read the account of the capture of these notables aloud, and soon after left the room, while D—— was writhing in a fit of mental agony, which his innocent wife neither suspected or dreamed the cause of!

As soon as she had gone out, he seized the paper in his trembling but feeble gripe, and devoured the account of that notable arrest of coney men.

"Clark gone up! Pierce arrested and ruined! Carpenter secured! Rippon, the dolt, in duress!" exclaimed the alarmed invalid. "What next, for God's sake?"

"Have they 'squealed' too? A word from either of these men pronounces my doom! I am at their mercy, and

the officers of the law are plainly on the qui vive! I am too sick to flee, or ——"

Here he stopped short, and listened with bated breath and shivering limbs, as if he could hear the footsteps of the hounds which were so surely upon his track; though he did not then *know* this fact.

"I have one friend left yet," he continued, with more composure. "I have gold—ay, in plenty. Money *is* a friend indeed, in time of need. I know it. I have *proved* it! And money I possess in plenty. It has saved me often —it shall protect me now!"

A summons at the front door, at this moment, was answered by the hall servant, and a tall, straight calm-visaged man was met at the portal, who entered the lordly mansion, without ceremony. His cold blue eye and sharp features indicated rare firmness and resolution in their stolid expression, but his polite manner even towards the menial who admitted him, was unexceptionable.

"I would see Mr. D——," said the caller.

"I think it will be impossible, sir," replied the flunky, but civilly. "You are not perhaps aware that my master is very ill—quite low, indeed, in health; and he receives *no* one but the doctor and his own wife, latterly."

The stranger knew that D—— was sick, but he did not think him so far gone.

"My business is important," persisted the caller, "and I *must* see Mr. D——."

"It may be that *you will* be admitted, sir. But he is very sick. He has fallen away of late to a skeleton, almost. Your card, sir, please?"

"No matter. Say, with my compliments, that a gentleman would speak with him."

The servant went out in a brown study. He had been

forbidden to *announce* callers, even — his master was so ill. And while he meditated, upon the stairway near the invalid's chamber-door as to what course he should adopt to put this man off, the stranger passed by him; and without further ceremony entered the sick chamber of the emaciated and played-out invalid, who lay extended upon his luxurious but weary couch, so near death's dreary door!

The entree of this unexpected guest surprised the rich man, vastly; but the peremptory and cool manner of the bold intruder's speech alarmed him most.

"I did not expect to find you thus prostrated," said the stranger, calmly. "But your evidently low condition renders it the more imperative that I should utter what I have to say without circumlocution, Mr. D——."

"I do not understand this freedom," said D——.

"You will comprehend me, in a moment," remarked the stern, though gentlemanly visitor, gazing into the glazed eye of the prostrated wretch before him.

"I was aware that you were too sick to run away," continued his caller, "for I have made myself acquainted, constantly, with your condition and movements, for the past few weeks. If I had not been certain that you could not escape, I should have sooner looked to secure you — as I have others of your friends, of late."

"Who *are* you, sir?" demanded Mr. D.

"That is not material, just now, sir. What I am here for, at this hour, is to demand of you the $10 counterfeit plate you have in your keeping. It is *here*, and I must have it."

"What do you mean?" demanded D——, with emphasis, and evident alarm.

"Just what I *say*, sir. Will you produce this spurious plate? Or shall I search for it here?"

"Sir!" continued D——.

"O, that style won't answer with *me*," persisted the stranger. "I am no 'kid,' and we must come down to square talk, now. This 'squeal' among the 'queersmen' brings this foul business straight home to *you*. You have played your cards well, but you have a losing hand this time. I've got the 'right bower,' and the 'little joker' behind him. And you are euchred, as sure as you are still a living man!"

"Do you know me, sir?" demanded D——, with proud gravity.

"I do," said his tormentor, coolly. "You are Theodore D——, who owns and occupies one of the finest mansions in New York; who passes among the multitude of this city for a saint; but who is one of the foremost dealers in counterfeit money — one of the largest and most unscrupulous of the coney fraternity in this country; and one of the cunningest and most adroit knaves this region has ever yet been cursed with. You have inveigled and ruined young men without number, who, but for your example and influence, might have lived honest and virtuous lives. You have eluded the gripe of the law, because you are wealthy. Your riches have been accumulated through a system of cheatery unparalleled. You have bribed those whom money might purchase; you have covered your baseness with the garb of pretentious sanctity; you have sung and whined and 'stolen the livery of heaven, to serve the devil in;' you have deceived the poor, and wronged your fellow men, outrageously; and you have inwardly chuckled over the success that has thus far, unluckily for the community, followed your long life of secret iniquity. You have sent forth, broadcast, from Maine to Louisiana, your base counterfeit notes, coins, and revenue stamps, and you have played the villain, to the

THOMAS E. LONERGAN,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, WESTERN DISTRICT,

U. S. Secret Service Division. [See page 122.

last. And now, Theodore D——, your hour is come! Do you comprehend me clearly, sir?"

"I am helpless — sick — oppressed — broken down," moaned the guilty culprit, "and you can thus abuse with impunity a dying man, who cannot retort upon you."

"That dodge won't answer, either. The counterfeit *plate*, I repeat. I must have it. Where is it? I know you — do I not?"

"*What* do you know of me?" asked D——, in trembling accents.

"I know all about you, Theodore. I have traced the proof of all I assert straight to your bedside. I have you tight and fast. And you can *not* escape my clutch, be sure of it."

"And the others?" queried D——, waveringly.

"Are all 'piped down.' So it is well that you make a clean breast of it, Theodore. It is too late to dally, now. You can neither rebut or dodge or fly from the evidence I have accumulated against you."

"And you *alone* possess this evidence?"

"So far — yes," said the visitor.

"I am rich, sir."

"I know it, Theodore."

"I can buy my way out of this, eh? I have done so before now."

"I do not doubt it."

"You are the Chief of the U. S. Secret Service?"

"I am," said the stranger, frankly.

"What is your price, to observe silence in this matter, Col. Whitley."

"The wealth of New York would not tempt me."

"You *mean* this?"

"Look in my eye," responded the Chief, firmly.

"I have never yet seen the man I could not buy, in emergency," insisted D——. "Lawyers, judges, detectives, *all*. Every man has his price. Your's may be a high figure. But I am rich, I say, Colonel."

"The counterfeit plate, then, is my price," repeated the Chief, "and this I demand."

"My wife and child," began D——, in a bitter tone, endeavoring to enlist the Colonel's sympathy. "This disgrace will kill them!"

"Don't try that dodge with me," said his bold accuser. "You villains peril the peace of your families, every hour you live, while the penitentiary stares you at the same time in the face! But still you go on madly in your infamous rascality, and when you're trapped, attempt this played-out dodge, for sake of sympathy. I have nothing to do with your wife, or child. It is *you* who have thus fearfully wronged them, and you and they must suffer the penalty of your error."

"You are speaking to a dying man, Colonel Whitley," continued D——, as tears came into the wretch's eyes.

"I think so; else you would not remain in this fine house another hour, be sure of it. But, though you failed in health and neared the grave day by day, for months just past, you continued on in sin. And not content with this, your mercenary disposition prompted you to deputize an accomplice to follow up your guilty course of conduct, when you could no longer personally pursue the accursed traffic of counterfeiting. But it is too late to speak of this, now. The plate I must have. And, since you are so nearly in your grave, if you will give up that, and all else you possess of bogus notes and scrip and stamps, why, then, you may die like a Christian, if you can, and I will interfere no farther. This is my duty. This is my ultimatum. This and these I *will* have."

"Now, then, Colonel — I submit. I am betrayed. I shall soon pass away. But what you ask for, can not be produced on demand, at sight."

"How long time do you ask?"

"Two days, at farthest."

"So be it. Bear in mind that you can make no move here that I shall not be cognizant of. My subordinates have their instructions. You are watched, day and night. Keep faith with me, and all will be well, so far as your secret is concerned. In two days — remember! Good-bye — Mr. D——" concluded the Chief, rising to leave.

At this moment the wife entered the sick room, and was evidently surprised to meet a stranger there. The unrepentant yet cunning hypocrite pretended that the gentleman "came on business from his down-town counting-house," and lied the matter through very easily, as it was his hourly habit to do with the gentle partner of his fortunes.

The Chief left the elegant mansion, and as he hurried to his headquarters, he murmured to himself — "I've seen a good many keen, shrewd, graceless villains, in my time, and not a few deceivers and scoundrels of this cunning tribe. But never yet *this* rascal's equal in depth, — or in magnitude of plausible saint-like seeming, concealed in so base a heart! He can't live a month, at the best. He is worth over a quarter of a million of dollars, every dime of which he has accumulated through knavery, and years of counterfeiting; and now, when his lamp of life goes out, he leaves it all to his wife and child, the world will know nothing of his iniquities, and he will be buried with Christian honors, by weeping friends, while the pastor who presides over the fashionable church he has so long attended, reciting the beautiful passage in sacred writ, will exclaim, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; — they rest from their labors,

and their works follow them!' The good clergyman believes in this hypocrite, too: and deems him a saint. And so D —— will depart 'with all the honors.' Well, the sooner the world is ridded of this wolf in sheep's clothing, the better for us all!"

Within a week the clergyman's visits to this man's bedside became more frequent and devoted. In ten days after the Chief's visit, the man of sin and wealth had abandoned all hope of ever rising from his soft but wretched couch again. And four weeks from the day when he delivered into the Chief's hands the counterfeit plate and other valubles he demanded — Mr. Theodore D ——, of the great brown-stone front in —— th Street, bade adieu to earthly things, and shuffled of this mortal coil calmly, quietly, and apparently resignedly, to the very last — like any honest manly Christian; and "none knew him but to praise him" in the throng that gathered round the costly silver-mounted casket that at length held the poor remains of this life-long dissembler and cheat!

Hands of friendship and love — his former friends, and mourning wife — showered snow white flowers around the coffin. The body was taken into the church and the funeral obsequies were of the most approved character in the sphere in which D —— had so long moved "a bright example of true honor, worth and piety," (as his deceived pastor described deceased!) and whom he innocently declared "had gone to join the blest in heaven — after a life of integrity, charity, Christian benevolence, and honorable conduct, such as marked the career of few models of true piety, within the scope of his observation or acquaintance," etc., etc., etc.

How much this man of God *really* knew about his late wealthy base-hearted parishioner!

The organ peeled a mournful requiem over the "dear

departed dead." The loving wife and golden-haired gentle daughter looked their last upon the worn thin face of the now forever silent husband and father — who had been so devoted to *their* welfare, whatever had been his errors.

The casket was borne out of the lofty columned church to the plumed hearse, and then to Greenwood Cemetery: where the remains were deposited in a costly marble tomb — to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, in this life of sin or joy!

A crowd joined the cortege towards its last halting-place, and among that weeping throng there were hundreds whom the now coffined hypocrite had foully wronged in life. But among them all there were but three persons who held the dead man's secret; and for the sake of those he left behind him, innocent of his crime — the wife and child — these three have kept the secret of his personal identity sacred.

Death took the offender from the grasp of the law, in good time. His memory was thus saved from infamy. The grave has closed over his mortal part, and his guilty soul has passed to judgment. His case was an extraordinary instance of successful chicanery and *persistence* in crime to the bitter end. * * * * Let him rest!

I. C. NETTLESHIP,

CHIEF ASSISTANT TO COL. WHITLEY.

The accomplished official whose name and title heads this article, and whose portrait will be found at page 80, is now thirty-eight years old, and as will be admitted on examination and comparison of his picture, with others, is the comeliest man in the force.

Mr. Nettleship was born of humble origin, in the County of Nottingham, England, in the year 1833. In his earlier years he was placed at work in a silk factory in his native town, at the liberal wages of sixpence a week; where he labored diligently up to his sixteenth year. His father was an ardent Chartist, and was continually speaking of America, or as he termed it, "the great land of Washington." This frequent friendly allusion to the country across the ocean, first induced the boy to contemplate emigrating to the United States; which plan he carried out at the age of eighteen.

The money to defray the expense of this journey he saved from his meagre wages — which as he grew older had been gradually increased up to seven shillings per week; and when he arrived in New York in 1851, he had half a crown

in silver in his pocket, to commence life with in the land of his adoption.

An opportunity soon presented itself to him for employment in Newark, N. J., whither he went at once, and was engaged for several years thereafter in this place, in the saddlery business, up to the breaking out of the rebellion; which crippled the business greatly, from the fact that much of his trade had been with Southern dealers.

In the fall of 1861, after the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Nettleship enlisted as a private in a regiment organized in Newark as the "President's Guard," which name it bore until the Regiment reached Washington, when it was changed to that of 1st or 2nd Volunteers of the District of Columbia.

He was shortly detached with his Company from this regiment, and ordered to the Eastern Virginia Brigade, under command of Col. Wm. Wall, of Washington. His company was assigned to duty on the Orange and Alexandria Rail Road, and soon afterwards was transferred to the 7th New Jersey Volunteers. Mr. Nettleship was then placed on duty as Acting Commissary of subsistence, to provision all troops passing through Alexandria, Va., to the front — and as a Secret Detective for the Military Governor of Defences south of the Potomac; in which positions he acquitted himself with credit and satisfaction.

While thus engaged, he was one day approached by a Captain in the Union Army, with the proposition that they should go into the "coney" business, amongst the rebels *and* the Union troops! This young officer took Nettleship quietly aside, and exhibited to him some of the counterfeit money he proposed to "shove," and while appearing to acquiesce in this scheme, he immediately reported the facts through his Commanding General, to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington.

Instructions came at once from the War Department to Mr. Nettleship to work up this case of intended fraud in his own way and time; and he proceeded to New York, confidentially, in company with the Captain, to procure the "queer" in quantity, for the purpose he had suggested. The Captain bought the desired amount of stock of a noted dealer in New York, and from him Nettleship took one half of the supply, at cost. When this move had been accomplished by Nettleship, he immediately placed the Captain under arrest, and had him committed for trial. This offender was convicted and sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary, New York State, for a term of years.

A full report of this adroitly managed case was made by the Commanding General of the Department to the Sec'y of the Treasury, and at the latter's personal request, Mr. Nettleship was permanently detached from the military service, and ordered to report in person in Washington to a then authorized Agent of the Treasury Department for the suppression of counterfeiting. He was thus engaged until the close of his original term of enlistment as a soldier, which occurred in 1865.

Congress, during that year, passed a law, and made its first appropriation to defray the expenses of "detecting, arresting, bringing to trial and punishment, counterfeiters of the National Securities." Under this act, the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered to organize a Detective force, to be known as the U. S. "Secret Service Division, of the Treasury Department."

Mr. Nettleship was at once appointed an officer in this Service, and assigned to the New Jersey District. He established his head-quarters at Newark, N. J., his old place of residence, where he continued his operations with great success, until the appointment of the present Chief of Division

was made — when Col. Whitley re-commissioned him, and left him in charge of the same District, where his labors had been so fortunately useful to the Government, for years.

So faithfully had Mr. Nettleship performed the duties to which he had been assigned, thus far, that Col. Whitley enlarged his sphere, directing him to open a Branch office of the Division in Philadelphia, to assume control of operations in other States, and promoting him to the post of a Chief Operative in the service.

Mr. Nettleship is known among his compeers as "a fine worker." Clear-headed, intelligent, astute in judgment, and adroit in strategy, he goes straight to his point, from the outset, with confidence in the justice of his cause, and in his ability to succeed in his various undertakings against the offenders he pursues.

These qualities had been so thoroughly demonstrated in his past career, that in January, 1871, he was ordered to report at headquarters in New York, by Chief Whitley, who assigned him to the rank of "Chief Assistant," where he now remains, in charge of the Division business, in the absence of the Chief himself.

Mr. Nettleship has caused the arrest and conviction of a larger number of counterfeiters, smugglers, violators of the Internal Revenue laws, etc., than any other single Operative in the Service. His rare abilities have been so well appreciated by the United States Courts, and the Government at Washington, that Mr. N. has been honored with the offer of a U. S. Commissionship, for New Jersey — which he has thought fit to decline, for the present, since he believes he can be more serviceable to the Government in the position to which he has now been elevated.

Mr. Nettleship is a man of genial disposition, and markedly agreeable address. Even and cordial in his intercourse

with all who approach or have to do with him, he has now hosts of friends in and out of the immediate sphere where the details of his duties engage his attention.

He is rather a portly man, of fine presence and goodly mien, and would scarcely be taken for the spirited, ardent and accomplished Detective he is, by a stranger. But in his long term of office, he has shown himself ever "equal to the occasion," and has lived to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, through his genuine acknowledged merits.

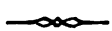
We have presented in this volume portraits of some of the prominent Detective Officers of the force — Mr. Nettleship among them — and have devoted a brief space to each of these gentlemen in the way of a biographical sketch of their private and official careers, for many years. Of the records thus given, it may be stated with truthfulness that parallels among our citizens (in the same number of instances,) will scarcely be found in this country, so far as good character, integrity, ability, usefulness, and individual fitness for their peculiar duty is concerned.

These men may point with honest pride to their personal records herein given, in refutation of the baseless theory recently assumed by an honorable Judge of one of our Courts, that "the sworn statements of Detectives, as a class, upon the stand, are not entitled to the same weight as that of men taken from the ordinary good classes of society!" And we refer the unbiased reader to these records in support of our own opinion, that such men as these are assuredly entitled to full credence, under oath, if *any* are.

"CRANKY TOM,"

THE FORGER AND COUNTERFEITER.

THOMAS M. HALE.



In the year 1836, in Saratoga County, N. Y., there came into this breathing world an infant boy, who lived to occupy a large space in the criminal records of the land that gave him birth, who had better never have seen the light of day — so far as either the country he cursed, through his career of infamy, or himself were concerned.

This youngster lost his parents at the age of thirteen years, and was adopted by a well-disposed aunt — a maiden lady, who owned a large and valuable farm-property in Saratoga County — the business of which she conducted, personally. She was as fond of the lad as though he had been her own child; gave him a good education, became attached to him as he grew older, and at the age of seventeen, observing that he was keen and intelligent, entrusted him with the charge of much of her thrifty business.

At times, he was sent to the Saratoga Co. Bank to deposit money, and frequently to draw checks and drafts in his aunt's behalf. The good-hearted and confiding lady gradu-

ally increased her confidence in this boy, until he at last came to be entrusted with all the buying and selling of the establishment, as well as the collecting of all accounts due the lady. And in the way of remuneration for his services, the aunt clothed and lodged him handsomely and comfortably.

His name was Thomas M. Hale, and he subsequently became known by the cognomen of "Cranky Tom," in another kind of society into which he drifted in after time. The phrenological development of Tom's "perceptive" faculties was wonderful. His facial front exhibited this characteristic in a marked degree. A glance at his picture on page 206 gives but an indifferent idea of this man, who persistently twisted his face "out of joint" whenever the attempt was made to obtain his likeness, by photograph. He was really a good looking man, and his features though bold and sinister in expression, at times, were even and manly, in the main — and he passed among strangers for a very respectable decent sort of personage.

In return for the confidence and kindness thus lavished upon the parentless boy by his aunt, the ingrate treacherously turned upon his benefactress, and secretly conceived a plan to rob her. He forged her signature to a check for $300 one day; which feat was so admirably accomplished that it passed for genuine, and he readily succeeded in obtaining the money upon the check, from the Bank. With this amount and about $200 in addition, which he contrived to collect from debtors to his aunt, he quietly left the home of his protectress, and pushed his way direct to New York city; where he had often heard of good opportunities for "moderate investments in cash," whereby the small capitalist might be put upon the high road to speedy fortune.

Upon his arrival in New York, he became at once de-

lighted with the busy city, and directly proceeded to work himself into an association of thieves and rogues, among whom, through his superior tact and intelligence, he shortly came to be a leader. He was noticeable for his extraordinary nerve and uniform coolness, as well as his judgment, adroitness and daring in planning or executing robberies. But his first advent in New York city proved short lived.

Tom's sudden departure from Saratoga, and his non-appearance as usual at home, aroused the suspicions of his aunt. The forged check was soon afterwards discovered, too, and measures were promptly taken for the arrest of the ungrateful and vicious culprit. This result was speedily effected. Tom was caught, taken back to Saratoga, tried and convicted of the double offence he had so wantonly committed, and was sentenced to incarceration in the State Prison at Clinton, N. Y., for three years; where he remained in quiet retirement, during the full term for which he was sent over — when he was released, and returned once more to the congenial climate of New York, to re-enter upon his shameful career of crime, with increased zest.

Having abandoned all idea of attempting the pursuit of any honest occupation, he at once sought out his former "pals," and continued his thieving operations and depredations until he succeeded in amassing some capital. He then contracted a habit and love of gambling. In this pursuit he was sometimes fortunate, occasionally winning large sums; but, like others who attempt this folly, more frequently coming out a loser — until finally every dollar of his ill-gotten gains was swept away.

Hale had long been a frequenter at No. 16 East Houston Street, a noted "lush-drum" then kept by Ike Weber, which was known as the resort of the leading koniackers of the country, from all quarters. Ike Weber was then one

of the foremost of coney men, and Bill Gurney, Charley Adams, Bill Dow, Hank Hall, Doc' Young, Little Dutch Harry, and Charley Brockway, were among his best and constant patrons; and here, after a while, Tom Hale was installed as bar-keeper of the delectable establishment.

But, from the very outset of his career in this place, Tom had an eye open to business. It was his ambition to become the proprietor of this drinking-house and resort for thieves. He was exceedingly popular with the customers of the place, and with his past performances he was considered "sound." But he lacked the ready means to buy out the owner. Still, he turned the matter over in his busy brain, with a view to accomplish his object, sooner or later.

Tom made a very good bar-tender. He was constantly "on hand," and everybody was pleased with him. Time passed away, and after a while the proprietor complained that the receipts from the bar didn't pay! Tom was quiet and pleasant, and satisfied — so far as he was concerned — while he mentally assured himself "that things was working," admirably. And one day he proposed to purchase the establishment. The owner very gladly sold out, and Tom took possession.

A few days afterwards, his former employer came to Tom, and offered to go to work for *him* in the capacity of bar-tender. Hale was agreeable, and at once hired the "old man" to take charge of the bar. The latter applied himself assiduously to his duties, and matters went along in this reversed position for some months, when one day Tom woke up to find that he was getting into debt, at a slaughtering rate! The bar was a constant bill of expense to him. And the returns he now received were so meagre that he swore he was being "eaten out o' house" with the enterprise.

"I can't stand *this*," said Tom, "no how."

"You needn't," replied Ike, bluntly. "I'll buy you out, if you like. *I've* done very well as *barkeeper;* but dam'd if I could 'keep a pig' on the business, when I was proprietor, with you in reach of the till!"

Tom saw the p'int at once, but said nothing. He re-sold to Weber, directly, and then declared that his old employer had been taught a little dodge — through *his* tutorship — that ought to prove "werry walooable" to him in his future, which it certainly did!

The breaking out of the rebellion offered Tom Hale a new and desirable opportunity for the display of his characteristic genius. He saw his chance once more, and became one of the earliest and most successful "bounty-jumpers" on record. Through his own confession, it is certain that "Cranky Tom" contrived to "cop the borax" (jump the bounty,) twenty-three different times. This afforded him ample ready means, and he then entered freely into the schemes of the counterfeiters.

He was concerned in putting out the first bogus *postal* currency that ever appeared. This performance was followed by counterfeits upon the short 25 and 50 cents scrip, and in this latter enterprise he went into partnership with "pious" John Disbrowe, to supply the West with the trash, ad libitum.

The arrangement in detail was that Disbrowe should go forward in advance, and establish "agencies," and Tom should send him the stuff as fast as it could be manufactured and delivered. A plan that worked like a charm, for a while, but which the knaves "run into the ground."

John Disbrowe was a pimp of the first water. He was ostensibly an active, prominent member of a Methodist Church in New Jersey, leader of a choir, and the head of a

nice family. He could exhort and whine, and psalm-sing "the leg off a brass monkey," upon occasion; and passed among the innocent women and ignorant men of the society as a "*beau*tiful man." This gave him prestige, and he was able to carry on his little game of cheatery very successfully. He represented himself, when travelling in the west, as a commission merchant, purchasing produce for the eastern markets.

Hale received the counterfeit 50 cents scrip from the manufacturer, Ike Weber, in New York. A trusty agent conveyed this stuff to Disbrowe, and the latter disposed of the counterfeits to the "peddlers" or retail dealers, who "shoved" them generously along the line of the Western Rail Roads, in every direction. One of the shovers having been arrested, however, he "squealed" on Disbrowe, who was shortly caught and caged near Detroit, Mich., when *he* "peached" on Tom Hale; and the partnership thus "went up in a balloon," very suddenly.

"Cranky Tom" was still at liberty. Disbrowe was in limbo, (though Tom didn't know it,) and it now come to be very desirable that Hale should be secured — whom Disbrowe had "sold out" to the authorities. And the following little arrangement was entered on to effect this laudable purpose, and to capture the leading spirit in this gang.

A scheme was concocted to induce Tom to come West, in person, with a large quantity of the "queer," which he could procure (as he had done repeatedly before) from the *big* scoundrel, Ike Weber, in New York. Disbrowe wrote to Tom that he wanted $3,000 in the "stuff" at once, of this 50 cent issue; and if he would bring it out himself, he agreed to make a fair "divvy" of the funds then in his hands, and to give him good money for the bogus scrip that he would fetch with him.

Hale nibbled at this bait, and started from New York with $3,500 in the short counterfeit 50 cent currency, which made seven thousand pieces, in all; that filled a large-sized sack. But Tom was too sharp ordinarily to be caught napping in this kind of trade, for he really possessed extraordinary clairvoyant powers; and smelling a mice, perhaps, he concluded *not* to go too far, and made an appointment for a certain party to meet him at a named point in Pennsylvania, near the Ohio line, where the money might be taken and conveyed by him to Disbrowe. But this agent failed to "make connection," for some reason unexplained to Hale.

Tom then went forward into Ohio, himself, was arrested just over the line, and brought back in irons to Pittsburg, Pa., and there committed for trial on a charge of uttering and dealing in counterfeit money. Upon his arraignment he pleaded guilty, was remanded to the custody of the Solicitor of the Treasury, and then sent to New York to aid in the arrest of certain manufacturers and large dealers in bogus money, upon whose track he asserted he was able to put the authorities, from his own knowledge of them. He promised faithfully to do so, and it was distinctly understood that if he couldn't or didn't effect this, he was to be duly returned for sentence.

When Col. Whitley was appointed Chief, he looked into this and other pending cases, and quickly ascertained that Cranky Tom had *not* performed his promises to the Government, but on the contrary had been suffered to run loosely at large, by connivance with the old officers, and was then actually in the coney business again, and rioting at his leisure in dissipation upon the profits. He had not attempted to fulfil his promise, even. Col. Whitley accordingly arrested him, and sent him to Pittsburg, Penn., where he was there permitted to withdraw his former voluntary

plea of "guilty," when a fair trial was accorded him, at the instance of the new Chief of the Division.

His trial came on before Judge McCandless of the Western District of Pensylvania, in October, 1870. Tom was speedly convicted, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary at Alleghany City, and to pay a fine of $2500; to stand committed until the latter was paid. Tom is in prison now. He began early in life, and offended often. He will be half a score of years older when he is released from this sentence, and he will undoubtedly become a better man, after this rough experience. At least his case is hopeful, yet, if he lives to pay the fine imposed on him.

In the course of Cranky Tom's trial, in Pennsylvania, it was shown that he had been *arrested* in another district; and a motion was made by the defence to quash the indictment against him, on the ground of non-jurisdiction of the Court at Pittsburgh. But the U. S. Dist. Attorney, H. Bucher Swoope Esq. when he came before the jury, claimed that it had also been already shown upon the evidence that Hale *had passed through* the State of Pennsylvania with this counterfeit money in his possession; and he asked the jury, by their verdict, to assert that that State should not be made a highway, even, for the conveyance of counterfeit money, anywhere.

In this righteous theory, Dist. Attorney Swoope was ably sustained in his charge to the jury by Judge McCandless, who paid high compliments, on that occasion, to the Chief and officers of the Secret Service Division, as at present organized; and the verdict of the jury was in accordance with the clear suggestions of Judge McCandless, who has steadily set his face against any compromises with the nefarious counterfeiting fraternity who are clearly guilty of this iniquity, and who come before his Court.

Tom's lawyer, in closing for defence, maintained that his client was not guilty, as set forth in the indictment against him.

"What is he *here* for, then?" pertinently enquired the Judge. "It is sufficient that he *is* here, and that the heinous charges against him are fully supported by plenary proof."

The trial was concluded and the guilty offender was convicted, justly. The specious technical irregularity suggested, as to the exact spot on which he had been arrested, found no favor in *that* sturdy Court, where justice and plain common sense are never outraged.

Thus one more of the villainous class was "put away" for a long season. And the exploits of Disbrowe, Ike Weber, *et als.*, Tom's boon companions in iniquity, will soon be found recorded in succeeding pages of our "Memoirs."

GRAND FIASCO OF

THE MANIAC, KING.

A FRIGHTFUL CONSPIRACY!

. The following exciting incidents took place late in the year 1869, and were the occasion of very serious alarm; promising for a few days to develope one of the most important and revolting conspiracies ever plotted on this side of the Atlantic, and causing the most intense excitement in certain circles, for the nonce. The plot had apparently for its object (through the efforts of leading restless spirits secretly associated together) the absolute repudiation of the National debt, and the utter overthrow of the Republican Government!

The United States Detectives had been put upon the qui vive, and the plausible yet threatening representations which were made in regard to this colossal scheme of concealed treachery, caused a most extraordinary interest to attach to this case. The officials who had been let into the consequential secret of this foul scheme of seeming perfidy, were exceedingly anxious, but very reticent upon the subject of the discovery which had fortunately been made, it was hoped,

in season to avert the fatal results evidently aimed at by the conspirators.

From the preliminary information accorded the authorities in reference to the infamous designs of those immediately concerned in this plot, and the apparently credible and earnest sources through which this information came — there seemed to be no manner of doubt that a most infamous and well-laid plan had been inaugurated to carry out successfully the malicious and shocking events set forth in the declaration of a relenting member of the traitorous clan, who had originally joined the association that threatened thus to destroy the nation's credit, and bring dire anarchy or ruin to the very hearthstones of the American people.

An ex-confederate officer, who had served with creditable valor in the late rebellion — on the wrong side, however — by name and title "Colonel Hauston King, of the Kentucky Artillery," appeared one day in December, 1869, in the city of Washington, before U. S. Commissioner James Blackburn, and confidentially made oath to the following extraordinary and astounding declarations, to wit:

"I, HAUSTON KING, being duly sworn, do depose and say that I am a resident of Elliot County, Kentucky, and by occupation Clerk of the Circuit Court of said County. I was Colonel of Artillery in the Confederate Army, and in the month of December, 1865, went from New Orleans to New York, by steamer, and upon this passage, met with Harlow J. Phelps, merchant of New Orleans. Phelps represented that he was bound to New York, to be present at the secret organization of a repudiating party, looking to the repudiation of the National Debt. Upon arriving in New York, Phelps and myself met some two hundred men from all sections of the country, south and north; and this party *was* organized, and commenced operations. H. J. Sneed, of St. Louis, was chosen President, and A. H. Sinclair, of New York, Secretary. The initiation fee was $150, and

the total capital to be raised was $500,000; and this amount *was* raised in four days. This money was to be used to obtain the genuine U. S. Government plates for printing Legal Tender notes. The plates *were* so obtained, and $60,000,000 were represented to me as having been printed from those plates. I have received $500 of this issue already, myself, and about $20,000,000 of this sum has been put upon the country. With this fund, the genuine plates have been secured, for making Legal tender notes, Bonds, and National Bank notes. Of these we issued the full amount of the national debt of the country. Only about four millions have as yet been put in circulation. The plates are partly in Canada, Montreal, and part are in New York. There was a re-organization of this party on the 1st and 2d of November, in 1869, in New York city, at which I was present, when Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, was chosen President, with power to appoint a Secretary. The original stockholders numbered four hundred. The number, *now*, greatly exceeds this. I am the Agent for the 9th Congressional District of Kentucky. I have perfected branch-organizations in every County in said District. . . . . I give this information voluntarily, and solely for the benefit of the Government.

(Signed) HAUSTON KING."

This affidavit was duly subscribed and sworn to before Judge Blackburn, and attested by three witnesses in his presence, according to law. This precise and curiously explicit document had found its way into the hands of a Western Revenue Detective by the name of Hogeland, and he deemed it of sufficient consequence to go about the unravelling of the mystery which seemed to surround the strange proceedings, with the most earnest application, as in duty bound.

It came out about this time, in the course of a cursory examination into this singular affair, that Colonel King, the above deponent, had magnanimously *resigned* his position as Clerk of the Elliot County Circuit Court, and had thus

given clear proof of *his* devotion to the country's best interest. In addition to which, he frankly confessed his own complicity in this attempted outrageous secret blow at the nation's life, which had assumed such frightfully formidable proportions, and which he had thus honorably "sold out" to the Government, at wholesale.

The open declaration of well known names given in this affidavit, the details otherwise mentioned therein, the fact of this party's being a Clerk of a Circuit Court, his acknowledgment regarding his rebel Colonelcy, and other matters confirmatory of his sincerity and his position, all pointed to the entire truthfulness of his sworn statements, which seemed nevertheless almost too monstrous to be believed.

In addition to all this, at the time he voluntarily submitted his affidavit, Colonel King exhibited the by-laws of the secret society named, of which he acknowledged himself the instigator, in Kentucky. These by-laws offer reasons for the establishment of this association — namely, "to obtain compensation for the billions in value of property destroyed by the Radicals in the South, during the late war, and to force on the Government entire repudiation." The Order was designated by the initials K. G. C. (Knights of the Golden Circle,) and those admitted into the Circle were bound by a score of terrible oaths never to divulge the secrets of this Order.

Colonel King's excellent military reputation in Kentucky was assured by authority, and he had actually been recommended for promotion by such Confederate notables as Generals Robt. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson; the evidences of which he produced in the handwriting of those distinguished secesh officials. He was backed by a very able and consistent lawyer, too, who came all the way from Greenup Co., Kentucky, personally to endorse the Colonel, in the strongest terms that language could frame.

Some time previously, the Government at Washington had had an intimation that certain Legal Tender and Bond plates *had* been taken from the Department, surreptitiously, and $1000 counterfeit 7.30 notes had found their way back into the Treasury — where they were promptly condemned. This fact, taken in connection with the seemingly frank and well-supported statements of the repentant and gallant Colonel, gave color alike to the genuineness of his good faith and the accuracy of his accounts relating to this conspiracy.

The Greenupsburg lawyer, Mr. L. J. Filston, who accompanied Colonel King, was quite as earnest (perhaps more so) as was the Colonel himself; and he did not fail, not only in the most anxious terms to endorse him, but to express his own personal alarm at the threatening prospect, repeatedly, to the authorities. This gentleman was favorably known, and it was scarcely suspected that *he* could have any interest in the affair, except to be of service to the Government, which was about to be involved in this horrible plot, so disastrously.

The Western Detective (Hogeland) who undertook to "work up" this case, was confident that he had "a big thing" on hand, and he threw himself with unwonted energy and seriousness into this job — believing that when he should have unearthed the foul plotters, and brought the affair to a successful conclusion, that he would have accomplished a feat that would eternally redound to *his* fame, and make him the "biggest gun" in the force, beyond comparison.

The busy trio who seemed thus far only to possess the details of this momentous secret, and who had in hand the loyal plot that was then in embryo to crush out the awful conspiracy and its traitorous managers — the towering Ken-

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I. C. NETTLESHIP,

OPERATIVE, U. S. SECRET SERVICE,

CHIEF ASSISTANT TO COL. WHITLEY.

[See page 160.

tucky Colonel, his able lawyer, and the gallant Detective — had drawn the thing down to a very fine point, at length. They had prepared to throw a bombshell into the enemy's camp in New York, which would astonish him, at a very early day. But first it was necessary to lay the outrageous particulars of the conception of this destructive scheme before the Washington authorities. And so the three earnest men repaired direct to the Treasury Department, to unbosom themselves, as we have already stated.

Judge Wm. A. Richardson, of Massachusetts, chanced to be Acting Secretary of the Treasury at this hour. This gentleman is a shrewd, intelligent, sound-minded, level-headed lawyer, whose long experience on the judicial bench has afforded him ample opportunity to become a rare good judge of human nature, in a great variety of phases; and he is not easily moved or "thrown out of bias" by ordinary tales of wonder. He patiently listened to the mysterious tale of horrors which his three earnest visitors had to communicate, and then civilly but promptly referred the gentlemen (whose eyes stuck out of their heads in wonder at the Judge's coolness and indifference) to Solicitor Banfield, of the Treasury Department.

Here the three men "told o'er their wondrous story" once again; and the polite but incredulous Attorney for this Department of Government closed an eye, looked cautiously at the countenances of his excited visitors, and intimating that he did not see any occasion for hurrying in this business — quietly turned the trio over to the Chief of the Secret Service, Col. Whitley, at New York city.

"The Colonel is now in New York, at his head-quarters, gentlemen," said Solicitor Banfield, courteously. "You will find him exceedingly affable, as well as prompt, and duly experienced in all this sort of thing. Go to the Chief. He

will help you, in this desperate affair, I am confident." And thus the Solicitor bowed the Kentucky strangers out. With dilated nostrils and staring eyes, Colonel King, Lawyer Filtson, and the ambitious Hogeland, pushed away from the Capitol towards New York, with hastened speed; and arriving in a tired and fagged condition there, they lost no time in rushing into the presence of Col. Whitley, with their tale of wonders; which they now repeated the shocking details of, for the third time, and backing the stirring narrative up with all the authoritative credentials, documents, affidavit, etc., to which we have alluded.

Chief Whitley is not readily excited, and very rarely goes off into tantrums. He is a man of marvellously quick perceptions, however, and *believes* the assertion, when he says, "my instincts rarely deceive me." He patiently heard the harrowing tale, and glanced at the formidable documents the gentleman produced in support of the awful narrative. He listened to the zealous argument of the talented and highly respectable lawyer, who so feelingly urged Colonel King's disclosures upon his immediate consideration, and quietly rising, dropped the single word "bosh!" with singular emphasis.

"There are two hundred men in buckram, you say, concerned in this foul scheme, Colonel?" asked the Chief.

"Oh, more than that — quite twice that number, sir," said King.

"And these two hundred men and more, have kept this infernal plot a profound *secret* for so many months, too?" added the Chief, doubtingly.

"Ah, Colonel, remember the terrible series of shocking oaths they took never to divulge the secret of the clan."

"Exactly. I do not forget this circumstance," replied the Chief, with apparent credulity. But he had already smelt an enormous mice, nevertheless!

Col. King now appealed to the Chief to proceed, with great caution, so far as *he* was concerned. An intimation altogether unnecessary, by the way — for Whitley had already determined upon this course, though for a reason entirely different to that urged by King.

"You see, Chief," continued King, "I'm a doomed man, if *I* am suspected by these wretches. A thousand daggers would be aimed at my heart, within the hour of the discovery that I had 'peached' upon them. For God's sake, move cautiously. I will help you, my friend and counsellor here, Mr. Filtson will assist me, and we shall be able, with your powerful aid, backed by that of the experienced and potent official force under your control, to circumvent and bring to condign punishment this entire horde of miscreants and would-be traitors. But — caution, Colonel — I beseech you. I now intend at once to call upon half a hundred of the leading wretches in this city; and will report to you, to-morrow, the exact status of affairs, to enable you to act promptly, and add to your already well-earned crown of professional laurels the brightest leaf that will ever find a place in the wreath!"

If Colonel Whitley possesses any particular tender spot, in his composition, it is certainly not located in his *head.* So this flattering ebullition only had the effect of causing a suppressed smile at its grandiloquence; when he responded to King, that inasmuch as he was doing all this work for the good of the Government, he felt it incumbent on him to insist upon his accepting the use of a carriage, at the Chief's expense, in which to make these numerous calls he now contemplated.

This offer of Col. Whitley was thankfully accepted; and half an hour afterwards, Colonel King was driven away in a nice hack, to wait upon the half a hundred leading conspira-

tors (more or less) who resided in and around New York — whose secret had been so wondrously kept for so lengthy a period, and who were within the next eight-and-forty hours, at the farthest, to be sent humming "up in a balloon," or elsewhere, by means of the explosion which now so threatened the bursting up of their nefarious scheme.

The Chief took the trifling precaution (in this last arrangement,) to place upon the carriage-box one of his own trusty Detectives, Mr. Wm. W. Applegate, in the capacity of *driver* of the vehicle. This Operative was appropriately disguised for the occasion, and a more accomplished "whip" never drew rein over a spunky pair o' cattle, than he proved.

At evening, the Detective returned to report, and recounted to his Chief the fact that he had driven Colonel King all over Gotham, from City Hall to the Croton Aqueduct, and thence to Greenwood Cemetery and back; but ne'er a call had he made upon any *one* (not to speak of "half a hundred") of the conspirators he had prated so loudly about in the morning!

"I am not surprised," said the Chief, quietly. "I never took any stock in this tale of horror."

"It is a very singular affair, nevertheless," suggested his Assistant, respectfully. "This man is backed by almost incontrovertible proof of his sincerity. The lawyer, the Western Treasury Agent, the documents, the by-laws of the clan, the reputation of Colonel King himself, etc."

"I see it all. And this is *my* judgment," concluded Colonel Whitley, "formed at my first interview with these three men, and still unchanged. *This* KING *is either the cursedest liar that ever drew breath, or he is the craziest devil out of Bedlam!*"

Mr. Applegate bowed to this sharply expressed but not

improbable assumption of his superior, and shortly afterwards Colonel King himself came in, to inform the Chief, in answer to his query as to whether he had found his associates of the "Circle," that "he *had* seen about a hundred of them, during his ride that day. And not one of them dreamed that he had sold them out to the U. S. Government."

King then sat down and deliberately wrote a score of letters to friends in Kentucky (imaginary friends, perhaps,) informing them of the course he "had seen fit to take, for his country's good," concluding these epistles with the assurance that he had been rewarded by the Government with a gift of a million of dollars for the disclosures he had made, and that he would divide this plunder with them, on his return home, which would occur very shortly, etc. By means of this performance, Col. Whitley, who watched him, obtained a knowledge of the style of King's handwriting.

But the Chief waited still, and kept due watch and ward upon King's movements.

"This thing will keep," said Whitley to his aids. "Have an eye on this man. He'll shortly reach the end of his tether."

Within two days, the ever attentive and anxious attorney, Filtson, rushed suddenly into the Chief's presence, in a phrenzied state of excitement.

"Just as I feared, Colonel!" he said, spasmodically. "Poor fellow. King's gone up! A martyr to his loyalty. It's just like him. The 'Knights' are after him! Our affair is exploded, and poor King is doomed. They'll clean him out, sure, and his well-intentioned and loyal efforts to serve his country, will send him up the spout, alas! See, Colonel! They've been thrusting these threatening letters under the door of his hotel room all day long. He dare not quit his apartment. He is a goner, *sure!*"

In the adjoining room at Col. Whitley's headquarters, sat the Chief's Assistant, the jolly, portly Nettleship, who was quietly smoking his Habana, and looking over some of the "important" documents connected with this singular case, when Whitley summoned him. They started off directly for King's hotel, and soon afterwards discovered that gentleman, in a frightful mental condition, within his own apartment.

"What's the trouble with you, now?" enquired the Chief, as he entered, flanked by the facetious Nettleship.

"Gone up," screamed King. "It's all over! The thing is out —the Knights have discovered my attempt to tell their story—and I'm a dead man, ere the sun shines on this blessed earth again. I can't escape them. They're here, there, everywhere. And I'm a goner! Look," he continued. "Read these letters, shoved beneath my door, here, by the score. Read, Colonel!" and the terribly excited man exhibited a handful of missives emblazoned with daggers, cross-bones, death's-heads, coffins, chains, and other mystic signs of the horrid Order of the "K. G. C." which really looked (at first sight,) as if the entire "Union Greenback Brotherhood of Repudiators and Scalliwags" had simultaneously started for him, without a compunction: that he would very shortly "be slaughtered and quartered, and that his poor quivering, lifeless remains, would then be scattered to the winds," in due accordance with the terms of the penalty prescribed in one of the gentlest of the Society's secret oaths!

The Chief glanced at the letters, at once recognized the handwriting of the missives, and then approached Col. King, calmly, and placed his hand upon the ex-Confederate Colonel's forehead; where he just then discovered a long red scar, running from the upper edge of the frontal towards the parietal bone of the skull.

"What's *this*, Colonel?" enquired the Chief, placing his finger upon the spot. "How'd you come by that scar?"

"That's where a bullet from one of your Yank's rifles grazed my cranium, during the war," responded King, placing his own forefinger dubiously upon his head, and turning back the hair, carefully.

"I see," said Whitley to Nettleship. "He's a lunatic. I said from the first, that he was either an infernal liar, or as mad as a March hare. It's *so*."

"I reckon you're right, Colonel," replied his Assistant, gazing into King's troubled face.

"Now," continued the Chief, sharply to the Confederate Colonel, "what do you mean by all this bosh? These *letters* here are every one of them in your own handwriting! I know it. Do you take us all for idiots? You're crazy. And the sooner you're taken due care of, the better for yourself and your friends."

The Confederate lunatic — for such he really *was* — immediately "came down," and admitted the soft impeachment regarding the writing of the letters. He argued the matter of the existing plot, however, right sturdily, and was again backed by the eloquent Greenup lawyer. But it was too late, now, to push this thing further with Colonel Whitley.

The Chief directly summoned Dr. Hammond, of Bellevue Hospital. The wild man from the West was duly examined, professionally, and the doctor unhesitatingly pronounced him insane — which proved to be the fact, although the lawyer and the Western Detective Hogeland had been so thoroughly blinded, through all his erratic course of conduct — from the very start — and had never once imagined that they had been toting round the country, and zealously sustaining an actual madman, amidst this singular but plausible freak of distorted fancy.

King remained in New York some time under medical treatment. Lawyer Filtson put away, in deep chagrin, for his "old Kentucky home," content with having expended several hundred good round dollars of his own, in the attempt to gain a few thousand more, probably for *his* "disinterested services" in the enterprise he so foolishly embarked in, and so credulously followed up to the point of its explosion by the Chief of the Secret Service.

The proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, where the madman stopped, was "out" two hundred dollars, by this little operation. The draft drawn by King, upon his Greenup friends, to pay his hotel bill, came back protested, and Leland pocketed the loss, with his customary business smile at such trifling "irregularities." The ardent Hogeland, who was really a very clever officer, "retired in good order," in season to get honorably out of the scrape.

Col. Whitley and Assistant Nettleship returned to their peaceful quarters in Bleecker Street, and the even tenor of their way went on again, but slightly ruffled by the startling announcement which had a few days previously been made by this trio of mysterious callers — all the way from Kentucky, *via* Washington, who arrived in New York city crammed to the chin with such a horrible dose of sensation, but who left town, after the laughable denouement of this fiasco, so thoroughly emptied of their conceit, that no word has since been heard of or from these doughty men — who are unquestionably now convinced of their own folly and short-sightedness, and who have learned that the present head of the Secret Service is one too many for such shallow trickery as this — and that this kind of "putty won't stick" much with him!

EXPLOITS OF

A HYPOCRITICAL THIEF.

"DOCTOR BLAKE."

A handsome "Photographic Travelling Saloon" had perambulated up and down the country, in the State of New Jersey, a few years ago — the proprietor of which, accompanied by a smartly dressed, showy young woman, located his itinerant vehicle at one time in the village of Toms River, where he halted, as was his custom, for a few days, ostensibly to take the pictures of the inhabitants of that pretty town and neighborhood.

He was a very exemplary man to outward appearance, and his business profession was a very worthy one. His *real* object, however, was to ascertain who were the wealthy citizens in the thriving places he visited, and where they resided — with a view, upon favorable opportunity, to make a stealthy midnight raid upon them and rob their houses, where sufficient valuables promised to be obtained to remunerate him for the risk and trouble of such contemplated marauding enterprise.

The pretty woman, usually, who accompanied him, con-

trived to ingratiate herself into the confidence of the people, to gain access to their houses, and in this way obtain a knowledge of the points necessary to render the robbery successful. *Her* name was Emma Perrine, who passed as his wife. She was one only of several of her class whom this seemingly moral and sanctimonious "photographer" had about him, from time to time.

The man was known as "Doctor Blake," and his assumption of the "pious lay," in the course of his travels, he found to be the most taking and advantageous dodge — during his long career of crime. He was a fine looking personage, rather of a ministerial cast than otherwise, an easy conversationist, smooth and polished in manners and address, of goodly presence, an admirably ready speaker, most fluent in delivery, was aptly posted in Biblical and religious matters, and quoted Scripture like a parson.

Blake was a constant and zealous attendent at the regular prayer-meetings in the various villages where he halted, and his photographic "Saloon" was invariably certain to be found in the immediate vicinity of all the camp-meetings in the New Jersey District.

In the course of their peregrinations, Doctor Blake and his "moll" visited the town of Toms River, where Detective Applegate, of the Secret Service, was at that time located; and where his observation of men and things thereabout led him frequently to scrutinize the new-comers in the place, in a quiet way.

But the attention of Mr. Applegate was especially attracted towards Blake, from the fact that he had observed this clerical looking gentleman to be rather intimate with a man whom Mr. Applegate knew to be a "coney" dealer. He noticed at the same time, that this reverend looking Doctor Blake's advent into the village was attended with a

generous demonstration of counterfeit money among the traders there. From this co-incidence, Applegate concluded that Blake was a proper subject for future closer observation. He knew the coney-man above spoken of, whose name was T. F. Smith, and after careful manipulation he succeeded in getting from the latter the following brief note, which will readily explain itself: —

"OLD FRIEND BLAKIE,
Let the bearer have all the stuff he wants. He's square, and all right.

T. F. S."

Having possessed himself of this little document, Mr. Applegate called upon Blake at an early opportunity, by whom he was very cordially received (with these credentials in his hand) in the photographic tent of the Doctor, at a neighboring New Jersey Camp Meeting, then being held at Pointville; where, through his arch cunning and hypocrisy, Blake had imposed himself upon the Managers of this annual religious gathering, as a good Christian, a revivalist, and a worthy brother in their denomination.

Applegate found this "saint" taking an active part in the exhortations, prayers and praises that were going on when he arrived upon the ground with his introductory letter; and the striking eloquence and earnest warnings which this sanctimonious deceiver was then in the very act of pouring out upon the ears of the gaping, listening, admiring or weeping ones in the throng who hung upon the honey of his words, rather took the shrewd Operative back, at first.

"That can't be *Blake*," murmured the Detective to himself. "That *can't* be the man I'm looking for. His tongue runs as smoothly as an educated parson's, and the expressions that fall from his lips are not those of the ripe old

sinner, surely! On the contrary, he's a very nice man, and a veritable Christian, I'm thinking. Must be so. Else he couldn't talk that way."

A moment afterwards, the attentive Detective got down near the "anxious seat," by the speaking-stand, where he was more puzzled than at first, to hear the doctor invite the multitude, in plaintive tones, to "join him in prayer." And then such feeling and pathetic intonations burst forth from that man's lips as quite took *him* down among the rest, as the deceitful rascal appealed to the throne of grace in behalf of the ungodly and the unrepentant! The tears burst from the pleader's eyes, and coursed down his cheeks, as the solemn pathos flowed from his lips, and he besought the Father of Good to be merciful to the impenitent and sinful among that crowd of mourners who had not yet given their hearts to Him.

The Detective had really got softened under the magnetic influence of the speaker! And when the humble exhorter at last placed his silk handkerchief to his eyes, to check the flow of tears that had been chasing each other out of those wicked peepers, and the speaker, in silvery tones, commenced to pronounce the stirring lines —

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes,"

at the same moment applying his clean bandanna to his face, the Detective who was upon his trail, and who could scarcely believe that this could be the man he sought, actually found himself wiping his own visage, vigorously, (possibly on account of the heat there!) and the next minute joining sonorously in singing the beautiful hymn above quoted — which Blake "led off" so touchingly and so artistically.

It was in no wise to the gentle-hearted Detective's discredit that his naturally sensitive spirit was thus momentarily swayed into sympathetic consonance with the harmony of the generally honest multitude who chanted that sweet old hymn. And, moreover, he naturally possessed a goodly share of music in his soul. It was but a transient sensation, however. And five minutes after this, Applegate satisfied himself that the saint who had so charmed him *was* the veritable Blake himself. The assumed sanctity of the Beast disappeared, the romance of the situation passed away, and A. proceeded at once to business.

The "Doctor" was slow to take Applegate into his complete confidence, however. He was remarkably cautious. There *might* possibly be a trap laid for him, he evidently fancied, in the approach of this stranger, even though he was squarely endorsed by Smith's letter. So Blake enquired of the new-comer, among other things (after the meeting was over,) if he were handy at thieving? Applegate responded that he would find, if he tried him, that he "couldn't do anything else," when Blake proposed that they should go together, on the following night, and rob Aaron Gaskill's chicken-house. Mr. Gaskill lived near the camp-meeting grounds, and it was suggested by Blake that they should go there and steal some fowls, for their mutual subsistence, which Applegate seemed to agree to.

Leaving Blake in his tent, the Detective called soon afterwards upon Mr. Gaskill, *purchased* two pairs of his chickens, placed them in a box near the farm-house gate, and told the farmer he would call for them late that night, on his return home, and desired to leave them where he could take them along, as he passed, without disturbing him.

On the night in question Blake and Applegate started out on this expedition, the latter leaving Blake a short distance behind him, on approaching Gaskill's house.

"Quiet, now," said A. "and I'll give you a taste of my quality in this kind o' thing, in a jiffy."

Then boldly scaling the wall of the farm enclosure, A. quietly sat down upon the chicken-box, drew the fowls he had paid for out, one by one, wrung their necks, and returned with four nice chickens to the side of Blake, who watched for him, outside — and who was greatly pleased with what he supposed to be so successful a robbery.

"You'll do," said Blake, encouragingly.

"I reckon I will," responded Applegate. "I've been round in my time, Blakie."

"Yes — you're a trump," continued Blake, "*you* are."

Next day, Blake gave A. a counterfeit $10 note to "shove," instructing him to pass it upon one Joseph Reeves, a respectable merchant at Pointville, a really pious and worthy man, who was one of the Managers of the Camp Grounds, and who did not hesitate openly to express his opinion that "Doctor Blake" was not sincere in his loud-mouthed professions of religion.

Mr. Applegate took the $10 "queer," put it carefully by in his pocket, entered Mr. Reeves' store, purchased some trifles, paid for the same with a *good* $10 note, and returned to Blake with the goods, *and* the change in good money. This was sufficient for Blake, who knew nothing of the Detective, or this ruse (but *supposed* he had passed the bogus $10 note he had given him,) and then he unbosomed himself very freely to Applegate, telling him without restraint that "he (A.) was a man after his own heart," and letting him into many of the secrets of his base criminal life; during all of which, he had left his poor wife and her child in the miserable basement of a house in Walnut street, Philadelphia, where she dragged out a wretched existence, amidst constant toil with her needle to support herself

and little boy, ten or twelve years old; while he was "travelling," and whining, and psalm-singing over the country, in company with disreputable women, and robbing, cheating, counterfeiting, wherever he found the opportunity.

Blake showed Applegate false keys he had, with which he could (and frequently did) enter several distilleries in various parts of Western New Jersey, and steal therefrom considerable quantities of whiskey, which he sold for cash to hotel keepers or others. He obtained an impression from one lock, had a key made in Philadelphia, and went night after night into that establishment, where he pumped liquors out of the barrels into ten-gallon tin cans which he carried in his wagon for the purpose, and bore away. The owner missed his whiskey, but could never account for this loss.

The Doctor confided numerous other of his depredations to Applegate, one of which is worth mentioning, to show the varied phases of the talents of this precious "knave in broadcloth."

Blake had seen in Philadelphia a valuable horse, which he managed to steal and take over into New Jersey. This animal was coal black, with the exception of a white stripe down the forehead and one white foot. Taking this horse to his Photograph tent, Blake applied a solution of nitrate of silver ("hair-dye") to the white marks, which changed them to clear black. He then traded off this horse for another inferior beast, and $300 in cash. He then instructed his attendant "kid," Bill Burke, to go to the stable where the stolen horse was temporarily kept, and administer to him a dose of poison, which Blake prepared for the purpose, and which quickly killed the animal, and he was buried, directly. Thus all traces of his crime were removed beyond the possibility of identification.

Blake next furnished Mr. Applegate with fifty dollars in

counterfeit notes, at twenty-five cents on the dollar, which money A. carefully marked, and put away as evidence of this transaction between them. Blake then took Applegate to Philadelphia, and introduced him to Harry Stewart, and a number of other leading "coney" men of that city, from *all* of whom A. made purchasers of the "queer." Blake also introduced him to his wife, who was a beautiful and refined woman, whose heart was absolutely broken by the wicked acts of her faithless, reckless husband.

But Blake soon left Philadelphia, and located at Shelltown, N. J., when it was deemed proper by Mr. A. that the facts already related should be reported to Mr. Nettleship, chief Operative of the New Jersey and Penn'a District; and it was then decided to arrest this knave, and stop him in his mad career of villainy.

This was speedily accomplished. Blake was taken in his Photograph Tent at Shelltown, and thence to Trenton, where he learned for the first time that Applegate (who he had supposed was a first-class chicken stealer and "shover of the queer,") was an officer in the U. S. Secret Service! He threw up the sponge, at once, pleaded guilty, and was sent to the New Jersey Penitentiary for ten years, where he now remains hard at work for the benefit of the State.

Meantime Detective Applegate availed himself of the information obtained from "Doctor Blake" relating to his whiskey-stealing by means of false keys, and other villainies, and he has taken some pains to put the unsuspecting religious people in that ilk upon their guard against the hypocritic ministrations of such lively exhorters — with especial reference to this seemingly devoted Christian Blake, who played his depraved part so well and so long, but who has now, fortunately for the residents of New Jersey, gone into healthy retirement for a term that will, it is hoped,

suffice effectually to reform the wretch, unless he is already "past praying for."

Doctor Blake exhibited extraordinary shrewdness amidst all the scenes of treachery, cheatery, and duplicity which for years and years he was concerned in; and few of the hundreds or thousands of people he encountered in various ways, in all that time, ever suspected his dishonesty. He could "smile and smile, and play the villain," continuously, and *did*, with singular success; but he was finally circumvented, and justly put away. And the capture and conviction of this dissembling hypocrite and dangerous land-pirate, by Mr. Applegate, was in its way, one of the most creditable performances ever consummated by an officer of the Secret Service.

"WAL' CROSBY,"

BANK BURGLAR AND CONEY MAN.

WILLIAM WALL.

Another sturdy and accomplished rogue, who flourished for a long period in this country in the felonious secret occupation of cracksman, safe-blower, bank-burster, and counterfeiter at large, was William Wall — more familiarly known by his *alias* "Wal' Crosby," a noted shoulder-hitter, whose New York head-quarters were established at No. 61 Bowery, and whose long career of crime, for many reasons, goes far to sustain the theory of the existence of possible "total depravity" among the human race.

Wal' Crosby had lived several years in New York city, where it is believed he was born, and during a lengthy period in early life, he passed his leisure in bar-rooms, brothels, boozing-kens, or gaming houses, radiating from the place above mentioned in the Bowery, upon the numerous expeditions that from time to time he turned his attention to, in the way of robbery, bank-breaking, counterfeit money-shoving, and the like villainy; but escaping the clutches of officials, who watched for or attempted to trap him, and

snapping his fingers at law and order, contemptuously — amidst the frequent successes that attended his aptly planned and deftly executed deeds of violence and crime.

Wal' was of medium size in stature, five feet ten in height, with sandy complexion and whiskers, but originally strong in frame, and very muscular in his limbs. He made his first appearance to public notice from the "Gem," a drinking-house at the corner of Crosby and Houston Streets, New York, a resort well known to the police as a halting-place for prominent English thieves, high Tobey-men, and members of the swell mob; where he found boon companions in Ned Ferrel, Andy Boyd, Joe Gordon, and other notorious coney men and cracksmen.

In the year 1866, Wal' left New York and paid a "visit of observation" to Toms River, in New Jersey, with a view to the preliminary arrangements for cracking the Ocean County National Bank there. The officers of that institution, having been warned by Detectives attached to the U. S. Secret Service, made timely provision to welcome the intended robbers, however, and Wal' having discovered this fact, concluded to retire again quickly to New York, and wait a more convenient opportunity, in that particular direction.

Shortly after this, in company with his confederates, Wal' proceeded to the town of Bricksburg, N. J., distant west about ten miles from Toms River, where, with his pals, he was more successful. They blowed a safe in this place belonging to the Bricksburg Land Company, and fled with their booty, some $4,000 in money, belonging to Mr. Joseph Van Hise, and also several hundred dollars of the Land Co's funds. Thence Wal' proceeded towards New York city, once more.

In their retreat, after accomplishing this burglary, the

robbers were compelled to cross the country on foot, by a somewhat circuitous route, to avoid being detected; and having en route sunk their burglarious implements, (provided by "Blacksmith Tom") in the stream near Brewer's Bridge, on the south branch of Squamkum River, they put out for Keyport, N. J., and subsequently lay in the damp woods all night, from necessity, whereby Wal' contracted so severe a cold that he took seriously ill, from that night, and fell into consumption, which must eventually end his days.

Still, thenceforward he continued on in his course of wilful iniquity, and followed the "coney" business up with renewed zest and enlarging facilities — employing agents to shove the queer in every direction, and putting tens of thousands of base counterfeits broadcast upon the country, through his numerous pals and confederates, among whom was old "Lame Sam," whose history we have already given. He was also intimately in correspondence with Hank Hall, 61 Bowery, another prominent coney-man, and several kindred spirits whom he operated with, to rare advantage.

The former officers attached to the Secret Service Division could not, or pretended they could not, overhaul this cunningly managing offender. But Col. Whitley undertook the task, in earnest, and placed Detective Applegate upon his track, with orders to take his time, and *capture* this man, who was then in the height of his prosperity in the counterfeiting line, and who had found this branch of traffic highly remunerative, in the previous year or two.

Detective Applegate took this affair in hand, and went about working up the job with his accustomed ingenuity and earnestness. He very shortly learned, from actual observation, that Wal' was "doing a land-office business" in the coney line. Thousands of dollars went out in counterfeits, daily, to all parts of the country from Wal's quarters; but

he so ingeniously contrived all the details of his shipments or deliveries of the base "stuff," forwarded to confederates or placed in their hands at his place, that no legal *proof* of what he was doing, or what he did, was for some time attainable.

Applegate disguised himself and went to the boozing-ken in the Bowery, one night, to take a quiet look at matters in that delectable dram-shop, where he was aware that none but roughs and thieves and counterfeiters of high and low degree did mostly congregate, but where only he could obtain the information he desired, to enable him to prosecute the orders of Chief Whitley — sooner or later to catch the chary bird he was in search of, and whom he was bound by hook or crook to arrest. Wall's evil deeds were known to Applegate, but it was *not* an easy task to bring the commission of his wicked acts directly home to the author. However, he had undertaken the job, and the Chief expected him to accomplish the capture of this noted scoundrel.

There entered the drinking-room of Wal's establishment in Crosby Street, one evening, a smallish man, attired in a rough homely suit of frieze, who wandered about the apartment listlessly a few minutes, and then approached the bar, as if he intended to call for a drink. There were a dozen men of all grades and sizes lounging about, drinking, swearing and talking in suspicious tones, who observed the undersized stranger when he came in, and who were — every one — inclined to watch him, and ascertain who he was, immediately.

Upon a more careful examination, some of the b'hoys recognized in this visitor one "Tim Sikes" (as he called himself,) who had frequently been in and out at the house, during the previous few weeks; but whom none who were present, on this evening, seemed to know, except that Tim

had hinted to one or two of the gang of rowdies that he was lately "out o' quod," where he had been boarding and lodging two years, at the expense of the State, "in the purty town of Sing-Sing, in a werry 'andsome granite structur', w'are they had plenty o' good skilley and biled beans twict a week, without greens, an' no dessart arter dinner — to speak of. A werry nice boardin' 'ouse, to be sure, but not the kind o' ken that he should go to again a purpus, ef he know'd hisself — which he thought he did."

And then he called for a "stiff o' bingo," and took out his wallet, with thirty or forty dollars in it, to pay for his drink; when down went Tim, upon the bar-room floor, and in less time than the fact can be told, his observant companions at No. 61 Bowery "went through" him, without a "by your leave, stranger."

Tim was smart, though, physically. And albeit not a large man, he was both strong and wiry, and had taken and given many a hard knock in his time. He had been stunned (on this occasion) however, and was instantly robbed of every dollar he had about him. When he came to, he found himself minus the first copper. They had "cleaned him out." He jumped at the first of the knaves whom he sighted. His money was gone, but not his pluck or his apparent desire to be even, then and there, with the rough curses who had so unceremoniously floored and robbed him.

In this impromptu set-to, Tim showed himself no mean customer to handle — for he contrived to punish *one* of the brutes to his entire content, before he quit him; though he certainly did not escape without some sharp bruises himself, in the melee.

And this was Tim's actual initiation into the good graces of the *habitués* at No. 61 Bowery. Instead of yelling for the Police, when he found himself thus assaulted and robbed

— as they knew he would do if he were not *really* one of them, as he pretended — he pitched into the first man that appeared before him, when he came to his senses, after being felled; and this conduct on Tim's part convinced the crowd, instanter, that he was "all right."

From that hour, (though they never returned him his money,) he was all hunky-dory with the beasts and vultures who "hung round" that notorious boozing-ken. The theory of this class being that the stranger must be as bad as they themselves were, and dared not call for the police, lest he should be "copped" for some offence which they were thus sure he must be guilty of. Tim was thus placed upon a fair footing with the thieves and counterfeiters at No. 61, and went in and out there, subsequently, without suspicion, challenge, or personal difficulty, thereafter.

It was a pretty severe lesson, but Tim took it all in good part, for he desired to worm himself into the affections of that crowd, and this was the best way he could adopt to prove to the scoundrels that he *was* all right, and "sound." It may perhaps be as well here to state, for the reader's information, that "Tim Sikes" was an assumed character and cognomen, and the person who now so aptly represented the ex-state prison bird at No. 61 Bowery, was actually our keen-scented Detective friend of the U. S. Secret Service — W. W. Applegate; a fact which possibly may have been already suspected by the reader.

Wal' Crosby was carefully "shadowed" at this resort, and his movements were for some time cautiously watched by "Tim Sikes," who found little difficulty in getting acquainted with all the villains there, subsequently to the valiant fight he made; during, or after which, he didn't "squeal" on his assaulters, or "play baby." He then kept his eye constantly upon Wal's movements. He saw him

make more than one "deal," and knew he had shoved piles of counterfeits, in one way or another and at length, when the pear had fully ripened, he followed the counterfeiter one day in the spring of 1870, out into the Park at 16th street and 2d Avenue, and suddenly pounced upon his victim; who he knew at this moment had a large quantity of the queer concealed about his person.

Wal' struggled manfully, and fought like a tiger for liberty, on this occasion. He was notoriously reckless in his desperate adventures, but at no period and on no occasion in his checkered life did Wal' Crosby ever exhibit a lack of brute courage. On the contrary, he ventured everything at times, and often "took his life in his hands" without a scruple or sign of fear of the consequences of his villainous expeditions.

When he was seized in the Park, thus unceremoniously, though he was far gone in consumption, he made a powerful resistance; and it was only when the officer who tackled him had thrown him to the ground, clapped the "bracelets" upon his wrists, and dexterously secured him, that he was manageable, in this crisis. He was indisposed to yield, even then.

But when he looked carefully into the face of the man who had so skillfully conquered and ironed him in the Park, and saw that it was "Tim Sikes," with whom he had been for weeks so intimate, to whom he had sold counterfeit money liberally, whom he was aware that at that very moment of arrest Wal' had about him a large sum of "coney" which (from his being ironed securely) he could not "drop" or get rid of, and then heard this same confounded Tim Sikes declare that he was none other than Mr. Wm. Applegate, of Col. Whitley's U. S. Detective force — Wal' Crosby incontinently wilted!

"CRANKY TOM" HALE,

FORGER AND COUNTERFEITER. [See page 165.

"I knock under," he said, with an oath. "By G——, you've gone and done it, old fellow, *this* time. You've got me where the ha'r is short! What a cursed fool I have been, to let you walk into my 'fections, in this way."

"Come on then, Wal'," responded Applegate, civilly. "You're my meat, now. I've been a good while about it, but Chief Whitley has been after you with a sharp stick, these eight months past. 'It's a long lane that has no turn in it,' though. And now we'll go down and call upon the Chief, together — who will be glad to meet you, Wal', at his head-quarters."

And fifteen minutes afterwards, Detective Applegate entered Colonel Whitley's private office, and introduced his prisoner.

"I've brought Wal' Crosby down to see you, Colonel," said Applegate, modestly. "Here he is."

"Ah, Crosby?" said the Chief. "I'm glad to meet you here."

"No doubt of it, Chief," replied Wal', coolly. "Devilish glad to see me, I reck'n."

The prisoner then sat down, the "queer" was taken from his person, and he at once made a free and full confession of his crimes to Col. Whitley, who ordered him to be taken to Ludlow Street jail.

As the officers were about to remove him from the Chief's quarters to prison, Wal' suddenly appeared to realize the sad condition in which he was now placed, and he appealed to Col. Whitley in a tone that touched that usually stern officer's kindlier feelings, and indicated to him that Wal' was *not* thoroughly bad — clean through — after all.

"Colonel," said Wal', as his lip almost imperceptibly quivered for an instant, "my wife lies sick, and dying at my home. She is suffering in the last stages of consumption.

She knows nothing whatever of my baseness or of my life, and she cannot long linger here. Before I go to — to prison, Colonel, I would bid that wife farewell. She will not live to know of my trial, and this meeting must be our last, on earth! May I see her, Colonel?"

"Yes, yes," said the Chief, promptly.

He could say no more, and the officers bore their prisoner away, affording him permission to call at his own house, as he proceeded in their custody to the jail.

The meeting that ensued between the innocent dying wife and unlucky Wal' Crosby, was described to the author by one of the officials who had him in charge, as the most soul-harrowing scene it had ever been his misfortune to be a witness to; and to another like it he prays he may never again be called upon to take even the part of a compulsory listener!

Mrs. Wall, the then prostrated wife, was a beautiful woman, well educated, and naturally exceedingly sensitive in her temperament. She had never had the slightest knowledge of her husband's true character, and knew nothing of his *alias*, "Wal' Crosby," which he adopted and made use of only among his vicious companions. The little daughter, a bright-eyed, auburn-tressed child, was attending her mother in her sick chamber, when the door opened softly and her husband entered, (flanked by two strange men) and sadly approached the death-bedside of the woman he had sworn at God's altar to love, *honor*, and protect, so long as they both should live!

The once blooming, handsome, but now emaciated wife, glanced feebly at this strange intrusion into her own private room, and instantly noticed the irons upon her husband's wrists!

"For Heaven's sake — William!" she faintly screamed,

raising her head feebly up from the pillow. "What *is* it? What's the matter? Who are these gentlemen? Tell me ——"

"My poor wife," exclaimed the wretch, sinking beside the couch, and hiding his manacles beneath his face, upon the bed-clothes — "my poor, dear, loved, and dying wife. God forgive me. I am cursed and tortured sufficiently, in this fearful moment, for all the crime I ever yet committed!"

"*Crime?* Torture? William — *what* have you done?" gasped the wife, as she fell back fainting from exhaustion through this suddenly caused excitement.

"Done?" cried the husband in wan despair, "everything that is wicked, everything that is unlawful, everything that is unrighteous, wrong and criminal! And now, to crown my infamy, I must break the tender heart of the woman who has been my devoted, innocent wife. Oh, my God!" he continued, "this is too much — too much!" And tears of repentance, remorse, and agony flowed down his cheeks, while he sobbed and moaned with fearful violence.

The weak and woe-stricken wife was well nigh daft, upon hearing this terrible announcement, and at sight of her evidently broken-hearted husband.

"What does it mean, William?" she faintly cried. "Are you *mad?* Am I still alive? Is this *real?* Gentlemen!" she added, fitfully, turning to the officers, "for God's sake, tell me — *is* my husband a criminal? Oh — William! Have you thus sinned?"

The officers explained the sad tidings of Wal's arrest as gently and civilly as they could; and finally told their prisoner that there must be an end to this interview. *They* couldn't stand it.

"You will not bear him off, gentlemen," shrieked the prostrated woman, at length; "oh, do not tear him away

from me — *don't* separate him from his wife and child! I am dying, sirs! I cannot live, at best, but a few days, or hours! Pray do not take my William from the death-bed-side of his wife. I cannot survive *this* shock!" she feebly moaned; and fainted dead away before her sinning husband's gaze!

She did not rally again to consciousness for nearly half an hour. And the inevitable separation that shortly succeeded was positively heart-rending even to the ordinarily stoical Detectives. They wept like children. While the wife and husband and little girl, who at length understood the matter indifferently — embraced, and mingled their grief, surprise, and misery together, over the blighted downfall of the wretched, penitent prisoner, and piteously moaned out the heart-harrowing sorrow of which this terrible event had been the moving, crushing cause!

"*I* am guilty," said Wal, with fervid earnestness. "But *she* and these are innocent of all. I must pay the penalty of my offence, and *will*. You shall have no trouble with me, gentlemen, now. But who will succor this helpless wife, who will care for this guileless child, when I am gone to —— when I am gone away?" he concluded, amid his fast flowing tears.

The wife had sunk completely exhausted upon her pillow. The prisoner gazed mournfully in her wan pallid face for an instant, stooped gently over her bed, and pressed a loving kiss on her cold silent lips. Then drawing his child to his bosom, he fondly kissed her fair forehead — drew his manacled hands across his own eyes — and 'midst the profoundest grief said,

"Farewell, dear wife! We shall meet no more on God's fair earth! Farewell!"

Then, turning to the officers, Wal' added,

"Now, gentlemen, I am ready," and calmly followed his captors out of the chamber, and thence to Ludlow Street Prison.

Wal's trial came on soon afterwards. He pleaded guilty, and was remanded, to await sentence — during which interim his wife died, while he was still in Ludlow street jail. His old pals all forsook him (as these gentry usually do) as rats desert the sinking ship, and everything he ostensibly owned in the way of personal property, was claimed by others. He was thus left to fight his battle out alone, while his wife and child were thrown upon the cold charity of the world.

Col. Whitley personally provided for this unfortunate family several weeks after Wal's arrest, and made them comfortable up to the time of the wife's decease. The daughter was then left to shift for herself, as is usually the case amongst this class of people. Wal' Crosby was afterwards sentenced to the State Prison for seven years, where he is now confined — though he is broken down in bodily health, and will scarcely live out his term of imprisonment, since his complaint is confirmed consumption of the lungs.

Wal' was the associate in counterfeiting with the leading coney men in New York — such as 'Siah Bright, Bill Gurney, "Lame Sam," Hank Hall, Jim Boyd, Phil Hargrave, old Kate Gross, Harry Cole, Bill Stewart, of Phil'a, Mary Brown, and others. When Wal' "went up," a big gun was spiked among the coney fraternity; and his arrest led subsequently to the capture of several other prominent men in that business, who for years had indulged their propensity to defraud the public, and who successfully dodged the attempts of the prior officials in the Detective Service to bring them to bay.

Wal' was smart, shrewd, and eminently successful, at

times. He loved his wife, however, and while he was at liberty took good care of his family. Mrs. Wall died about six weeks after Wal's arrest, and before he finally entered upon imprisonment in accordance with his sentence.

But when *he* was secured eventually — as he was through Col. Whitley's efforts, and those of his men — another grave offender and a troublesome rogue in the community, was placed beyond the power of doing the public further harm in the counterfeiting way, for the future.

WM. W. APPLEGATE,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, N. E. DISTRICT.

Long Branch and Cape May are at this time known the world over as two of the leading summer-resorts upon the Atlantic coast — the former being now the spot to which President Grant retreats in the heated term, for relaxation from the duties of state, he having two or three years ago established his quarters there, during the summer season — and the latter having been a first-class and desirable "watering place," for many years past.

Midway between these two notably elegant locations, there lies a quiet beautiful village, near the coast, known as "Toms River;" a spot also the resort of numerous pleasure-seekers and summer tourists, who visit this place to enjoy the fresh breezes and pleasant surroundings of a country home, for the time being, within the grateful sound of the ocean's roar, where solid comforts are attainable without the annoyances and extravagances of "fashionable" society and its contingent tinsel.

Toms River is a remarkably healthy town, and its inhabitants are a hardy, generous people, as everybody knows who has been so fortunate as to enjoy the open-handed hospitality of its residents. In this pretty village, the subject of

our present sketch was born in 1824. He comes from vigorous stock, his father now being in excellent health, at the ripe age of nearly eighty.

William W. Applegate, whose portrait appears on page 258 is now forty-eight years old. His parents were in fair circumstances, and the son received a good ordinary education at the public schools. He worked with his father in the manufacturing of carriages, up to the age of eighteen, and having become at this period sufficiently proficient, he assumed the entire charge of the business, and continued in this calling for some fifteen years.

Having thus accumulated some money, he entered into mercantile life, which he pursued five years, and then embarked in real-estate transactions. While engaged in this latter occupation, he, one day, met with a fine-looking, portly gentleman (a stranger in Toms River) who appeared to be in search of an opportunity to locate, or perhaps to invest in real estate property, in this region — whom Mr. Applegate managed to get acquainted with. He accosted the stranger, and found him apparently ready to open negotiations for a trade. On the following day he was called upon by this gentleman, who, instead of conversing farther with him upon the subject of real estate, commenced to make inquiries concerning certain parties who had recently been hovering between Long Branch and Cape May — whom Applegate had casually observed — and whom the stranger seemed exceedingly anxious to find.

Within two days Mr. A. succeeded in locating the parties referred to, and in ascertaining all the facts the gentleman then desired regarding them. This was performed with such shrewdness and completeness, as to excite the admiration and curiosity of the searcher after the information, and he immediately sought to know his informant better.

He instituted inquiries in the village of Toms River, which resulted in ascertaining to his entire satisfaction that Mr. Applegate bore an unexceptional character for integrity, and was the best posted man in that section of country. He sought him out again directly, told him frankly that he was not in the real-estate purchasing vein, and concluded his final interview by introducing himself as I. C. Nettleship, an Operative of the United States Secret Service Division.

Mr. Nettleship had accurately discovered at once that Applegate was a man of enlarged experience, good judgment and tact, and was clear-headed as well as right-minded: and who possessed in a marked degree in his estimation, the requisite qualities for a Detective in the Secret Service. He forthwith offered Mr. A. an engagement as an Assistant, confiding inportant business to him, for execution, immediately.

Mr. A. accepted the post tendered him, and entered upon his new field of operations with the same energy and singleness of purpose that had characterized all the previous business undertakings of his life. His entire success in this first instance, confirmed Mr. Nettleship's good judgment in selecting him for the service. His ability was promptly recognized at headquarters also, and, unsolicited by himself, he was appointed a regular Operative, and fully commissioned.

After four or five years' experience, Mr. Applegate was promoted (in 1871) by Col. Whitley, to the rank of a Chief Operative, and was assigned to the New England District head quarters in Boston, Mass., where he is at present established.

The peculiar qualifications of Mr. Applegate are exhibited in his sound judgment, and his rare astuteness in

"working up" the cases submitted to his charge. In his management of the frequently complicated and intricate instances of fraud and chicanery that it has been deemed advisable to enlist his exertions to unravel, Mr. A. pursues his object with unabated vigilance and devotion, and suffers no obstacles to interfere with the prosecution to final success, of the cases he undertakes. His persistency, his steadiness of purpose, his zeal, and his tried integrity have been amply *proved* — and it is in no wise flattery to assert of this efficient and accomplished official, that he is scrupulously honest and continuously earnest in all he undertakes in behalf of the interests of the Government.

The talents of this officer are of a different quality to those possessed by others of his associates; but none have yet been met with who is surer, safer, more industriously inclined, or more loyally disposed. And none have been more successful, first and last, than has Wm. W. Applegate, in the performances set down to his credit in the records of the Secret Service Division.

"MOTHER ROBERTS,"

THE NOTED CONEY WOMAN,

OF CINCINNATI.

Among the shrewdest and most unmanageable operators in bogus money known to the police or Detective force, in this or any other country, are *female* counterfeiters, who have the opportunity, through association with male experts in this infamous calling, to make themselves proficient in the arts and devices of this criminal clan; while women are by far the most dangerous, also, if once well up in the business. We have an instance in point, in the case of the charming "widow Roberts," of Ohio, who was shrewdly wooed and *won*, by a clever U. S. Detective; and whose history, as follows, will be found highly interesting.

This woman was known in and around Cincinnati, O., for many years prior to '69 and '70, as a widow lady, occupying a good house which she owned in that city, where she passed for a period, as a respectable, well-to-do person, who lived on her private income, drawn from no one knew where, but who moved about her own affairs unmolested and uncared for, since, whatever might be her private business (if she

had any,) none of her neighbors seemed to interest themselves to institute inquiries into it.

But, in November, 1870, Col. Whitley learned that immense quantities of counterfeit money were being circulated through the west, and especially in and around Cincinnati; and he sent out one or two chosen Detectives, from his Secret Service head-quarters, to look into the matter, and ascertain what was being done in this direction, in the city named, where suspicions had latterly fallen upon several known coney-men who had been seen in that ilk, within a few months.

One of the Operatives thus despatched by the Chief from New York city, was directed to open a Branch office of the Division at Cincinnati, which he accordingly did, and within four months from his advent into that city, he made twenty-eight arrests of counterfeiters, boodle-men and bogus bank-note shovers, most of whom were convicted, subsequently, when he closed his branch-office, and returned once more, under orders, to the eastward.

Among the principal culprits who were thus captured and caged, from whom a large amount of the counterfeit stuff was at the same time taken, were Frank Rivers, Charley Johnson, Dave Funk, Joe Turner, Wm. H. Harrison, D. Driscoll, the brothers William and John Mills (the latter the son-in-law of Mother R.,) and the notorious "Mother Roberts" herself, the keenest, liveliest, most troublesome woman ever met with in America, among the coney fraternity.

"Mother Roberts" was not fat, but fair, and over forty. Yet she was a solid, intelligent personage, and did not look to have passed the heyday of life, though she must now be some fifty years old. But, as a lady's age is, like the traditional darkey, "werry onsartin," she may be younger. At

all events, Mother Roberts was by no means *passé* in her contour, at the time spoken of, and was deemed a very good looking, as she certainly was a "fashionable" woman, when attired for promenade. Indeed, in the early days, when the "bishop" or "bustle," that attaches to what is technically known among the ladies as the "Grecian bend costume" first came into vogue, Mrs. Roberts sported a tremendous ornament of this description upon her stately form. But other ladies did this also, and *certes* her following the fashion, could not be just cause for remark, since every lady wore a hump like hers — unless it were very often a good deal bigger!

But Mother Roberts' house had come to be the regular resort or retreat of all the "coney men" from the east to the west. Thus everybody knew her, and she knew all the counterfeiters — far and near. She was a pleasant woman in conversation, smart as a steel trap, keen as a brier, always on the lookout for traffic, kept a sharp eye for the "cops," and made money rapidly and easily, in furnishing or handling the bogus, without limit. Her daughter (John Mills' wife,) helped her to keep the house, *and* the secrets of the clan, in the performance of which latter duty, Mrs. Mills acquitted herself most creditably, for a woman.

We stoutly contend for the theory maintained by the Secret Service Operatives, that the *end* they seek justifies the *means* they adopt to carry out their lawful objects. They are compelled by the absolute necessities of the very cases they find themselves engaged in, to meet deceit with deceit, and plotting with counterplotting. And so — in the *present* instance — we will not tarry to argue the how and why they pursue the course they do, since their motive is to advance the public weal, and success in their schemes to secure offenders cannot be attained through any *ordinary* means.

A good-looking, well-dressed "farmer from Missouri," came up to Cincinnati, about this time, and went about the old "Queen City," looking into the great pork-houses, and inquiring the price of hams and sides and flitches. He wanted to purchase, and would call again, and did; but didn't buy. He made the acquaintance of a man who offered to call with him upon the "dashing widow" Mrs. Roberts — for he was a widower, he said — and had heard of the lady before. And strange to relate (though the fact is patent,) this comely Missouri farmer took a fancy to the lady, directly. He called again and again, at her house, and Mrs. Roberts treated him very civilly, at first, and received him very cordially, after a while.

"What are *you* doing, over at the widow's, so often?" queried a friend he met in the streets of Cincinnati, one day.

"Makin' love to her," replied the Missouri farmer, frankly.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed his friend. "And how does she stan' it?"

"Nat'ral as life."

"She's rich, they say."

"So I hear," says the farmer.

"Hope you'll have a good time," adds his friend, quietly, "and may you *succeed* with her."

"I've no doubt I shall," says the farmer.

A courtship of over two months followed this, and the lady could see nothing coming from it. But one evening, when the happy pair were enjoying a pleasant *tete-a-tete* in her private parlor (where they latterly met, by themselves,) Mrs. R. discovered, through a casual remark dropped by her friend, that he was "a sporting man," and very quickly afterwards ascertained that he was ready for almost *any* kind of business that would pay.

"I like to make money easily," said the farmer. "I have worked hard in my time, but I don't want to do it now. And I don't mind tellin' *you*," he continued, confidentially, "that I've 'shoved the queer,' too, at times, in my life."

"You don't tell me *that*," said the widow, quickly.

"Yes. You know what that term means," added her companion, "don't you?"

"No, I don't, exactly," pretended the widow. "But I've heerd my son'-n-law, Johnny Mills, speak of it, I think."

"John Mills!" exclaimed the farmer. "Is *he* your son-in-law?"

"Yes. Married my daughter — when she was very young, though. Do you know John?"

"No, no," replied the farmer. "I've heer'd of him, and seen him once or twice *here*."

The farmer knew that Mills was a counterfeiter of the first class. But he didn't care to get on too fast, among these people.

The courting went on for some weeks longer, but the Missouri farmer did not yet propose. They grew more intimate and more confidential, however. And finally one evening, the lady in reply to a remark her lover had made, very mysteriously acknowledged to him that *she*, too, had done a little in the way of passing bogus money in that country; an admission that seemed to gratify her visitor, exceedingly.

"Is that so?" he asked, to make sure of it.

"That's jest so," replied the woman.

"Then you're the woman I wanted to meet!" exclaimed the farmer. "Now, then — we understand each other."

"Yes — yes," continued the lady, naively.

But it was some time before she would give her lover her *entire* confidence. He wrought upon her credulity and

good nature by degrees, however; and at last he informed her that he was from Missouri, where he'd been doing a big business for Fred. Biebusch, Pete McCartney and others — but, through Whitley and his men, all his friends had gone up; and he was now at a loss to get the "stuff" they used to supply him with. "And the fact is," he added, "there isn't any to be *had*, no where round, now-a-days; for the Secret Service men under Whitley have cleaned out the *big* fellers," (and he named over to her a dozen or more who had been captured) "and there ain't any coney to be found, at all. They've got our *last* men, lately, and 'dead to rights,' too, I reckon — Pete McCartney and Fred. Biebusch," he concluded, mournfully.

"Well, never fear," said the widow, encouragingly. "It's all right. 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.' And there's some good 'uns left yet, in the trade. Ther's 'stuff' to be had, in plenty — and easy, too. Enough to last till more can be manufactured. *I* know where."

"You do!" exclaimed the Missourian.

"Yes. *I* can get it for you."

"You *can!* Mum's the word, then."

"Yes — and I will," she added, in a whisper.

"Then you're the very woman I've been looking for," replied her friend, seizing her hands and squeezing them emphatically. "Now — *when!*"

"Right off, to once. To-morrow."

"Good!" said the Missouri man.

She then proposed a plan that they should mutually join in to get rid of a lot of counterfeit stuff; whereby they could together make a heap o' money. She would *carry* it, and he was to *pass* it.

"I can do my part," said she, "so 'cute that nobody'll ever suspect me, or detect us."

"How do you *do* it?" enquired the farmer, eagerly.

"Come to-morrow, and I'll tell you all about it," replied the widow.

"At what hour?"

"Two o'clock," said she.

"All right. I'll be here, certain."

Agreeably with this settled arrangement, the Missouri farmer planned to confer with the woman who had so charmed him for weeks back, but who — in his innocence of heart — he just now fancied perhaps might possibly have some sinister designs upon him, he couldn't exactly determine what. He therefore resolved for this, or some *other* good reason which the circumstances suggested, to let two friends he had in Cincinnati into his "little secret;" and so invited them to be present at Mother Roberts' house next day, at two o'clock, which they promised to do, accordingly.

"I may not need your assistance. I don't know what'll happen," said the Missourian. "But I kind o' fancy the old lady's up to some trick, in this appointment of hers, and I'll go prepared for whatever may turn up. Widders is mighty onsartin folk you know, boys — the best of 'em. Now one of you'll be at the low window o' the little back parlor, and the other'll be clost to the front door. Per'aps nothin' 'll happen. If not — all right. But if while I'm a talking with the widow Roberts, there, you should hear me whistle sharp, why then you two get yourselves inside o' that back parlor quicker'n flash, mind; for I shan't whistle 'nless I want you. Understand?"

"All right," replied his friends promptly. And this part of the programme was thus concluded.

In accordance with the arrangement made between the widow and her Missouri friend — on the day after their last tete-a-tete, the latter proceeded to meet his agreeable inam-

orata, Mrs. Roberts, to "learn how to do it," as she had promised to show him, "at two o'clock."

She invited her lover at once into her private parlor, where they had been accustomed hitherto to do their courting. He found her rigged out in the height of the fashion, nicely dressed, with a stunning bustle on — and she forthwith proceeded to show him how she did it; as she promised she would do on the previous day.

He stood up before her, and was not a little surprised to notice that she suddenly turned and locked the door, upon the inside of the room! But he was more seriously startled, an instant afterwards, to observe that the lady commenced deliberately (as he supposed) to unrobe!

But he was a modest man, and was really "scared before he was hurt," for the buxom widow simply parted her waist belt, threw open the front of her full gathered dress — and said,

"Do you see it, now?"

"See what!" exclaimed the Missourian, starting back, little abashed, and pretending that his eyesight was slightly defective.

"I don't see nothin'," insisted her Missouri friend.

"Look again — now, nearer," insisted the widow. "Don't you see *this cord?*"

"O, yes, I do," murmured the man, breathing more freely.

"Now I'll show you how it's done, then."

And with this, Mrs. Roberts began to draw upon the cord running about her waist, and continued to do so, quickly, when the big "hump" that served to ornament her fair proportions in the rear, came to the front — a huge "bustle," ordinarily; but now a sort of nicely arranged sack, or reticule, (attached to this cord) which the wearer could move around the waist, at will. It was very neatly made, but

now appeared like a sort of money-bag, or large sized pocket-book.

"Well," queried the Missourian. "What is it for?"

"Feel of it," said the widow, laughing.

"Well — what next?" he asked.

"Put your hand in it," says she.

And so he did — at her bidding. And instantly discovered that this bag was stuffed with clean bank notes.

He now saw how she "did it."

She exposed some thousands of dollars to him, there, in counterfeit $10's $20's $50's and $100 notes.

He was all amaze.

"Where do you get it?" he asked.

"No matter, now," she said. "I can carry *my* coney, you see, in this way; and nobody suspects me, for I use this bag ordinarily as a bustle."

"I see. And it's a capital arrangement — for women-counterfeiters. Otherwise, that excrescence ain't o' much account, any how," said her friend.

"Oh, it's very handy," replied the widow. "And now, presto — *change!*" she added, as she clasped the cord to *return* the counterfeit money-laden bustle to the rear — when the "Missouri farmer" stoutly grasped her hands, exclaiming —

"*No, you don't!*" to the fair widow's evidently intense surprise; and immediately blowing out a shrill whistle from his compressed lips, such as would have done credit to the veriest Yankee in or out of New England.

And following *this* demonstration, a sharp crash was instantly heard, as the low back window-sash was dashed in to the floor, while a tremendous blow at the parlor-door which the widow had fastened was heard, at the same moment, and two stout men — the Missourian's friends —

burst head foremost into the room, where the widow and her lover were now in a close embrace; though this earnest hug did *not* at that moment seem apparently to be a grapple of affection!

Mother Roberts' beautiful son-in-law John Mills, and his brother William — two notorious coney men who had had "deals" of counterfeit money with several other disguised parties who were upon *their* track, just then, were, at the climax of this denouement of the Missourian's love-making affair, in Mrs. Roberts' house; and hearing the crash and disturbance, sprang into the back parlor — to be collared and ironed by the two strangers who had so unceremoniously burst the door and window in, at the agreed-on signal of their Missouri friend — whose peremptory order they remembered was to "*get into that apartment* instanter, at all hazard if they heard his whistle."

And thus — after this lengthy courtship — the object of his cleverly contrived and managed *ruse* was successfully carried out by the "Missouri Farmer" and his twain of associates — who were all three simply well disguised Detectives of the United States Secret Service Division; who, through the means thus adopted, had managed to secure Mother Roberts and the Brothers Mills, each with a large quantity of bogus National notes upon their persons, whereby all three were subsequently convicted as counterfeiters and dealers in the queer — and were shortly afterwards condemned to incarceration in the State Prison in Ohio; the dashing widow for one year, and the boys for three years, each — where this "nice little family" are at present still confined.

Upon their examination before U. S. Commissioner Halliday, the woman gave the required bail, $3000. The Mills brothers were unable to obtain sureties for the $5000 each,

demanded by the Court, and went to jail. This subtle, dangerous woman, had several times previously been arrested, but always bought her way out of peril. This occurred during the time when State Banks were in vogue, however.

These three important captures by Col. Whitley's men, led immediately to the arrest and subsequent conviction of several other leading Counterfeiters, boodle-carriers, and shovers of the base stuff in Ohio; who had for years previously rioted in their infamous business, in a field where the people were but indifferently well informed as to the real character of bank notes, generally, and who readily received and passed almost anything that looked like a bank bill, without scruple or examination.

Among the almost thirty arrests made by Col. Whitley's deputies in Cincinnati in these four months named, was that of another skillful *female* operator in bogus money, known as Mary Brown, the " pal " and confidant of Mother Roberts, whose curious history we shall record in another chapter.

The counterfeiting traffic in this place, (where it had been very extensively carried on for many years,) was thus broken up effectually, *there* — under Col. Whitley's management. As we have already said, the measures adopted were such as in the best judgment of the U. S. Detectives could only be used to ensure success.

It was an exceedingly difficult matter to manage, in this instance, but the men sent out there by Chief Whitley were equal to the occasion — as it eventuated; and the end fully justified the means employed — since, at this writing, Cincinnati and its neighborhood is thus ridded of a nest of vampires on the body politic, whose presence and operations in that region had so long been a curse to that beautiful and thriving country.

It is possible, perhaps, that there be those who, by their peaceful firesides, may chance to read the stirring and entertaining sketches of these mysterious and "generally unknown characters," who will carp at the plottings of the officials who will make use of this kind of subterfuge, or device, to accomplish their laudable purposes. And there may be some who can offer suggestions on the subject.

To such well-meaning wiseacres, it may be said if you know *better* how to compass crime or how otherwise to catch these slippery, subtle, cunning knaves — "go in" and *do* it! The nation will thank you upon discovering your superior wisdom and sharpness, and you will certainly be able to take out a patent for your "improved process for detecting, arresting and convicting criminals, without playing upon their weaknesses, or seeming to practice *their* arts and deceits;" or in other words, without fighting these wary scoundrels and crafty offenders with their own weapons.

Such philanthropists and humanitarians may answer very well to help fill up the ranks of the "home guard." They would make a precious poor show in the field, however; and, in a skirmish with this arch enemy, it would be found that the most subtle strategy (of whatever kind it may be found necessary for the nonce to adopt,) is not *always* a match for the exquisite shrewdness, cunning, and arts of these accomplished adepts in crime. And so, when their own guns *can* be turned upon them, the more certainly, swiftly, and effectually is the victory over this common foe assured. It is idle to assume that in the suppression or detection of this class of rogues, *any* means should not be availed of which may result in their being positively squelched out.

The senior Mr. Samuel Weller observed, with fervent earnestness, "Bevare o' vidders! You're never safe with 'em, ven they vunce has designs on you; there's no knowin'

vere to have 'em; and vile you're considerin' of it, they have *you!*"

The lively vidder Roberts persistently refused to "squeal" after her arrest. She would implicate no one, and met her own sentence with quiet resignation. Being a woman, a sort of sympathy was got up in her behalf, and the lenient term of one year in prison only, was accorded to her.

"That confounded 'Missouri Farmer' beat me, that's a fact," she said spunkily, when arraigned. "So much for trusting to the blandishments of a 'widower.' Catch me in that trap, again! Not easy, I reckon," she concluded.

The same plan will scarcely be attempted again. But if the "widow" Roberts ever resumes her traffic in coney, she will find that the Secret Service force is quite able to cope with all such offenders, though never *repeating* its modus operandi, in the effort to stamp out counterfeiters and their mischievous allies — which it is bound to do, first or last — to their eventual utter annihilation, in this country.

FRONTIER SMUGGLERS.

OPERATIONS ON

THE DERBY LINE — CANADA.

One of the most difficult and oftentimes the most hazardous undertakings in the experience of the United States Secret Service officials, is the pursuit and capture of *smugglers*, foreign or native; who pass their lives along the American borders, for example, south, or north or west. While those who systematically follow this illegal business, from over the ocean, in various ways, and to a greater or less extent — landing contraband goods upon the American coast, at unguarded points, secretly conveying valuables ashore from on board the trans-atlantic French or British steamers, give equally serious trouble to officers in the Secret Service, or the U. S. Customs; who are obliged to be kept continually on the watch for, or are ardently engaged in the pursuit of these keen and reckless offenders against the nation's laws.

Col. Whitley received information from Washington, in 1870 and '71, that large quantities of merchandise were being smuggled across the Canadian line, into the United States, and especially into New England, at that period.

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ABNER B. NEWCOMB,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, NEW YORK DISTRICT,

U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION. [See page 278.

The Chief at once notified the Eastern Division, at Boston, and officers were despatched promptly to examine into this matter. It was reported that silks, brandy, furs, and other valuable goods were continually coming down from the British Colonial dominions, which entered American territory without paying any duty; and the Chief of the Secret Service — whose range of duties covers a supervision of this kind of infringement — set his Deputies at work to put a stop to it, and to arrest the offenders.

Having given two of his Operatives directions how to proceed in this business, they went to Newport, Vt., at first, where they represented themselves in a capacity that warded off any suspicion of their object, in this place. They very quickly found that the smuggling trade was being carried on there without much regard to probable consequences, and that certain men were driving a very profitable traffic through this fraudulent means.

Two gentlemen arrived in the town at about this time, who appeared to be strangers to each other, as well as in this place also. One was from New Orleans, (so he stated,) and had come up north in the hope to improve his health, and the other was a retired merchant from Boston.

The modus operandi of the smugglers along the American lines, is to bring over their goods in wagons, upon horseback, or concealed about their persons; crossing the borders in the night, at points unprotected by U. S. officials, and taking their contraband articles to the hotels for sale to strangers who may chance to be sojourning there. In this way the U. S. Government is constantly being swindled out of considerable amounts of customs revenue. This information the officers obtained by degrees only — the inhabitants being really indifferent to this offence, and rather winking at the sharp practice of the depredators.

At Rouse's Point, Champlain, N. Y., and other places, this state of things was ascertained to exist, and it required but little time for the Detectives sent up by Col. Whitley to obtain occular proof of what was transpiring in that region, daily and nightly. But the manipulators in this work were cunning fellows, well posted, exceedingly cautious, and always worked in concert with others in the profession, who were ready to aid them promptly, at all times, in cases of trouble — either physically or pecuniarily. A report was made to the Chief, and a third officer was despatched from Boston, to join the other two; and all received instructions to arrest the smugglers, and seize their contraband goods, wherever they found them violating the United States Revenue laws.

The third Detective came upon the ground, seasonably, but made no unusual demonstrations, for a time. His associates recognized him, though he looked very little like his proper self, there! And when the gentleman from New Orleans came to Rouse's Point, as did also the retired Boston merchant, about the same time, a third stranger turned up at the hotel where these two were tarrying. This last comer was a cattle-dealer from New Jersey, and had come all the way north in search of beeves and a few Canadian or Vermont horses he wanted, if he could find them in that excellent market for such live stock.

"Where the carcass is, there will the vultures gather together." And these professional smugglers being keen-scented, readily snuff their customers from afar. So the three strange gentlemen from the south and the east had not been at the hotel but a day or two, before one Albert Cronkrite, (from just over the Canada line,) with Samantha, his wife, both confirmed and accomplished adepts in the science of evading the border Custom-house officials, made their

appearance at the hotel, and informed the bar-keeper that they had brought down a few hundred dollars' worth of nice silks, and a quantity of fine brandy, which they would dispose of at a low figure. The gentleman from New Orleans happened to overhear this announcement, and at once put himself in communication with Mr. Cronkrite.

"Is it *good* brandy?" he asked, quietly.

"The very best, sir," said Samantha, who appeared to be chief manager in this business.

"I will buy it, then," responded the gentleman, directly.

"All right. It is in our wagon. Meet me at the stable, in half an hour, and I will deliver it to you," replied Samantha, delighted.

A movement was made, and the cattle buyer went out to the barn, soon afterwards, where he saw the Canadian wagon, and Mrs. Cronkrite — while Mr. C., quite within sight, stood off on one side, leaving his wife to trade.

"Nice animal you've got, ma'am," ventured the drover, looking Samantha's team over. "Will you sell him? I'm lookin' for just this kind o' horse. What's your price, ma'am?"

She didn't wish to sell. She had an appointment with another party, to whom she wished to deliver the smuggled brandy: and she was very desirous to get rid of the horse-dealer.

"It's a good wag'n, too," continued the cattle man. "I'd like this team, an' I reck'n I'll take it of you."

The woman got uneasy, for this impertinent and persistent stranger actually got inside of the vehicle, and began unceremoniously to turn over the seats.

"What are you 'bout, there?" demanded the lady. "This is *my* wagon, and seems to me you're makin' yourself raythor familiar here, on short acquaintance — ar'n't you?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the drover quietly, pulling out bundle after bundle of silks, and can after can of prime old Cognac, "it's a way I have, sometimes, when I'm away from home. I don't mean to be oncivil, though, ma'am. You'll excuse the freedom I seem to be taking. But you say this is *your* property?"

"Of course it is," said Samantha, sharply.

"Your horse and wagon?"

"Yes — mine and my husband's."

"An' these goods is all yourn, too?"

"Yes. And I'll thank you to come out o' that, Mr. Impertance!"

"Well — on the whole, ma'am, since you admit it's all yourn," said the drover, coolly, "I reckon I'll take the entire lot — horse, harness, wag'n, *and* contents. I'm a United States officer, acting under orders of Col. Whitley, Chief of the Secret Service. I shall seize this property, for non-payment of Customs duty, and I shall also arrest you and your husband, yonder, for violating the U. S. Revenue laws."

The husband tarried to hear no more, but "put out" at a killing pace towards the Canada line, which was distant less than two miles. But he was overtaken, on American soil, ironed by the fleet-footed Detective who pursued him, and secured, as was the shrewd Samantha, also, in a very few minutes after the above explanation had been made, which enlightened this twain, wondrously.

Samantha pleaded that she "was a poor weak woman," but finding this stale dodge had no effect, she showed a well-filled pocket-book, and offered to "pay big" if allowed to depart. But the officer soon convinced her that Col. Whitley's men didn't compromise this sort of thing; and he then informed her that she and her husband must go to Plattsburgh, and settle this little affair before the U. S. authorities.

"I've always settled *before*," said this woman, very confidently. "Why not *now?*"

"Don't see it, ma'am," persisted the officer. And he turned away with the horse and loaded wagon and owners, refusing to listen to anything, from his over-matched prisoners.

At this juncture, the New Orleans man put in an appearance. *He* had come to the stable to get the brandy he proposed to purchase of the lady; but saw at once how affairs stood.

"I've just learned that one John Higgins has a lot of good brandy at the Champlain Hotel," he said, "and he wants to sell it to me."

"All right," replied the officer. "Go you and get him and his brandy, and bring all over to Plattsburgh, by first train. I must drive *this* load across country twenty-five miles. I'll meet you there." And thus the two *strangers* separated.

The officer who had played the role of drover, or cattle-purchaser, took his prize with the two prisoners to Plattsburgh, and arrived there late at night. He found the U. S. Commissioner, however, Geo. M. Beckworth, Esq., before whom he presented his captives. They pleaded guilty, and were locked up over night, in default of bail required in $8000 each. The horse, wagon, and contraband goods were turned over to U. S. authority, Mr. J. Carpenter, Custom House Collector.

About midnight, up came the "New Orleans gentleman," in company with a bright-eyed, clever-looking Irishman, and several cases of fine brandy. This Hibernian had accumulated eight or ten thousand dollars in profits upon *his* smuggling trade, and he now evinced great contrition, and pretended he was very green in it.

"Be the powers, I niver in me born days did it afore, yer 'onnor," he declared, with great concern. "*Niver*, yer 'onnor. An' I'll niver be caught ag'in. I've a wife an' siven small children, yer 'onnor; an' shure ye'll not be ha'ard upon *thim*, in a free counthry the likes o' this — yer 'onnor. I'll never be afther touchin' anither drap!"

But it was useless. This blarney wouldn't do, and he was bound over, to answer to Uncle Sam in the future.

Two days afterwards, the New Orleans man was stopping at the Derby Line Hotel, when one Warren C. Hopkins (another smuggler) learned he was there, and called to sell him a few hundred dollars' worth of choice silks.

"I heard you were to leave to-morrow," he said.

"Yes," replied the other. "But I would like to get your silks;" and he meant just what he said!

The cattle-dealer was in an adjoining room and overheard this conversation. He stepped in, as soon as the silks were brought up, and took possession of the lot, without a "by your leave, sir."

"Who the devil are you?" profanely demanded Mr. Hopkins.

"I am one of Col. Whitley's men, of the U. S. Secret Service Division," said the drover, calmly. "I'm looking after you fellows up this way. Have you got any *more* smuggled goods about here?"

"I thought you was a horse man," said Hopkins.

"Call me what you like, Warren," replied the officer, blandly, as he at once proceeded to put the iron ruffles upon his prisoner's wrists. "You must go with me now."

He was taken before U. S. Commissioner N. T. Sheaf, and gave bail, soon afterwards. U. S. Collector Butterfield then came in, and took possession of the goods.

This last seizure was made within a quarter of a mile of

the Canada line. The friends of Hopkins heard of his arrest, and were greatly exasperated. They came "over the border" in squads, and the Derby Line smugglers joined him and them, declaring they would "clean out the dam Yankee informers," sure. They gathered about the hotel where the drover, the Boston merchant, and the New Orleans man had got together finally, (who were all three Col. Whitley's men, disguised) and the latter soon found they had no friends *there* save their ever-trusty six-shooters.

They remained in their apartment. The mob grew larger, and their cries grew more riotous and offensive. They yelled and whooped, at last, like so many Indian savages — and the three friends began to think affairs looked squally.

At about two o'clock in the morning, a sharp rap was heard at the room where the officers had ensconced themselves, and a Sheriff's Deputy was announced, who had a warrant for the arrest of the three Detectives, upon some trivial trumped-up charge. The Justice deputized a man to serve this warrant, and *he* deputized fifteen or twenty more men to do it. But, upon finding that they had legal papers, the Detective officers submitted, at once, though they were compelled to submit, also, to the abuse and ire of the mob, until daybreak.

The Sheriff arrived in the morning, and then the arrested officers demanded to be taken to jail, as a ruse to get away from the excited throng of roughs and smugglers who had gathered, and who sought for vengeance. They were at last driven to Newport, V't., where they met J. F. Allen, Esq., Ass't. U. S. District Attorney, who relieved them at once; when all three returned to Boston.

The United States Customs officer, Mr. Butterfield, declared it was not safe to attempt the arrest of these smugglers, for the whole townspeople are in sympathy with them,

he avers. What of it? Where is the utility in keeping officers in the pay of the United States who dare not do their duty? For what purpose are the Custom House deputies placed along our border lines, except to look to these matters, and see that the Government is not cheated by such pests? Why not place officers upon these important lines, who will fearlessly perform their duty as Col. Whitley's men did?

These seizures and arrests served as a wholesome warning to the smugglers in that region. Thousands of dollars have thus been saved to the government. The arrested parties were indicted, and will shortly be tried before the United States Court at Burlington, Vt., where they will have justice dealt out to them, undoubtedly.

But this whole expedition to the line, as herein narrated, though entirely successful, and tending as it did to break up the business there, for the time being — was a hazardous and difficult affair to manage; as all this kind of thing is, from the desperate character of the men engaged in it, as well as the vast numbers who are directly or indirectly interested in the results. It was well done, however, and there will be little or no smuggling to complain of in that region, again, for the present.

"MYSTERIOUS BOB,"

AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL.

LEWIS M. ROBERTS.

Huntington County, Penn'a., was the place where this very curious character was born, so he himself avers. He has now reached the age of forty years, and his career of criminal conduct has been marked by a series of most singular adventures, though little is really known of him in his earlier days.

In the year 1866, however, Lewis M. Roberts, alias John B. Altic, alias Henry Harrison, alias "Bob," (by which latter name he was best known,) made his advent in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., which place he subsequently made the centre of a radius of operations, conducted with rare success and stealthy shrewdness, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Virginia.

Altogether unlike other men of his profession — for he made crime the regular business of his life — Bob Roberts, (or "Mysterious Bob") eschewed all kinds of combinations, or local associations with confederates in infamy. Nevertheless, according to his own confession, he enjoyed the

confidence of certain noted criminals, remote from his own chosen fields of operations; among whom where Steve Payne, Harry Cole, and Hank Hinman, the partner of Josh D. Miner; and from these parties Bob obtained direct at first hands, or had sent to him as he desired it, the vast amounts of counterfeit notes he received, with which for a time he almost literally flooded the states we have named, wherein he drove his thrifty coney trade.

Bob was known to be the most systematical or methodical manager in the counterfeiting line, in this country. He began at the bottom, and worked his way up, and he knew "all the ropes in the ship." In his own affairs, directly, he established regular *routes* over which he travelled, alone, at stated periods, during which journeys he delivered the coney himself to customers as regularly as came the country peddler; frequently going over these routes with a full supply of bogus notes of all denominations, and distributing the stuff to his patrons — to the number of *over seven-hundred* different individuals, whom Bob supplied, for years, as regularly as the baker or the butcher makes his rounds in the interior country towns.

On the first of every month, it was his custom to visit Philadelphia, where he received his ready supply of counterfeits, in bulk. These parcels were delivered to him without any allusion to their contents, as mysteriously and quietly as he wrought himself, by a woman who always met him at pre-agreed-on points between the Quaker City and Lancaster, Pa. Having made these "deals," he would leave that region as silently as he came, and proceeding to Harrisburg, would supply his customers there, and thence his established route would take him up the north branch of the Susquehanna.

Here he would communicate with his patrons in the coal

regions of Pennsylvania; and thence his course lay direct to Pittsburg again, and on to Ohio, Indiana, Virginia — where he distributed, as he passed along, thousands of counterfeit notes. This undertaking generally consumed the entire month, almost, leaving him only sufficient time to get back to Philadelphia, where he would replenish his stock, and start out once more upon the first of the month, to go over the same ground, with similar success.

This course of traffic he pursued, unmolested and undetected from 1867 to Jan'y., 1871, meanwhile receiving and disposing of, upon an average, fifty thousand dollars, monthly, or about two millions, annually, in counterfeit notes and currency. And the stuff he thus got rid of was as freely passed from hand to hand, and from one town to another, as if every bogus dollar he uttered had been genuine.

During the months of December, 1870, and January, 1871, the city of Pittsburgh had been especially victimized in this manner. The place was crammed with these base issues. Mr. Benson, then a Chief Operative under Col. Whitley, who had charge of the Pennsylvania District of the U. S. Secret Service, worked assiduously to ferret out the source from which this flood of counterfeits had originated. He succeeded in causing the arrest of over thirty criminals engaged in this business, all of whom confessed that they obtained their supply from a mysterious person, known to them as "Bob;" but what his other name was, if he had any, they were unable to tell.

About this time, another coney man was caught, who bore the flash cognomen of the "Flying Dutchman," from the fact that he was a German, and had succeeded in his tricks so admirably, and subsequently had disappeared so often as to gain this title. Mr. Benson became satisfied

that it was useless to attempt to break up the business, while the leading spirit "Bob" was at leisure; for, although he captured a couple of scores of the small rogues — the boodle-carriers and shovers — the big scoundrel was still at large. When the "Flying Dutchman" was secured, however, he "squealed" on Bob, and among other matters informed the Detective that that silently working rogue was receiving letters, by mail, under the address of "John B. Altic, Box 18," at East Liberty P. O., distant some six miles from Pittsburgh.

This town was the residence of H. Bucher Swoope, Esq., (known as the chain-lightning District Attorney of the West), who was then U. S. District Attorney for the Western Dist. of Penn'a. Mr. Benson conferred with Swoope, and found him ready and anxious to aid him in his scheme for detecting "mysterious Bob," who had so long and so ingeniously pursued his wicked business. And plans were laid which culminated in the complete success of this final undertaking.

A close watch was set at the Post Office Box named, in East Liberty. The party who called for and took away the letters there was "shadowed," and in a short time Bob was within the grasp of the law. He was arrested, and Benson took him to Pittsburgh, where U. S. Attorney Swoope had found eighteen indictments against him, before the Grand Jury, for uttering and passing counterfeit money. The culprit was then put upon his trial before Judge McCandless, of the U. S. District Court, sitting at that place.

Bob saw the handwriting on the wall, now. When arraigned, he pleaded guilty to *two* of the indictments, and upon these, Judge McCandless sentenced him to the Western Penitentiary, at Alleghany City, for twenty years, and to pay a fine of $10,000. Bob is now serving out this sentence.

Before entering upon this long retirement from the outer world, the prisoner had an interview with Mr. Swoope and Mr. Benson; during which he made a full confession of his numerous misdeeds, and freely detailed all the particulars of his mode of operations — for years previously — through which he had amassed a handsome fortune.

At the time of his sentence he was possessed of over $50,000 in property, all of which he deeded to his wife, in fee, before he went to prison. He exhibited signs of penitence, and final regrets, at last, in view of the terrible prospect before him. He will be three score years old, upon his release from confinement, should he survive this incarceration; and well might he feel depressed and hopeless as to his future, in contemplation of what was before him, at this climax in his ill-spent life!

"Bob" is not a handsome man. He is under-sized in stature (five feet five) but of stout build, dark complexion, keen eyes, and has been married some years. He has been strictly temperate in his habits, however, very penurious, and sharp — but was never an associate with cracksmen, burglars, or thieves. His evil career is ended. The smaller rascals who patronized him so liberally, have lost the provider of their former stuff, and *their* occupation is now gone, for a time. And thus an "ugly nest" has been broken up in that part of the country, through the exertions of the United States Detectives, and the officers of the District Court, in Western Pennsylvania.

THE SKELETON WITNESS.

FATE OF A COUNTERFEITING FAMILY;

"THE JOHNSONS."

In the year 1869, there resided in the beautiful and secluded village of Trenton, (about a dozen miles below the city of Detroit, Mich.,) upon the margin of the picturesque river running into the great Lake, there — a nice family who were known by name as "the Johnsons;" the aged father and mother, two sons just attained to manhood, and two beautiful daughters, comprising this interesting household.

In that country, as a rule, few questions are asked or answered as to the antecedents of people who make their appearance, from time to time, among the older residents. Everybody is welcome, and if new comers carry themselves with a decent regard for the rights of others, it is not the habit of their neighbors to criticise them, or to search out their prior history, ordinarily.

Thus, when the Johnsons came from Indiana, to live in Detroit, and subsequently moved down the River to Tren-

ton, they selected a very pretty spot, and none inquired why they came, in the first place, or wherefore they left the city for the lovely rustic home they chose to settle in, at last.

What their occupation was, or how they contrived to live was not a matter of query either. They passed for very respectable people, the young men were courteous and affable, the ladies decidedly handsome, well educated, and naturally polite to all who came in contact with them; and the current of their lives seemed to all outward appearance — to be running as smoothly and as serenely as was the flow of the gentle river that coursed by their door, towards the Lake.

At Detroit, while the Johnsons lived there in a very secluded way, the chance arrest of a petty offender in the backwoods, gave one of Chief Whitley's active and watchful Detectives in that region a clew which aroused certain vague suspicions in his mind, and caused him subsequently to keep an eye on this apparently well-to-do, happy, innocent household. He conceived the idea that notwithstanding the seeming purity and respectability of the Johnson establishment, this house — if not exactly the burrow of a *rabbit*, was the hole of a *coney!* He might be in error. Probably he was. But he thought it no harm to keep his eye open. And he did.

It can be no very agreeable task for an intelligent, high-minded official, (such as Detectives in the U. S. Service ought to be) to play the spy upon the movements of those whom he may at some time in his life have looked upon with solid esteem, as being models of honorable uprightness and integrity. But duty is duty. These men are compelled to perform even this sort of unwelcome task, not infrequently, however much the work may offend their predilections. The

Operative, for example, who had charge of the Detroit and Northwestern District, felt constrained to place the Johnson family under surveillance.

After long and patient watching, however, no seriously suspicious circumstances or proofs against them turned up. Still, convinced that his first opinion was justifiable, he finally "took the bull by the horns," one day, and instituted a search in the house where this family resided. The movement was altogether unanticipated on their part, but the result proved that the watchful Detective was not in error. Counterfeiting materials, chemicals, and tools were discovered there, in the trunk of one of the sons, who secretly made good his escape, just prior to this search being made.

The father was at that time arrested, felonious charges were made against him, and he was held for examination. A judicious exercise of moral suasion with the venerable man, while he was in prison, induced him subsequently to procure and deliver up to the officials, a set of superior $10 counterfeit plates. But as no legal proof was available against him just then, he was released, on promise of future amendment. Then it was that the old people, with the daughters, removed from Detroit to the beautiful spot they afterwards occupied on the River, below — at Trenton.

As it was deemed advisable not to make unnecessary stir about this matter at that time, nothing became known publicly of this slip-up; and so they retired to the country, where their antecedants were unknown, and led a life of seeming quiet and respectability there. But fresh indications — which cropped out while looking up the details of a smuggling case across the River, in that quarter, prompted the continuously watchful Detective to surmise that "the dog had returned to his vomit."

Various devices were now resorted to in order to obtain

some clear proofs that the later suspicions of the officer had a tangible foundation. But the family could not be implicated, fairly. The surveillance was faithfully kept up, however, and suspicion strengthened daily. But there were no *legal* grounds upon which a cause for arrest could be based. Yet once more the determined Detective ventured to take the chances. And, procuring a search-warrant, and a posse, the secluded house by the River-side was surrounded, at night, and thoroughly examined.

A complete ransacking of the Johnson residence followed, but availed the searchers nothing; and "injured innocence" was now strongly assumed by the family, who were thus "persecuted" by this persistent and unrelenting official. The daughters wept, the parents complained of this manifestly "malicious outrage," and the beaten officer and his men retired, in despair. They were in the act of hitching up their teams, in the barn, preparatory to leaving the premises, when the Detective said the hay-loft had not been searched, and this must be done before they quit the place.

A careful examination of this spot, at its close, revealed a boot among the hay. This boot, it turned out, was attached to a human foot. The foot was seized, and was found to belong to the body of a man who had formerly fled from Detroit, (on the occasion of the original search of this family's house,) and drawing out this form from the hay-mow, it was found to be that of young Johnson, the son who had run away some time previously, as has already been stated.

The whole family were now arrested, and taken up to Detroit, where they were shortly placed on trial for "felonious possession" of counterfeit plates and materials. They were most ably defended by legal counsel, and with the really scanty evidence which the Government had to prose-

cute upon, the case seemed lost, while the tearful presence of the beautiful daughters caused the multitude attendant in the Court room inwardly to hope for and rejoice at the prospect of a speedy triumphant acquittal.

Lovely women in tears! Venerable parents bowed down to the earth with this unworthy persecution! Sympathetic hearts beating audibly in the excited throng! Eloquent counsel moved to weeping, as he recounted the details of the abuses that were thus being unjustly heaped upon the innocent heads of his respectable clients! Jury *almost* convinced that the defendants were victims of a most unrighteous conspiracy! And Government officials, even, seemingly satisfied that their case had gone up ——— but not yet, quite!

One John B. Trout, a noted counterfeiter formerly, was taken from the Indiana State Prison, where he was serving out a sentence that will terminate only with his life, and placed upon the stand as a witness for the Government. This man was in the last stages of consumption. He had lived a life of infamy, and for his time, he had been one of the most extensive and adroit counterfeiters known in the west. *He* knew the Johnsons! *He* had dealt with them, and "could a tale unfold" regarding their character and history that none but he could rehearse.

He was almost dead, and resembled a galvanized corpse more than he did a living human. He was terribly emaciated, and but the shadow of his former self. His feeble utterance was but a coarse, faint whisper, but he mounted the witness-stand, and told a tale of confederacy in guilty work with the Johnson family — all of them — that carried certain conviction with it, and quickly turned the tables in favor of the Government.

The scene was dramatic. The densely crowded Court,

the pale and nervous defendants, the blooming, beauteous daughters, like Niobe, all tears, and in the box the *skeleton witness*, Trout, like one arisen from the grave; as his hissing condemning fearful whispers were caught up by the eager listeners — while he unfolded the details of a well organized and far-reaching conspiracy of counterfeiters, of which the accused had long been concerned among the foremost, in the infamy.

It was too much. The case went to the jury, the Judge's charge was fair and just, they were all convicted, consigned to the Michigan State Prison, and are still there — serving out their long and weary but righteous sentences.

Only through the persistent, plodding, cautious, and judicious management of Col. Whitley's men, was this apparently respectable and honest but really wicked family removed from society, where they had for years carried on their secret infamous work. And all the efforts of those officials must have failed, but for the final damning testimony of the "skeleton witness —" Trout.

A BRACE OF

CONFIDENCE MEN.

HOLLYWOOD AND RAYMOUR.

One Edward H. Raymour, who had been employed for some time in various Detective bureaux of the West, and elsewhere, upon hearing of the remarkable success of Pinkerton's and other private Detective Agencies, was ambitious to emulate these men; but determined to bring about this desired result by striking into an original line, peculiar to himself.

Raymour hired a central suite of apartments for his "offices" upon a main thoroughfare in the city of Detroit, and procuring a showy safe, ledgers, letter-books and other formidable appropriate appliances to a detective "agency," with a full supply of stationery which he headed with stunning lines in black "The North Western Detective Agency," went to work and drew around him a corps of operatives, and commenced in earnest to put his contemplated peculiar plan into full operation.

Then dividing his force so that they could advantageously "hunt in couples," one of these was instructed to pass

alone over a designated route of territory, and finding individuals who he thought likely to nibble at this bait, his employé arranged to sell them (at amazingly low figures) a supply of counterfeit money, which it was represented by the subordinates had been collected by their "Chief" during his travels in the Detective service. Then, after a suitable interval had elapsed, the partner — properly posted in the details of what the avant courier had accomplished — was to follow up his route, find the purchasers of the stuff he had thus distributed, and "shake" them for their pains! That is, if they came down handsomely in response to the appeals of the second man (who thus showed them that he was cognizant of their *crime*,) *he* would let them off; if they refused, he was to arrest them, turn them over to the Federal authorities, and, having sufficient proof for conviction, could claim the reward offered for securing dealers in counterfeit money.

It eventuated that their nominal "Chief" did not continue to supply these black-mailing subordinates sufficiently with *good* money to pay their hotel and travelling expenses. So they commenced to make use of the counterfeit notes the "Chief" had entrusted them with, for the purpose of defraying their bills, as they journeyed. This latter stuff was placed in their hands only to be used as a bait or trap to catch dupes with. But by using it in the other way, they left tracks behind them very easily to be discovered, naturally.

Detective Blanchard of Col. Whitley's force "raised this trail" one day, and he followed it out so sharply that he had this whole batch of knaves and confidence men in his clutch, at an early hour, thereafter. The arrest of the "Chief" Raymour, a search and seizure of all his Detective paraphernalia, a complete explosion and exposure of the entire plot immediately followed, and the doughty "Chief"

of this loud sounding "N. W. Detective Agency" is at this writing believed to be engaged in making first class pegged brogans, in the Michigan State Prison..... Exit Raymour.

For many years there had resided in the city of Detroit, Mich., a physician named Hollywood, who fortunately (for *them*) had very few patients upon his professional visiting-list. He was a man of goodly bearing and fine outward appearance and manners — and seemed to be possessed of ready means. But there was a something about this individual almost indefinable, yet to the eye of the experienced and watchful Detective, certain indications which prompted suspicions that all was not exactly right in his conduct.

Many and repeated were the plans laid to entrap him, but these all recoiled upon the planners. Being arrested on one occasion, charged with complicity in a daring burglary of a jeweller's store in Detroit, with a very strong prima facie case against him, the Doctor, after a lengthy and exciting trial, escaped the toils of the prosecuting State officials — but only to quickly tumble into the hands of those who believed him guilty of the first named charge, but were very certain they had a dead sure thing on him, in another direction.

One Louis, an extensive "shover" of counterfeit National Currency, had escaped and taken refuge in the Canadian Dominions. The Ass't. U. S. District Attorney and Detective Blanchard, were busily engaged in endeavoring to get Lewis extradited. While thus occupied, they suddenly obtained a clue to another offender, one Warner — a suspected partner — in whose store, upon its being searched, was found a large quantity of charred fragments of counterfeit bills that had been burned there.

This discovery gave Warner a hint of "a wrath to come,"

and he concluded to own up. He "squealed" sufficiently to fix upon Hollywood as the nucleus of a very extensive counterfeiting gang in Michigan, who were affiliated with similar co-partnerships all over the Northern States. Hollywood was cleared of the alleged jewelry store robbery, but as he stepped out of the Recorder's Court after that verdict of "not guilty," he stepped into the hands of the U. S. Secret Service Detectives, who took him before the Commissioner, where $10,000 bail was demanded of him on a charge of dealing in the "queer."

He was committed in default of finding sureties, and was subsequently put upon trial. The jury stood out for seven hours, eleven to one, but at last brought in a verdict of guilty. His counsel procured a new trial for him. Money was lavished freely in his defence, and in procuring a cloud of witnesses to swear him out of his peril. But equal diligence was exerted against him on the Government side.

After long and patient labor, during the entire succeeding summer, his former confederates, whom he was very certain were safely immured in several different Penitentiaries, were found and brought to Detroit, where they were kept carefully concealed, and out of his reach, for the purpose of bringing their testimony up at his next trial.

At length the case of Hollywood was called, and the prisoner was arraigned. The Clerk of the Court proceeded to read the lengthy indictment, during which there filed in through a side door, one by one, his old accomplices whom he thought were dead to this world, but who now came up to confound him. They were headed by Detective Blanchard, who had most diligently labored to marshal this host. Each fixed a glance upon him, in passing, and then moved on.

The astounded man blanched, trembled, sank back into a

WM. W. APPLEGATE,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT,

U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION. [See page 213.

HARRY G. BLANCHARD,

OPERATIVE, S. S. DIVISION, AT DETROIT.

Upon page 284 will be found an admirable likeness of the skillful officer whose name and rank heads this article — who has been for some time latterly an Operative in the S. S. Division, under Col. Whitley, and whose head-quarters are now established at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Blanchard is a native of New York city, born there in 1837. His father was master of a vessel plying between New York and Liverpool, who wooed and won his mother (a native of Ireland,) during a voyage which the latter made in his vessel in emigrating to America. Young Harry was sent to a private school kept by a lady on Avenue "D," where he remained until he was eleven years old, acquiring the rudimentary elements; and whatever education he has since obtained has been gathered from such books as he could pick up, studied at night, when the labors of the day were over. From the inevitable training and discipline which the wide-awake American must acquire through contact with men and events when thus thrown upon his own resources, and obliged as he has been to battle with the world, alone, he has profited in his experience, largely.

Leaving school at twelve years of age, and feeling an

irrepressible longing for adventure, and an ardent desire to see the sights and scenes which the big world might have to present, he went to sea in the Barque "John Benson," in the West India trade, shipping as a "Royal Boy." By perseverance, hard work, and the exercise of other good qualities, he won his way to the positions of supercargo and assistant navigator; attaining these posts, and with them a pretty thorough knowledge of practical seamanship, by the time he was eighteen years of age.

Having heard of the Great West and of the broad inland seas she held in her bosom, and of the great opportunities which that virgin land presented to those who could avail themselves of them, he went to Michigan, landing at Detroit, with the world all before him, and having thirty-seven cents as a capital fund, shipped with Capt. Atwood, on the Steamer "Ariel," to learn the navigation of the Lakes, and to do whatever he might be called upon to perform, at the munificent compensation of eleven dollars a month. After three seasons' service with this officer, he passed the required examination before the Inspectors, and being granted a Master's Certificate, took charge of the same boat as Master. From this time until 1865, Capt. Blanchard, as he has henceforth been designated, remained on the North Western Lakes, in charge of Steamers, encountering the storms, dangers, and vicissitudes which diversify the life of almost all sailors.

In 1856, he received an appointment as a Detective in the Detroit Custom House, at a salary of $800 a year. In 1867, he was transferred to the U. S. Marshal's office of the Eastern Dis't. of Michigan as Chief Deputy, having in charge all the affairs of the office; a post which he has held under two Presidential administrations, under four successive Marshals, and still continues to hold. Here he acquired

considerable experience as a Criminal officer, in the detection and prosecution of offences against the United States statutes, which led to his appointment as an Operative in the S. S. Division.

During his period of service in the Bureau referred to, and as a Deputy Marshal, Capt. Blanchard has been associated with the prosecution of many very important Criminal cases. Detroit is well known as a frontier city, being separated from the adjoining province of Canada only by a narrow strait; and upon the Canadian shore refugees who have by their misdeeds made Uncle Sam's territory too hot for them, often assemble in numbers, and in their comparatively safe head-quarters, plan villainy and fit out excursions into the adjacent States. To this haven of refuge the holder of counterfeit plates and forged or bogus notes instinctively flees, when he feels that justice is upon his track, and along this frontier, organized parties of smugglers, (controlling large capital,) with presidents, secretaries, bookkeepers, and financial and collecting agents, often operate against Uncle Sam's revenue. It used to be a matter of daily occurrence for numbers of women to cross and recross upon the ferries with contraband goods on their persons, averaging in value from $3,000 to $5,000 a day. Capt. B. was detailed to break up this practice, which he succeeded in doing most thoroughly; so that hardly a case of this kind now occurs on the Detroit frontier once in a month.

At this same period he detected the existence of one of these large smuggling companies, headed by McCafferty (of subsequent Fenian notoriety) with others who were illegally importing such great quantities of Canadian whiskey into Detroit as to monopolize the market, and to supply almost the entire retail trade, and nearly to ruin the business of the honest dealers there. By skillfully securing an accom-

plice, who, fancying himself cheated by his partners, revealed all their secrets, by making arrest of the receivers in succession, and by obtaining from their jealousy the "points" against their abettors, Capt. B. succeeded in capturing and convicting the heads of the Company, as well as all their receivers, (a host in number) and this was the last of wholesale *Whiskey* smuggling on the Michigan frontier.

From Whiskey, the smugglers turned their attention to Spices (a natural connection where they were fond of punch) who brought over barrels of nutmegs in small boats, at night. By travelling in a Canadian express car, under the disguise of a smuggler, Capt. B. gained the confidence of some of this gang, which resulted in the conviction of one O'Mara, chief of the gang, and two other parties in Pittsburg, Pa., and the confiscation of a large amount of goods followed. In returning to Detroit from the trial of these cases, Capt. B. took passage at Cleveland, on the ill fated Steamer "Morning Star," which was sunk by collision with the Bark Courtlandt. He remained floating on a box in Lake Erie for four hours; sufficient to disgust almost any man with cold water, although it seems to have given him a preference for this fluid, as he never drinks anything else.

A very skillfully devised plan for supplying the N. Y. market with the finest Lyons silks, by direct importations to Montreal, by conveyance thence to Sarnia (opposite Port Huron) and by transportation across the river boundary, packed in sacks and carried in small skiffs to the American side, where they were repacked and forwarded by rail to the Eastern markets, was detected, worked up and prosecuted to conviction by Capt. B. and Customs Officer Inslee; resulting in the conviction and sentence of George Montjoy (somewhat notorious in political as well as criminal circles

in Philadelphia) his associates Cochran and Wright, and the realization of $12,785 in fines, and the confiscation and sale by the U. S. authorities of a very large amount of the most valuable silks.

The Depots of the Detroit & Milwaukie R. R. and Michigan Central R. R. were destroyed by fire, originating in Petroleum stored therein, and in an attendant large loss of life. This excited general remark and remonstrance in the community, as to the non-enforcement of the Act of Congress prohibiting the sale of Kerosene Oil inflammable at a less temperature than 110° Fahrenheit. Capt. B. was detailed to procure proofs against all persons in his District who were violating this law. This was a work of no small magnitude, but by skillfully devised plans and great rapidity of movement, Capt. B. procured sufficient proofs in some three hundred cases, on which indictments were found by the Grand Jury. The parties gave bail and tested the constitutionality of the Law before the U. S. Supreme Court; where judgment was rendered *adverse* to the constitutionality of the statute. But the effect of the indictments and arrests was such, that from that time to the present in Capt. B's. district no oil of dangerous explosive qualities has been or is offered for sale, and as a consequence accidents from exploding Kerosene are now rarely heard of.

Capt. Blanchard still continues to hold the responsible position he has so long and so creditably occupied as Deputy U. S. Marshal in Michigan, but also fills the post of leading Operative in the Detective Service of the United States Secret Service Division, under appointment by Col. Whitley.

His rare success in detecting criminals in the Northwest, and his continual labors to suppress crime in that region have been remarkable. Our limits do not permit us here to

enter into the details of many celebrated prosecutions which have been worked up by this officer; but in other parts of our Memoirs, some interesting cases managed by him, will find insertion by themselves. The instances of the arrest and conviction of Norman Mitchell, Horace Chaffee, William Smith, James Duffy, Charles Clark, and other notable criminals in the Northwest, may be referred to in connection with this officer's achievements.

Capt. Blanchard is a medium sized man, rather slight in build, of nervous temperament, strong will, rather restless habit, but possesses energetic impulses, schooled by an iron self-command. He is now in the full vigor of ripe manhood, and is known and esteemed in the region of country where he is now located as a good citizen, an upright man, who has earned the good opinion of his fellow men, and who now enjoys, in a large degree, the confidence of the public and of his superior officers.

JEWEL AND SILK SMUGGLERS

FROM OVER THE SEAS.

The smuggling of jewels and silks from across the ocean, and from South America, has been carried on very extensively, through our chief Atlantic ports, and the U. S. Government is every month defrauded out of Customs duties, through well-contrived fraud in the "impŏrtation" of these and other easily portable valuables — to a very large extent.

In the article of diamonds, it is asserted by honest dealers on this side the water that they can not import these precious stones and pay the ten per cent. advalorem tax, to any profit; since the foreign cost-value is so near the actual standard price they command in this country, (and moreover because so many are *smuggled* into our markets,) that they are unable to compete with certain unscrupulous dealers, who manage to get *their* goods in this line through, without paying duties upon them, at all, or, at least, as often as they can secretly effect this result.

Every conceivable device is resorted to by these smugglers, to pass their valuable goods through successfully, free of duty. In many instances, and during many years of practice, both Jews and Gentiles have fortunately succeeded in thus evading the payment of duties — and the unlawful

work is still going on; though it is certain that a check has been applied to this traffic in the past two years, through the exertions of the Secret Service Division, under Col. Whitley's supervision, who within that period has secured and passed over to the U. S. authorities, almost a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, diamonds, laces, etc., which he and his men have seized on the steamers, and from foreign or resident passengers who have attempted to land them here, unlawfully. A few of these interesting instances we gather from the records, for the benefit of the public, showing how this thing is worked, in certain cases.

About a year prior to the laying of the last Atlantic cable, a sharp Post Office clerk in New York city, whose duty required him to have oversight of the foreign letters, fancied that certain documents received by the Atlantic steamers contained something beside legitimate correspondence, though the suspected packets that fell under his notice were so nicely prepared, abroad, that they had the outward general appearance that all was right. He communicated his suspicions to the authorities, however, and the suspected letters were placed in the possession of the Collector of New York.

This officer had no legal authority to open those letters, or to break their seals. This act would be felony, under the United States statutes. So the parties to whom these missives were *addressed* were sent for, and requested to open them in presence of the officials. The firm to whom these letters were directed, had no interest whatever in the transactions. Inside the *outer* envelope there was another, and within that (in each instance) there was found a quantity of beautiful diamonds carefully distributed over or embedded in two layers of cotton wool.

The letters were intended to reach *another* individual, a travelling German by the name of Kurns, who being advised

that his consignments had "gone up," through this discovery, hauled off, directly, and advised his foreign correspondent to "discontinue further remittances."

But, pending the reception of this countermanding of previous orders, diamonds continued to arrive by the mails from Europe (there was no ocean telegraph, then) until their value reached over twelve thousand dollars, to this same person; all of which of course were similarly gobbled up, as they came, by the U. S. officials and were confiscated, duly.

It is said by those who ought to know the fact, that not more than *one tenth* of all the diamonds offered in the American market (owing to their portability and easy concealment, en route,) ever pay any duty!

The attention of Chief Whitley of the U. S. Secret Service having been called to this abuse, he gave the subject his attention, and has succeeded with his Deputies, in teaching some of this craft a wholesome lesson, while his seizures, as we have noted, have been in some cases very important, and valuable. But the devices which the smugglers of this kind of property resort to are very cunningly contrived, and the variety of modes whereby such property can be concealed is so infinite, that it has proved most difficult to catch these offenders, often. We give a few cases in point, however.

Two or three instances of diamond smuggling (from Brazil) per steamer from Rio de Janeiro had occurred, and Col. Whitley put a couple of his men upon the trail of suspected passengers who were said to have come up in the boat from South America. There were two men who went to Hubener's hotel, in the Bowery, who were "shadowed" by Col. W's. Detectives, and who gave their names as Gustave Westphel and one Wagner, his friend.

Westphel stated that he was a German "Count." But

it was known to the officers that if he *were* a scion of nobility, he had certainly kept a lager-beer saloon in New York city, at one time, and so they sought to learn more about him.

Mr. Nettleship, Col. Whitley's chief Assistant, was called up one night by another member of the force who had obtained the requisite information, and shortly afterwards put himself into communication with the parties mentioned who halted at Hubener's.

Mr. N's peculiarly courteous manners and suavity in all this sort of intercourse, is proverbial. He waited upon the strangers, and had an interview with his "Count"-ship, who played this dodge with well dissembled grace, but to very little purpose, as it eventuated.

He was informed that he was under suspicions, and some two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds which were found in his possession, were taken by Mr. N. He stoutly contended that he was a German nobleman, and that these were "family jewels" belonging rightfully to him, which he had no idea required the payment of duty, since they were his individual personal property.

"*That* won't answer, Count," said Nettleship, politely. "If this were true, how is it that these gems are all without their settings?"

This pertinent question rather staggered the smuggler, but he still persisted in claiming the precious stones, and assumed a dignified appearance of offence at being thus questioned, overhauled, and annoyed. He put on airs that disconcerted even the usually polite and civil Operative, who now had him (as he knew) within his toils.

"It won't do," repeated Nettleship. "These gems have been stolen from a New York jewelry store, in a recent robbery down town; and it is exceedingly unfortunate that they are found in *your* hands."

The Count hopped up, at this charge, and vociferously announced his determination to call the officer to account for this unwarrantable insult.

"I've got the bill of them, right here," he continued, sharply, drawing forth a document from his breast-pocket — and forgetting, all at once, the *original* falsity he had attempted. "Here — can you read *this?*" he demanded, triumphantly, as he thrust the paper into Nettleship's hand.

It was a regular invoice of the gems, in German, dated at Vienna, and purported to be a bill of sale of the diamonds to Westphel. Mr. N. read it, and then inquired courteously,

"What becomes of the Count's tale you've just rehearsed, if *this* is veritable?"

"That is immaterial, sir. There is a bill of these goods. I paid it. They are mine. And you can just put that into your pipe an' smoke it — eh?" responded Westphel, triumphantly.

"This bill is of a recent date, I notice," said N.

"Who said it wasn't?" asked Westphel.

"But you stated, just now, that the jewels came from your family — that you are a Count —"

"And what if I did? May not a zhentleman travel in this country *in cog.*, if he please?"

"Not under these circumstances," said N., politely. "And so to cut this matter short, Mynheer Westphel, or milord, your Highness, or whatever you may be — you must go with me. I arrest you for violation of the U. S. Revenue laws. I am an officer of the Secret Service. Now, komm mit mier! Of course you comprehend German, Count."

It was of no use further to contend, evidently thought the smuggler. He was placed in custody, and afterwards brought before the Court, upon indictment, where he gave bail, but left before his trial, and his smuggled diamonds were duly confiscated to the use of the Government.

In May, 1870, Col. Whitley found it within the province of his duties to look into a smuggling case where the firm of Wolfe & May, of New York, exporters of cottons, and importers of silks, were concerned. They were extensive dealers in the line known technically among merchants as "white goods." Wolfe had leased a nice location down town, but suddenly left without paying his rent, and a vigorous search for him did not result in turning him up, for a time.

It was the habit of this house to send "sample packages" of their importations to the U. S. Appraisers' Department (as is usual) for examination, which packages always happened to be the *right* ones among those upon the invoices. Their shipments were falsely invoiced as cotton goods, while silks filled many of the cases which were *not* examined at the Custom House.

It was the boast of one of this firm that a sum equal to thirty thousand dollars, on a single shipment, could be thus realized; and that the business so conducted paid enormously, even if four out of six consignments "went wrong," and were seized by the U. S. Customs!

In the instance where Col. Whitley made this seizure, Wolfe was detected, his goods were forfeited, and an action was commenced against the offenders. Wolfe appeared at Court, gave bail, (straw bail, as it too often turns out) and he ran away. This "escape" on Wolfe's part was quite unnecessary; for in these cases the law's delays and the gerry-manderings in many of the Courts of New York are such, that it is averred with goodly show of truth, that "pismires could ordinarily carry a prisoner out of jail, through the keyhole of his cell, before a trial can be had," if he desires to avoid one! The Courts are so clogged, and so manipulated, that if a defendant possess the means to

put his case off, he can too often readily "postpone" it until the crack o' doom, if he chooses.

In the matter of *cigar*-smuggling, every sort of plan is resorted to, (especially in later years, since the duty has been raised so high, as at present). These are packed into cases rendered impervious to water, and are dropped from the vessels' side, (on nearing New York) into the open sea. Boats are within sight of this operation, by previous arrangement, and the occupants pick up these floating boxes, row ashore to some neglected point on the coast, bear their valuables into the interior, and thus save a large percentage called for by the Customs. In other cases, India-rubber beds or mattresses are filled with cigars from Havana, similarly dropped overboard at the right moment, and are in the same way picked up at sea, and brought safely to the shore, where they are afterwards conveyed to a market, readily.

But it is impossible, within the limits of this volume, to give the details of the numerous instances of smuggling frauds which have occurred in the past few years at ports in this country. We must therefore close this chapter with a single case more, which was worked up by Col. Whitley and his assistants a few months since, which is peculiar, and highly interesting in its particulars.

There arrived at the Hotel Beau Sejour, Boulevard Montmatre, Paris — one day, a well attired, handsome Englishman forty years of age, or less, accompanied by a beautiful girl of scarcely twenty, who passed there as his niece or other distant "poor relation;" in no wise an unusual occurrence in the gay French metropolis — or even in an American city!

After a little, this handsome gentleman disposed of his fair charge, whom he benevolently sought to provide for,

by securing her a situation as confidential waiting-maid at good wages, with a family he selected to place her in, where she could earn a living easily and acceptably to her; and pretty "Martha" was duly installed in her new and pleasant position, in the service of one Madame De Hart, Rue de la Boule Rouge — who was a lady of wealth and high social standing in Paris, a confiding, gentle woman — who sympathized with poor Martha, and at once placed the young girl at ease in her elegant house. She soon came to be fond of her, and really deemed her a valuable acquisition in her establishment.

But one morning this soft-hearted fine lady woke up to learn that her excellent English maid had quietly taken "French leave" of her, without a word of warning; and shortly ascertained that her diamonds, to the value of some $12,000, Paris Bonds to the amount of sixty thousand francs, and jewelry worth $5000 more, had also disappeared, with the esteemed and gentle Martha!

This was the last *she* has seen of the delicate English waiting maid, to whom she had become so tenderly attached.

It turned out that the handsome gentleman spoken of was one *John Williams*, a noted English thief and burglar, and that sweet "Martha" was his moll and accomplice. They went together to Paris to put into execution *there* "a little game" they had "played out" in England — in this wise: Martha was to represent the poor girl relation, abroad; hire out to a rich lady; get the hang of the premises; learn where the jewels and plates were kept; ascertain where the master secured his money; give the "cue" to her employer, Williams; and at the opportune moment rob the house, and put away to a distant land, if sufficient plunder were thus obtained.

This nice little scheme was carried out to the letter, in

Madame Hart's case. The premises had thus been robbed, and Martha and her friend Williams sailed, with their stolen property, for America — landing at Hoboken, port of New York, safely, within two weeks from the night when the girl so mysteriously disappeared from Madame's residence.

Upon his arrival in New York, Williams might have readily gone ashore, unmolested, had he not attempted to smuggle the stolen diamonds and jewels through without paying duty on them. But like many another rogue, he did not see this point, when he might have turned it to advantage; he sought to get his plunder in free of duty, and his diamonds were taken from him by one of the U. S. Custom House Inspectors.

At this point, Col. Whitley was called into the case, in the course of his other investigations at the Custom House, and learned the particulars of Williams' mishap. Detective Nettleship was directed to hunt Williams up. The Chief desired to see this man, he said, and this was sufficient for his accomplished Assistant, who lost no time in getting upon the smuggler's track. And a few days afterwards, Mr. N. met the gentleman and his young lady-friend (who now passed as his wife) on board a Jersey ferry-boat.

By well planned stratagem, Nettleship induced Williams to proceed to New Jersey with him, (for he did not care to trust this man to parties on the New York side) and upon reaching that State, N. at once arrested him. The girl concluded to return to New York.

"Take *this*, Martha," said Williams, handing her an ominous looking package, as they were separating.

"*I* will take charge of this, for her," said Nettleship, civilly, but firmly grasping the parcel — though he had no idea what it contained.

But on arriving at New York again, in this little packet

were found French Bonds of the value of $12,000 (60,000 francs.) The watchful eye of Mr. Nettleship was gladdened vastly at this sight, and he proceeded at once to his Chief, Col. Whitley, to report progress.

John Williams, alias Sweet, was a professional English cracksman, celebrated in London. He is the only man who has been put into the Penitentiary, in this port, *for smuggling*, for fifty years. He had educated the girl, himself, for the business in which she played her part so aptly for a time, and she has proved a sharp scholar, indeed, in this round of iniquity.

Soon after Nettleship had secured him in Jersey city, Chief Whitley went over to see the prisoner. He took him into a private room, and after a brief conversation, lectured him, in his peculiar way. He condoled with Williams upon the loss of his valuable diamonds, which he told him was unfortunate for him; but the laws of this country must be respected, and there was no help for this result. His attempt to smuggle them through had cost him the entire lot, and this would prove a lesson to him, he hoped. Then he said to Williams, abruptly, after looking him over, carefully —"it serves you right. But this loss is not yours. *You stole those diamonds!* Now, own up as to the details. You see I know you — eh?"

Fortune favors the brave, and the Chief, borne along by the irresistible influence which is always exercised over his mind by bold resolution, in critical circumstances, *assumed* the position he thus sharply enunciated on this rather dubious, but in his judgment, suspicious occasion.

This sudden and peremptory accusation rather astonished the thief, and he evidently thought, from the Chief's manner and speech, that he knew all about this unlucky affair. He, at first, pleaded innocence, complained of the injustice

of the seizure of the jewels, (when he was not aware that duty was required to be paid in the United States upon diamonds,) put on airs of seeming offended dignity, and aimed in various ways to beat Col. W. on the spot, notwithstanding his inward fears. But the Col. was satisfied in his own mind, and he continued —

"You're a thief, as well as an intentional smuggler."

"This is rather harsh talk, sir, to a total stranger in your country," said the culprit, airily.

"Hard or soft, I am right," replied the Chief. "I *know* of what I speak, and you cannot escape me. You will be put through, certain — this time."

"And *if* you are correct, must I be sent back to England?" asked Williams, suddenly changing his tactics, under the Colonel's steady fire. "Such an act, *if* it were committed abroad, would not be an offence against American laws — eh, sir — would it?"

The Chief evaded any direct answer. He was not there just then to give information, but rather to receive it! And finally, as many another rascal before and since has done, when cornered in the Colonel's presence alone, he confessed his crime, told the Chief where and how the robbery had been committed, and acknowledged all the particulars, to Col. Whitley's entire satisfaction. The girl was then found, but she was the smartest of this hopeful twain. Nothing could be got out of *her!*

Col. Whitley proceeded at once to the French Consul in New York, after sending Williams to prison, and explained this affair to him. Mons. Hart was duly notified of the state of things, and the robbed Parisian came over to New York, directly. Whitley obliged Willians to give up the other jewels he had stolen (beside the diamonds) and thus, after running the gauntlet of the English and French authorities,

the robber surrendered all to the shrewd Chief of the Secret Service Division of the United States' Treasury Department.

Monsieur Hart arrived, waited on the Chief, who became quickly satisfied that he was the rightful owner of the property, opened his safe and showed him the Bonds, and the obsequious Frenchman fairly fell upon his knees in grateful acknowledgment of the recovery and restoration of his lost money and his wife's jewels. The latter were in the Custom House, still, where they had been regularly "seized." Upon a proper representation of this case to the Secretary of the Treasury, the diamonds were returned to their lawful owner — who went to Niagara Falls, and had a good time in the country which he never ceased to laud, in exalted phrase, until at last he took steamer for Paris again, with his property restored, and went on his way rejoicing.

Williams was quickly convicted on the charge of smuggling, before U. S. Judge Nixon, who charged the jury very clearly and explicitly in this important case, and who gave the prisoner the full benefit of the legal prescription in such cases — two years in the Penitentiary, at Trenton, N. J., where he now remains at labor in behalf of the State. When he gets through with this sentence, the trans-Atlantic authorities will undoubtedly be happy to see him.

The girl Martha is very pretty, and continues to play the "innocent victim." But she remains true to Williams, her seducer and instructor in criminal deeds. When he was first arrested in New Jersey, she cried as if her gentle heart would break, at this unlooked-for termination to their pleasant journey from France.

No word can be obtained from her lips to criminate this base, designing man. She is waiting patiently for his

release. And though several years her senior, she plainly loves him, devotedly. She is childlike in her affection for this knave — and since his imprisonment has become the mother of a baby who very strongly resembles his probable father.

And here we leave these subjects, to devote a separate chapter to one more case of adroit and persistent smuggling, requiring more ample details for its full explanation, and which will be found farther on in our pages.

ABNER B. NEWCOMB,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, S. S. DIVISION,

NEW YORK DISTRICT.

The officer whose name heads this article — Mr. A. B. Newcomb, is a native of Boston, Mass., born in 1833. His father was a successful West India merchant, in that city, and his mother a refined and cultivated lady of liberal education — well known as a contributor to the popular literary American magazines of her day.

At the Boston public schools, Mr. Newcomb acquired the rudiments of an education which was subsequently completed under the direct tutelage of his mother. He developed at an early age a taste for newspaper life, and at seventeen years old, was known as one of the most popular sketch-writers who contributed to the Boston press. He continued his studies, in connection with his literary labors, until 1857, when, having married, he removed with his wife — a lady of fine literary attainments — to Rockford, Ill's., a thriving city ninety miles west of Chicago, and there assumed editorial charge of the "Rockford Republican."

Here he remained two years, trebling the circulation of that journal, and gaining the esteem of the community to such an extent that in 1859 he was selected as one of the nominees to represent the Republicans of Winnebago Co., in the Illinois Legislature. The sudden illness of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whose literary assistance he was indebted for much of the success of his paper, compelled him to sacrifice his prospects of political preferment. The physicians decided that Mrs. N. was very dangerously sick, and he felt constrained to quit the West, and return with her — under medical advice to Boston — where she died, shortly after their arrival.

Late in 1860, Mr. Newcomb removed to New York city, and accepted a position on the "N. Y. World," then a religious daily, with Republican tendencies. While thus engaged, he subsequently wrote the notable article under the head of "*Cell No.* 4," which aroused the indignation of the entire metropolis, from the manner in which it attacked and exposed the unrighteous system of arrests then current under orders of the Provost Marshal of the District of New York. This paper was extensively copied and commented on, both in this country and in England — the "London Times" republishing it, under an additional caption of its own, to wit, "The American Bastile."

In the fall of '61, Mr. Newcomb accepted a position as private secretary to the U. S. Marshal, still retaining his connection with the "World." During the first year of his official career, (the war having broke out) he was selected to work up a case in behalf of the U. S. Government, relative to parties supposed to be concerned in bearing despatches secretly to and through the rebel lines. In the execution of the details of this delicate duty, Mr. Newcomb was thoroughly successful; so much so, that the entire gen-

eral Detective business of the Marshal's office was placed under his charge and control, thenceforward.

At this early period of the rebellion, there existed as much to fear and guard against from the machinations of inside traitors to the nation's weal, as from the enemy in the field. To meet this exigency, in part, Secretaries Seward and Stanton authorized the immediate establishment of a "Secret Service" force, in the Department of the East (under Maj. Gen. John A. Dix,) and this force was placed in charge of Mr. Newcomb.

Mr. N. quickly informed himself that the chief plottings, through a combination of leading spirits in Canada, led off the conspiracy to injure and defame the United States, in the interests of the rebellion. He travelled through Canada as a Newspaper correspondent "of secesh proclivities," and as such was everywhere cordially received by such men as George Sanders, Capt. J. B. MacGruder, the Paynes, (who subsequently figured in the great raid on St Albans and its Bank,) and other kindred associates, celebrated in the history of the enterprise subsequently and aptly denominated "The Lost Cause." Through this well conducted *ruse*, Mr. Newcomb ascertained the time of arrivals and departures of the rebel mails — which went and came regularly — learned who some of the principal mail-carriers were, then secretly met Gov. Potter (American Consul-general for the British Provinces, at this time,) and imparted to him the information thus gained, which he transmitted duly to the Washington authorities, and which shortly resulted in the capture of the mails from the South, and the carriers.

In the midst of the performance of his duties, Mr. Newcomb was convinced that important secret modes of transmitting intelligence to the rebels, existed — and he exerted his utmost powers to get at the bottom of schemes

which he felt certain were being carried forward; but which, for about a year, he found himself baffled in his efforts to reach. At length he ascertained that a British lady, of noble extraction, (an intimate associate in the family of Sir John McDonald, then Premier of the Canadas) was in the habit of making occasional trips to the South — as a British subject; who travelled in state, with a great retinue of servants, and ponderous luggage, and came and went under her national passport, as a foreigner; bearing also letters of credentials from Sir John McDonald, setting forth that this lady "was a British subject travelling for pleasure —" but whom Mr. Newcomb finally suspected as being one of the agents through whom objectionable intelligence was being continually communicated to the enemy. The manner in which he treated this subject, and the results which followed the confirmation of his suspicions in regard to this distinguished woman, will be found in detail in a subsequent chapter of our present work, under the title of "*The Female Spy*" in the rebellion — see page 290.

Mr. Newcomb continued his operations in the Department of the East, overlooking suspected parties, and keeping watch upon the current of events — meantime having charge of all prisoners captured by the Blockade Squadron and brought into New York, from any direction; it being part of his duty to examine every person so captured, with a view to ascertain whether they were subjects of foreign nationalities, or American citizens, and reporting the facts in writing to the Secretary of the Navy; who, acting upon Mr. N's report, (as made by him through the U. S. Marshal,) ordered the subsequent discharge or imprisonment of the captives.

At this time, Mr. N. was also acting as a special officer of the General commanding the Department, to look after

all arrivals from the South, Havana, Nassau, N. P., and Matamoras, who were required to report in person at military headquarters and register their address, etc., and he was empowered to board all steamers coming from suspected ports — under the following Orders:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST.
New York City, Dec. 3d., 1864.

"Mr. A. B. Newcomb is hereby authorized to board the Steamer 'Corsica,' and all other steamers leaving for Matamoras and Havana, at Quarantine, and to search any persons on board who may be suspected of hostility to the United States. If anything contraband is found upon them, he will bring them to these Headquarters.

(Signed) JOHN A. DIX, *Major General.*"

N. Y. City, Feb. 7, 1865.
Hd. Qr's. Dep't. of the East.
The above order is continued, and is good until further orders. JOHN A. DIX, MAJOR GEN'L.

Mr. Newcomb continued in this service up to Nov., 1865, giving the fullest satisfaction, and was then appointed an Operative in the U. S. Secret Service Division, and assigned to the New York District. He remained in this position up to '67, when having made himself conversant with certain huge "bounty fraud" cases, he resigned, and was transferred to the Second Auditor's office, as special Agent to work up this class of crime. After two years' service there, he accepted a position as Operative in the U. S. Secret Service, under Col. H. C. Whitley, present Chief.

During one year of Mr. N's service in the investigation of the Bounty frauds above mentioned, he examined upwards of two thousand cases, and compelled the return to Government and claimants $22,000, which had been obtained by fraudulent agents.

HARRY G. BLANCHARD,

OPERATIVE, NORTH-WESTERN DISTRICT,

U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION. [See page 259.

In 1870, he discovered a conspiracy to defraud the U. S. Treasury, by means of fraudulent *army* claims, to the enormous sum of four hundred thousand dollars! There were thirteen persons involved in this plot, every one of whom were arrested, and turned over to the Courts.

On the first of Jan'y., 1871, Mr. Newcomb was promoted by Col. Whitley to the rank of a Chief Operative, assigned to the New York District, and now remains on duty there, still having in charge, as a specialty, the supervision of alleged bounty frauds and others of a similar character, and where he has acquitted himself with such credit as to merit the confidence of the authorities, to a very satisfactory extent. During his experience in this Division, he has caused the conviction and imprisonment of over seventy criminals, counterfeiters, &c. In his personal appearance, Mr. Newcomb is a modest man, of frank address and goodly mien, and possesses rare versatility of talent, most useful in his sphere of life. His portrait will be found on page 232, and it will be seen from this excellent picture that his face is intelligent, and his general expression is that of one who understands himself, in whatever he may undertake to perform. He is now in the prime of life, and he is esteemed by his Chief and his superiors in the Departments at Washington, in all respects, one of the very best officers employed in the U. S. Secret Service Division.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

DETECTIVE vs. THE SMUGGLER-JEW.

HERMAN BRAUN'S CASE.

The following veritable particulars relate to two different important cases of smuggling, though the same party (under an alias or two) was actively concerned in both, either upon this or the other side of the water. We make use of but one of these names, for good reasons, but give the account from the actual record, in all its details of romance, cheatery, and seriousness.

A keen, wiry, subtle, black-eyed Jew, of New York city, who dealt in diamonds and precious stones there, and who for years had been able to so undersell the market as to monopolize a large share of the current cash trade in these valuables, was "spotted" some months ago, and through representations made to Chief Whitley, was deemed by that official to be a fitting subject to be watched, narrowly; inasmuch as it was shown him that this money-loving Jew could never sell diamonds at the prices he did, *if* he paid any duty upon his importations. And so the Chief caused him to be

"shadowed," and watched his movements, jealously, for a time.

We shall call him Herman Braun, because this was one of the names he himself adopted, at times, in the course of his sharp practice, and because he is better known by this than by another name he assumed. He was an exceedingly thrifty business man, and quick-witted in his way; but he sometimes got over-reached, notwithstanding he was said to be the cunningest smuggler in New York city, which is saying a good deal for his prowess, in that peculiar line.

The Jew, Braun, was acquainted in New York with a man whom he knew to be a Detective — but who passed with him as one "Jonas Sharpe," whom he had come to address familiarly as "Zhonash." But he did *not* know that this acquaintance was one of Col. Whitley's force, nor that he was specially deputed, for a time, to shadow this long suspected, but not yet detected, shrewd smuggler of diamonds.

Braun visited Europe, often, and always contrived to make a good thing of it. He went and returned, and always managed to bring jewels with him, clandestinely, which he could afford to sell under the market price. And he was narrowly scrutinized, during these trips, but not overhauled.

Meanwhile, Col. Whitley frequently visited the steamers from Europe, on their arrival in New York, and occasionally made arrests and valuable seizures, from time to time.

Six months afterwards, Mr. Jonas Sharpe was on board a newly arrived steamer, in company with Col. W., upon their customary search for suspicious passengers who might be intent on violating the U. S. Revenue laws, when Mr. Herman Braun suddenly made his appearance from the cabin, and was leisurely but rather defiantly (they fancied) about to quit the steamer. He had just returned from England, where he had been absent a few weeks, upon his customary business in that direction.

The Chief halted him, and beckoning "Jonas" (one of his Assistants) pointed the Jew below decks.

"Vot the 'ells you vant, Zhonash?" asked the Jew, irreverently.

"Come down into the cabin," replied the Chief.

And down went the three men, instanter. Braun was taken into a spacious state-room, stripped to his pelt, and carefully examined. His apparel was searched, his luggage thoroughly overhauled, but nothing contraband was found: and he deliberately re-dressed himself with a manifest show of triumph.

"Vot you tryin' to do, Zhonash?" asked the Jew.

"Nothing," said Jonas. "It's all right."

The Chief watched Braun's movements cautiously, and permitted him to dress himself to the last article of his apparel, except his boots. These were examined, all over, and nothing was discovered. The Col. threw down one of the boots, and *thought* he heard a strange rattling, or slight jingle, in one of them. He took it up, turned it over, shook it, and at last said, quickly, "Get me a hammer and a stout knife, or chisel, Jonas."

And five minutes afterwards, he had the *heels* of the two boots knocked off, and opened, wherein were found nicely stowed away several thousand dollars' worth of superb glistening diamonds! They were seized, of course, and Braun was arrested. He gave bail, and went at liberty, afterwards.

Braun agreed in opinion with subtle Talleyrand, that "nothing in life succeeds so well as success," and mentally he often asked "who shall *tax* successful villiany?" But the self-reliant man who had determinately put himself on this subtle rogue's track, in his course of pursuit, hoped for nothing from the way in which Fortune dealt the cards to

him. He always played his hand to the best of his ability, and generally came out a winner.

Braun was subsequently arrested, but is now in good health and spirits — at his leisure, upon bail he readily furnished, on demand of the Court. But *if* he continues at his old tricks, he now does it very slyly. He does *not* go to Europe, at any rate, himself, but he sells diamonds at the very lowest cash prices current in New York!

Thus these smugglers manage! There is no trick too mean for them to attempt, no device too contemptible for their conception, no act too unscrupulous for their execution — if they can successfully rob the U. S. Treasury in the end, or cheat the Government, by the means, out of its honest, legal dues. Verily, there *should* be at the head of the Secret Service Department a man who can cope with these adepts in crime; and the success which has followed the efforts of the present Chief, is evidence of his ability to manage the cases that have so far come under his supervision, with rare skill and judgment.

The active *heavy* smugglers in diamonds and fine goods are not met with latterly so plentifully, as they might have been found in former days. There may be some of the lesser knaves at large, yet, but they are being "picked up," by the U. S. Detectives, constantly, and their depredations are not important — in this kind of pursuit, now-a-days.

Behind these offenders there "stalks the headsman." They are marked, and shadowed, and spotted — and they will be followed up, unceasingly, it is to be hoped, until the smuggling fraternity shall be known no more in our American ports.

THE FEMALE SPY

OF THE REBELLION.

LADY MONTEITH.

A remarkable instance of the mutability of fortune is found in the veritable record which follows; the heroine of which is alive and well to-day, and resident not a hundred miles from the city of New York.

Lady Eleanor Monteith (her maiden name) was born in Ireland about the year 1835. Her father was a wealthy nobleman, and she was his only surviving child. She was a very elegant woman, with raven black hair and eyes, pearly white teeth, superb in form, graceful in address, stately in carriage, and, though past thirty-five, did not look to be over thirty years of age.

She fell in love with a gentleman lower in the social hierarchy than herself (a second son of another nobleman, who was thus not an inheritor of his father's fine English estate,) whom she married, against *her* father's wishes. The irate nobleman did not cut his disobedient daughter off, however. She left Ireland with her husband, and enjoyed a private income, as "pin-money" of £500 a year,

afterwards — upon coming to this country. Her husband had nothing to boast of save his honorable birth — which was what we have described it, as above.

Lady Eleanor settled in Canada, and from her lofty position was received at once into the best aristocratic society there, — Sir John McDonald, Premier of the Canadas being among her friends; where she resided up to 1863. Her marriage proved unhappy, however, and her husband died in '58, leaving behind him the beautiful widow and one child, a daughter. In 1861, during the war, she made her first visit to the South, as a British subject, and met at Richmond, Va., with the Surgeon Director General of the rebel army, who paid court to her; and to whom she subsequently became engaged to be married once more.

She then returned to Canada, intending to go back to Richmond and settle there, upon being united to the new object of her affections. Upon leaving Richmond, she was entrusted with valuable letters from prominent Confederates to rebel sympathizers in the North, also important government despatches — which she secretly delivered in New York and elsewhere, en route to Montreal. She also had upon her person a rebel mail for England, and letters for rebel Agents abroad. These she forwarded from Quebec, by English steamers.

Her success in getting this batch of documents through, soon sent her back towards Richmond, in the interest of the rebels; but her *real* motive in going was to confer with her lover, there. The Confederate Government saw that a foreign lady of her position could then readily pass to and fro, in safety, and the intended marriage was postponed, in view of the hope of an early peace, that was then anticipated.

But the war continued, and Lady Eleanor went and came,

for a time, always attended by a grand retinue of servants, and still disposing of the rebel mails, successfully. In the spring of '62, her frequent visits attracted the attention of U. S. Detective Newcomb, then stationed in New York, endeavoring to break up the rebel mail service — and he watched her quietly but cautiously. He followed her up, diligently, but not till 1863 did he meet with the success he sought. The evident high social position occupied by this lady, together with her favorable surroundings, rendered the idea of her arrest as a rebel mail-carrier, not only a delicate, but a very hazardous undertaking. But Newcomb timed her arrivals at and departures from Quebec, and soon found a striking coincidence between these periods and the dissemination of general news that then came out fresh from the rebel Capitol.

On the 13th of March, '63, Lady Monteith left Quebec for Richmond, *via* New York; now under the sharp surveillance of Detective Newcomb. On her arrival at New York city (on the third day from Quebec) she halted at the Everett House, a first class hotel, and Mr. N. fully determined then to venture upon her capture; but delayed this process, convinced that she would be there some days, to add to the mail then in her possession, on the way to Virginia.

She tarried in New York four days, when Newcomb ascertained that she was about to leave again, for the south. He went to her hotel, placed her under arrest, seized all her luggage, took her servants into custody, and proceeded to search her trunks, when she entered a written protest, claiming to be a British subject, and warned Detective N. that she should lay all the facts of this outrage before the British Consul, with a view to punishing N., whom she then defiantly challenged to proceed in his work!

Mr. N. accepted her formal protest, put it carefully in his

pocket, and coldly demanded of Lady Monteith the keys to her trunks. These were at first refused, with offended dignity; but when the officer assured her ladyship that he should be compelled to take her a prisoner to head-quarters, she gave up the keys to the five huge trunks, which were examined, and found to contain only her superb and costly wardrobe of fine dresses, velvets, laces, etc.

In overhauling these chests, Mr. N. had occasion to chide his two assistants, on account of the careless, rough manner in which they tumbled these valuable goods about — an act which gratified the lady, evidently. But not the first particle of writing, of *any* kind, was discovered in these five great trunks. A small black box next attracted N.'s attention; and as he approached to look at this, her ladyship said, pleasantly, —

"Do not omit *that*, by any means! It contains rare fragments — reminiscences of my mantua-maker. They are but *rags*, but may be very desirable for *your* uses, I judge."

Newcomb was temporarily discouraged not a little; but he went to work to loosen the straps, and as he raised the lid of this box, the lady sprang fiercely towards him, and seized one of two bags that were visible inside, exclaiming, "I trust you are satisfied, sir, and that this farce will now come to an end." And with this, she shook the bag she held in her hand, nervously, and the rag contents fell out upon the carpet.

The Detective looked up, and said politely, "Madame, since you have so generously revealed the contents of *this* one, perhaps your ladyship will kindly aid me in disclosing the contents of this *other* bag, here."

Without uttering a word further, she turned deadly pale, grasped a chair-back, placed her hand upon her heart, and would have fallen, but for her confidential maid's assistance,

who promptly caught and placed her in the chair. This young woman was a Canadian, a pretty, spunky lass, who stood by her mistress, faithfully, to the end.

Detective Newcomb had with him two assistants, by way of precaution. As soon as the disturbed lady recovered herself, she spoke first, and asked, with gravity,

"Who is the superior officer here?"

"*I* have that honor," said Newcomb.

"May I ask that you will bid your subordinates retire, sir?"

"Most certainly, madame," said N. And the two men immediately left the apartment.

Then she essayed to speak again, when Newcomb proposed that her waiting-maid should also leave the parlor. This request was complied with, and her ladyship and the Detective remained alone, together.

"Now, sir," she said, with some feeling, "farther attempts at concealment I see are useless." And going to the black box, she took up the other bag, remarking, with a sigh, "*This* is the cause of all my trouble!"

The bag was emptied by Newcomb, who found it to contain over four hundred letters from Canada and Europe, addressed to rebel leaders and others; notably to Judah P. Benjamin, Jefferson Davis, "President of Confed. Republic," etc., and several backed to noted Southern Generals in the rebel army, written in different languages — but among them all, only seventy of importance.

Newcomb treated the lady kindly and respectfully, knowing her high standing, and she soon recovered her equilibrium. Then she was sarcastic in her speech, and took the French letters up, saying, "You clever officers read French, of course?"

"Yes, madame," replied N., "but not just *now*, or until I have appropriately disposed of yourself."

"You don't mean to *arrest* me, surely?" she asked.

"I do, madame. And your ladyship must accompany me, now, to a place of safety."

A carriage was ordered, she was taken to the military "House of Detention" for Government prisoners, and left her servants and child at her Hotel. The captured letters were duly forwarded to the Sec'y. of War, at Washington, by Mr. N., with a report designating the important ones — through Gen. Wool, then commanding in New York — who approved all that had been done, and who left everything to N.'s discretion in this affair, in the future.

Her child was sent to her once or twice, and her maid, also — who returned to the Hotel, dismissed the other servants, and took charge of her ladyship's valuable jewels — a costly tiara, necklaces, bracelets, and gems of rare value. Detective N. visited Lady Monteith daily, and treated his noble prisoner with marked consideration, sent her bouquets, etc., and upon opportunity, argued the justice of the Union cause, in her hearing; but all to no purpose, for a time. She then revealed to N. the *real* cause of her attachment to the South, and frankly informed him of her engagement to be married to the Rebel Surgeon Director. And it was not until the news came, as it did, that her lover had been shot in the head, while attending to his duty in the field, and that he was insane from his wound, that the lady condescended to listen to N. at all.

When she heard this sad news confirmed, and knew her affianced must *die*, she became more reasonable and communicative.

"I've nothing now to live for," she exclaimed, bitterly, "nothing but my child!"

"And to live for your little one," said Newcomb, kindly, "you must be restored to society."

She said she would think of this. And two days afterwards, the Detective most unexpectedly received orders from Gen. Wool, at once to release and send the lady South, into the rebel lines.

He did not comprehend this suddenly announced decision. He had been ordered by Gen. W. himself to manage this case in his own way, and *now* he must send her down to Richmond! But she did not go.

Newcomb ventured to delay the execution of this order, twenty-four hours. He informed her of the fiat, but she implored him not to send her down among the rebels. She declared that all her interests in the South were at an end. The death of the rebel Surgeon had decided her, and she begged him to have this Order rescinded, and "save her from going South, if possible."

"But *one* thing can accomplish your wishes," said N., noting his advantage.

"And this is what, sir?"

"I am confident, Madame, that you are familiar with the details of the rebel Mail service, and the secret modes through which they transmit intelligence from the South to sympathizing friends in the North, and elsewhere. If you will reveal all this to me, I will undertake to save you."

She hesitated, called the child, and in piteous tones, said, "this would be a betrayal of confidence, indeed!"

Newcomb placed his hand upon the little daughter's head, and replied, "it may be the salvation of this child."

"Yes—you are right, sir. It may be! And this it is that will decide me. *I promise*," she added, firmly.

"I must communicate with the Sec'y, of War," continued N. "It is a desperate movement for me to procrastinate the execution of this peremptory Order regarding your removal. *Don't deceive me, then!* I have treated you with

respect, and you must not promise me what you can not fulfil, to the letter."

"You may say I can do this, and more, if you will trust to a woman's management. I will not only give you the information you ask for, but I am ready to enter into the exposure of other plans, conditionally, which I know are now concocting here in New York in the Confederate interests, which will be useful to you, hereafter."

Newcomb left her, telegraphed details to the Sec'y. of War, and stated that Gen. Wool (under some misapprehension of fact) had ordered her ladyship to be sent South. "These facts are sent for *your* consideration," he wrote, to the Secretary, "and I shall be glad to hear from you, at once."

At two o'clock, A. M., having waited up all night, N. got the following dispatch by telegraph from the War Department:

Washington, April 27, '63.

To A. B. NEWCOMB, 301 Mulberry S., New York.

Hold lady-prisoner in custody. Obtain and forward to this Department, *direct* detailed information, as per telegram of this date. Exhibit this dispatch to Gen. Wool, Com'g. Dep't. of the East; who has been instructed accordingly.

By order of Sec'y of War.

(Signed) L. C. TURNER.

Judge Advocate, &c.

Early that morning, Newcomb called on Lady Monteith, and found her pacing the floor in mental agony. He informed her of the results of his efforts in her behalf, at which she warmly expressed her gratitude, and at once suggested a plan to arrive at valuable information already required of her.

She asked to be sent back to her Hotel with credentials

to the effect that she had been a prisoner of the United States, but was released on condition she would appear whenever called upon to do so, by the Government. She offered, to prove her sincerity, to leave her child in N.'s family as a pledge of her good intentions. This was declined, however. Newcomb furnished her with the letter she wanted, and she returned to her Hotel.

A paragraph appeared in the papers of the day, in substance announcing that "this titled lady had been wrongfully arrested; and that the Detective might experience trouble for his over-zeal — for she was a British subject, and her arrest might cause complications with the English Government," &c.

This was prepared *by* Newcomb, to protect the lady against the rebels in and out of New York. Under N.'s directions, then, her rooms at the Hotel were arranged so that they connected (three of them) and an alcove in the dining-apartment served for a retiring place for the *Detective*, himself, when her secesh friends visited her, as they did, daily. They all talked their matters over freely, at her generously kept table, and Newcomb secretly listened to their schemes in his unsuspected retreat.

Mails were left there, still, by rebel carriers, and all this valuable information was gathered and noted down, by N. Unaccountably to them, the rebel mail-carriers were then arrested, one by one, just as they entered or were crossing the Canada line — for months afterwards. But none suspected who or what was the cause of all this! Through Madame's agency and Newcomb's management, *every* rebel northern mail route except one was destroyed. This one exception N. himself broke up, some time afterwards, in the following way.

The destruction of this single line of rebel mail communi-

cation had been attempted by Secretary Seward's agents, without success. Orders then came from Washington to Detective Newcomb to undertake the task; and he proceeded to St. Albans, Vt., and found by laying along this line, and "prospecting" cautiously, that the U. S. military agents on the railways, examined everybody who passed up and down, except *nuns*, who occasionally went to or fro, on their apparent missions of mercy and kindness.

It then occurred to Newcomb that there were plenty of rebels afloat who were quite equal to "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the Devil in," in this form, and possibly there *might* be among these strangers *pretended* "nuns," occasionally. So he insisted that *all* persons passing up or down should be examined. This was refused by the Agents.

"Then I will take the responsibility, and examine them myself," said Newcomb.

To this they demurred, and N. threatened, with the "guard" he had, to arrest every man in the trains, but he *would* examine into this "nun" business.

He did so. He went to Montreal, there spotted a pretended "gray nun," whom he saw leave St. Lawrence Hall Hotel. He followed her to a dwelling house (not a Convent) and soon afterwards, saw four persons *attired* as nuns, start from this house to the Depot, for New York!

Newcomb went in the same train. The military agents "passed" them, all right. Newcomb said *they* must be examined. The others complained that this was an outrage. He insisted, and shortly afterwards, upon searching them, found large quantities of rebel mail-matter concealed about the persons of every one of them!

He arrested this quartette, reported the facts at Washington, and this was the last of the regular rebel mail-carrying between Canada and the south. This final creditable action

of Mr. Newcomb had the desired effect, and stopped this business, in toto, thenceforward. An order came from the Secretary of War, to search *all* suspected travellers, thereafter, without exception; and thus the desired end was reached, effectually.

To Lady Monteith, however, Mr. Newcomb was largely indebted for continual hints and valuable suggestions freely given by her, subsequently to her arrest, touching all these interesting points. He availed himself of these hints, and, through her straightforward, honorable conduct, thenceforward, he was able to accomplish what he had for months been studiously aiming to arrive at.

The lady was acquainted in Wall Street. Her father died, and left her his fortune. She put her surplus money into valuable stocks and real estate in New York, and finally settled in this country permanently, having been married fortunately and happily, a few years ago, to an American gentleman, and they now reside in New York State, in good style, not far distant from the metropolis. She kept her word, honorably, in the end, and her information proved of great value to the U. S. Government, in Mr. Newcomb's hands.

CHARLES E. ANCHISI,

OPERATIVE, U. S. SECRET SERVICE.

The portrait of Mr. Charles E. Anchisi, of Col. Whitley's force, will be found at page 310. This gentleman was born at Novara, Italy, in the year 1836, and acquired his education at that place. After completing his academic course, he studied law two years in the office of his father, a prominent lawyer and Italian Advocate.

In 1854, Mr. Anchisi enlisted in the Italian Army, and went to the Crimean war, where he remained in that service over two years. He was at the battle of Cernaia, and at the famous siege of Sebastopol; serving there with distinction in the Italian Regular Army. He entered it as a private, and was promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major, for gallantry on the field of battle.

Upon returning home with the Army of Expedition, in the spring of 1859, he was promoted to a second Lieutenancy, served as such during the war of France and Italy against Austria, and at the battles of Palestro and Solferino, and at the close of the campaign was promoted to be a first Lieutenant.

In November, 1861, Mr. Anchisi emigrated to the United States, and took up his residence at Staten Island, following

the business of a travelling agent for various New York houses. During this time, he was commended to Secretary Stanton as a gentleman in whom the most implicit reliance could be placed, and who possessed the requisite nerve, talent, and daring to enter the rebel lines, and obtain information as to the movements of the enemy.

Secretary Stanton was glad to avail himself, at this period, of the services of competent and loyal men, in this arduous and trying capacity, and Anchisi's services were employed under the War Department orders for fourteen months. He was engaged in proceeding to and from the rebel capitol, and succeeded, through his peculiar adroitness and apt address, in gaining the confidence of some of the leading spirits of the rebellion; from whom he obtained information of the utmost value to the Government, and the cause of the Union.

After the termination of our war, Mr. Anchisi returned to New York city, and became again engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he continued in for nearly two years. In 1868, he was employed as an Assistant Operative in the U. S. Secret Service, and was especially detailed to break up the Italian gang of Counterfeiters in this country. In this work he succeeded so admirably as to gain the highest encomiums from his superiors.

Col. Whitley, who is a competent judge of men and their characteristics, is never slow to recognize and appreciate genuine merit. He saw that Mr. Anchisi possessed the elements of a first class Detective officer, and early in '69 promoted him to the rank of a commissioned Operative in the S. S. Division.

In April, 1871, he was detailed by Col. Whitley to look after a band of dastardly criminals who had their headquarters at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and who had among their

number the most expert counterfeiters, cracksmen, and burglars in the American West. Their nefarious operations extended over a wide field in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Information concerning their infamous depredations and evil doings reached Col. W., from various quarters, and with his customary energy he decided upon despatching a trusty, vigilant and competent officer to look to this business — selecting Anchisi to proceed to Fort Wayne and ferret them out.

The details of Mr. A.'s success in this arduous and important undertaking, will be found in the succeeding chapter of this work — which particulars will be read with thrilling interest.

Mr. Anchisi is a fine looking, gentlemanly personage, of very agreeable address, and goodly appearance. His head is bald, as will be noticed in his portrait, but his pleasant and even features make up for the premature loss of his hair. He is easy in manners and conversation, an impulsive, nervous man at times, like most men of his nationality, and is an excellent linguist — speaking and writing Italian, French, and English with fluency and grammatical accuracy.

His success among the *Italian* counterfeiters has been little short of wonderful. He has made himself thoroughly acquainted with all their haunts, throughout the country, and from his unceasing vigilance, they have latterly found their multifarious operations everywhere checkmated.

Mr. A.'s gentlemanly habits have endeared him to all who have intercourse with him, officially and socially, and while he is — in his peculiar sphere — one of the most valuable men in Col. Whitley's force, he is acknowledged on all sides to be as keen, as apt, and as thorough in the performance of his duties, as any Operative in the Service.

THE FORT WAYNE GANG.

A WHOLESALE SMASH-UP.

SAM RIVERS, HARRY HOMER, PHILLABAUM, etc.

In the month of April, 1871, during the investigations of the Detectives detailed by Col. Whitley to look into the matter of alleged counterfeiting in the State of *Ohio*, and in consequence of the important arrests made by these officials, there, among whom notably were James M. Bissell, of Alliance, W. H. Bair, Andrew Bair, Geo. Fedich, and Ed. Ely, of Vanwort, J. T. Hickman, Chris. Brady, G. W. Showen, and Wm. Showen, of Marion; — being a nest of retail dealers and shovers of counterfeit money — the discovery was made by Detective Anchisi, of the grand prime *source* whence all these criminals obtained their supplies.

This source was found to have its headquarters located at Fort Wayne, Ind., and the officers proceeded to that point promptly, to work up one of the biggest jobs in this nefarious line, ever undertaken in the western country.

It was deemed requisite first to find out *who* the parties were who composed this "Fort Wayne Gang;" and it was

ascertained that Sam Rivers, Harry Homer, Jean Phillabaum, Ed. Kesler, (alias Boyer,) Thomas Lang, Frank Lang, Isaac Lang, and Ed. Wilson were the principals in this company of knaves.

An Assistant Detective was placed by Mr. Anchisi in communication with them, who disguised himself as a brother-thief and escaped convict; who introduced himself to the gang, and was readily received by them as one of the fraternity; having first been taken to the nearest graveyard, at midnight, and compelled upon a tomb-stone to take what is known as the "thieves' oath" never to divulge the secrets he might learn of their infamous doings. The "western grip" of fellowship was then given him, and this disguised Detective (or informer) entered into their confidences, without further hindrance or difficulty.

This informer continued in the society of these rogues for two months, bought coney of Phillabaum and others, met them frequently, and learned the details of their business successfully; keeping a record and constantly communicating to Anchisi the particulars of his progress.

While successful operations were still going on in Ohio, a watchful eye was kept upon the Fort Wayne Gang. At the expiration of about two months, the time arrived to make an active movement for the capture of this horde of offenders. First, the Ohio parties named herein were provided for; the arrest of the whole number having been secured by Mr. Anchisi. And keeping this fact out of the public newspapers, he proceeded to ensnare the others.

Knowing that one of the Fort Wayne Gang (Ed. Kesler) had proposed through A.'s Assistant (who was personating the newly arrived thief amongst them) to go to one Greene, of Cleveland, for a fresh supply of coney, he directed his Assistant to join in that trip; and accordingly he left Fort

Wayne with Kesler, for Cleveland. They met Greene, together; but *he* was out of a supply. Unfortunately for Kesler, he had in *his* possession some counterfeits, which he was systematically "shoving," as he travelled, to defray expenses, &c. Greene could not be taken, because he then had no coney about him, but Kesler was at once arrested by Anchisi. This was the opening wedge into the Fort Wayne affair.

Anchisi then left Cleveland for Fort Wayne. There he learned that Eli Brown, one of the gang, had gone to Chicago. Mr. Lonergan, of the U. S. Detective officers, was instructed to secure this man. Lonergan then detailed an Assistant to approach Brown, and *buy* some counterfeit money of him.* He succeeded in this, and Brown was then promptly arrested, in Chicago.

Anchisi then received information that Sam Rivers and Harry Homer (two of the gang) had been at Kokomo, Ind., at the farmhouse of the Lang family, and that they had started upon a thieving tour about the country. Soon after, they turned up at Chicago, where they sold their plunder, and with the proceeds of these sales, they bought burglar's tools, preparatory to an excursion to Elmyra, N. Y., where they had formed a plan to "crack" a National Bank.

The U. S. Detective, Anchisi, watched all their movements very closely, and deemed it best to send an Assistant Officer, (Wm. H. Butts) to Toledo, with instructions from Anchisi to watch all trains coming to Toledo from Chicago — and to telegraph results. On the morning of the 24th of June,

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*It may be stated here that the mere act of *purchasing* counterfeit money, does not constitute an offence against the U. S. Laws; the having such counterfeits in possession, with *guilty intent*, forms the crime. U. S. officers having such money in their hands, in this way, do not (under the laws) become *particeps criminis*, at all, because there is no intent, on their part, to "utter, publish, or sell," but to obtain evidence to convict the *guilty seller* of it.

1871, Mr. A., who was at Cleveland, then, received a telegram from Butts, saying, "All hands on board, to-day."

Procuring the aid of the Cleveland Police, who extended to Mr. Anchisi all possible facilities — he knowing well what a desperate gang he was now dealing with — on arrival of the train from Toledo, where Butts was on board, jumped into the cars, before they had fairly halted, and with B.'s assistance secured Harry Homer and Sam Rivers, two of the worst and most reckless of this "Fort Wayne Gang."

These two leaders being safely in hand, Anchisi searched them, and found a complete set of fine burglarious tools upon their persons, about $3,000 in coney, of all denominations — $5's, $10's, $20's, $50's and $100's, and upon *each*, a pair of loaded Colts' revolvers, with plenty of cartridges in reserve. A letter was also found on Sam Rivers, mailed at Kokomo, Ind., addressed to him at Chicago, from Frank Lang (another of the clan) in which *he* proposed to join in the Bank-cracking enterprise at Elmyra, N. Y., and should Rivers agree to this, he desired him to say, by telegraph, "*Jim is sick. Come up.*" This was to be signed "SAM."

Anchisi instantly saw his advantage, and proceeding directly to the telegraph-office, he sent to Frank Lang at Kokomo, this despatch: "Jim is sick. Come up. SAM." At same time, Anchisi sent another despatch to Cha's. Betckel, *Marshal* of Kokomo, as follows: "Watch movements of Frank Lang, and if he takes train, follow him, and telegraph me."

It chanced that both the Marshal and Lang received their two despatches in Kokomo, at the same moment. So the Marshal followed Anchisi's instructions, and instantly "shadowed" Frank Lang, who went to his brother's (Isaac) farm, three miles distant, and out into a field there, where he at once dug up a large tin box, while the Marshal,

concealed in the underbrush, close by, saw him take from this box a package, which Lang put into his inside coat-pocket, replaced the box in the earth, covered it up again and started back for the Depot, whence he left by the night train, for Cleveland, of course in response to "Sam's" despatch; and dutifully followed by the Marshal on the same train, who had disguised himself, carefully — since he was well known to Lang.

The Marshal sent to Anchisi this despatch, just before starting: "*Am on train, with your man. On arrival at Cleveland, you will recognize me, on front car-platform with white handkerchief in my hand.*"

The distance from Kokomo, Ind., to Cleveland, Ohio, is about twenty hours' travel, by rail. On the following evening, Frank came in, duly; Anchisi was in the Depot, saw the Marshal's "white 'kerchief," as he pointed Lang out to him — who, at the moment, was evidently looking about the place eagerly for "Sam," who had sent him the telegram. And he found "Sam," very suddenly. Or, rather, "Sam" found *him!* Anchisi, in an instant of time, had a pair of iron handcuffs upon Mr. Frank Lang's wrists, and *he* was a fast prisoner.

He remonstrated stoutly at this rough and unceremonious reception; exclaiming, "what is *this* for? I am an officer of the law. What do you mean? Here is my badge of office."

And the prisoner showed his shield, upon his vest. (He *was* actually a constable, at Kokomo).

But Anchisi searched and found a loaded revolver upon him, and a considerable amount in $10 counterfeit "greenbacks;" and, in explanation, he stated that he "found these in the cars." This wouldn't do, with one of Col. Whitley's men! He was locked up, the matter was kept

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CHARLES E. ANCHISI,

OPERATIVE, CENTRAL DISTRICT,

U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION.

[See page 301.

from the press for the hour, and the Express train of the same evening took Anchisi, one of his Assistants, and the Marshal back to Kokomo.

At this juncture it was important to obtain evidence against Isaac Lang (the brother) and Thomas Lang (the father of the prisoner,) well known counterfeiters, before Frank's arrest should become public. To effect this, Anchisi despatched his "informer" to Lang's farm. This person, be it remembered, was the *pretended* thief, who had joined the gang a few months before, as we have described. He was instructed to go to the Langs, at Kokomo, and *buy* some counterfeit money of them, if he could. On the way to Lang's farm, he met the old man — Thomas.

He found no difficulty in thus getting from the father what *he had on his person*, but he told the old man he wanted more.

"Go to my son, at the house; and *he* will furnish you with all you want," said the old gent.

The informer went, got $200 in the same kind of counterfeit $10 greenbacks, saw Ed. Wilson at the farm, who also had plenty of the same style of stuff, and who bade Lang and the *supposed* thief good-bye, with the statement that *he* was bound to Chicago, to "shove" his supply. And *he* left Kokomo, that night. Anchisi was now about within reach, and he telegraphed to Lonergan, U. S. Detective at Chicago, who arrested Ed. Wilson, on his arrival there, with the coney in his possession, and locked *him* up at once.

On the following day, Anchisi with his Assistant, and the Marshal, took a team and went to the Lang farm, through the woods. On reaching the house, he immediately seized young Isaac, and handcuffed him, and then arrested the old man. A search was made around the spot where

the tin box was supposed to have been re-buried, but though the ground was all dug over, for hours, no token of the box appeared. Yet Anchisi continued hopeful, and he did not give up the expectation to possess himself of this coveted article.

He took these two prisoners to a railway station *beyond* Kokomo, left them in charge of his Assistant, and returned, himself, to Kokomo, since he saw the necessity of making no stir in that place, just *yet*, in reference to these two important arrests. There, quietly, he immediately arrested Jacob Maas, another "shover" of this clan, and left, with this third prisoner, to join the others, all of whom were now to be taken to Indianapolis, necessarily.

Before he left, he arranged with a Deputy of the Marshal to have Lang's farm studiously watched; and that night, about one o'clock, two men came near the house into a cornfield, and commenced to dig up the earth. The officer, with his revolver in hand, called them to halt; but they fled, as he fired upon them. He then went to the spot where they had been digging, and unearthed the desired tin box which was found to contain $9,000 in the counterfeits already described, and also near by, six sets of new harnesses, fourteen gold rings, twelve gold watches, silks, and other fine goods — the proceeds of various robberies lately committed by this gang, in that region. All this property ultimately reached the hands of its owners, again.

Then Anchisi proceeded to Fort Wayne, with his Assistant, where he sought to secure the notorious Jean Phillabaum, whom he had had his eye on, from the first, but whom he was compelled to leave to the last, on account of the current developments that occurred during this long series of extensive operations. But at Fort Wayne, he found, to his regret, that *this* bird had flown, on account of

the articles that had been published in the Kokomo papers, unfortunately.

Anchisi was not to be beaten in this business however, although he knew that Phillabaum had friends, and many of them — especially amongst the Police and private Detective forces at Fort Wayne. So he fell back upon his "reserved rights," and planned *again*, in patient hopefulness.

Suddenly, all the U. S. Detectives disappeared from that place, so far as the public eye was concerned. But at this time, there appeared on the tapis, a polite French gentleman, who was an entire stranger to everybody there; who took board, and expressed his readiness to teach his native language there, if he could procure pupils. He remained nearly two weeks, but could get no scholars, and one evening, on going to the Post-Office, this gentleman saw a buggy come out from a livery stable, kept by one Jim Barr, a noted counterfeiter, and intimate friend of Phillabaum.

In this buggy there were seated Mr. Phillabaum and his brother-in-law. They drove away leisurely, and close behind them, there followed a man, who kept near them, notwithstanding he was on foot. Half a mile away, they stopped in front of a store, and called out, "Andy."

This Andy came out, and recognizing Phillabaum, said, "For God's sake, Phillabaum, what are *you* doing here? Don't you know that Fort Wayne is full of Whitley's U. S. Detectives?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Phillabaum, "I know better than that. I've been on the lookout. While they watch us, I watch them. They have gone — all hands. And, besides this, I'd like to see the U. S. Detective that will dare to trouble me, with *this!*" and he drew forth a new revolver, which he had that day purchased.

Andy said "you'd better keep a sharp eye out, and take care of yourself, though."

They separated, the vehicle went on a quarter of a mile further, and stopped at a country-house. Phillabaum alighted, entered the yard by the gate, and tried the door, but the occupants were absent. He returned leisurely towards the gate.

Meanwhile, the strange man who had followed the vehicle on foot, thus far, was close by, in the darkness, and had overheard the above conversation, throughout.

As Phillabaum placed his hand upon the wicket, to pass out the gate to the buggy, and before he had had the opportunity to breathe a second time, he found a pair of iron handcuffs fastened to his wrists, in the darkness, and he was a prisoner, in the hands of the person who had followed him, upon this ride, who turned out to be the quiet French gentleman who proposed to teach the languages at Fort Wayne, and who was in reality Mr. Anchisi, of the U. S. Secret Service Division; who had been upon this "scoundrel's" track for over two long months!

The brother-in-law, in the buggy, said to P., "what does it mean?"

"I don't know," said Phillabaum.

"Come down!" said the Detective, to the man in the vehicle. And as he stepped out, Anchisi seized *him*, threw him to the ground, forced P. into the wagon, and jumping in himself, drove off, with his prisoner, in triumph — leaving the astounded brother-in-law to pick himself up.

This arrest caused great surprise. It was the last of the Fort Wayne Gang. Phillabaum was at once taken to the County jail, and thence removed to Indianapolis by Anchisi.

The result of these two months expedition was the capture, first and last, of twenty-four desperate counterfeiters, burglars, thieves, and highway robbers — and the seizure of more than $25,000 in counterfeit money, as well as burglars' tools, stolen property, a nice set of $5 greenback

plates, etc., etc., the whole planning of which, and the carrying it out to complete success, was managed by Mr. Chas. E. Anchisi, under Col. Whitley's direction; an achievement which is but one of many accomplished, during his term of service, by this able and skillful operative.

Matthew A. Boyd, of New Cumberland, O., was about the same time captured. This dangerous man was one of the very last secured by the U. S. Detectives, in this general raid on the counterfeiters there. A large quantity of "coney" was found upon him. He had carried on an enormous wholesale business, in this line, furnishing the "queer" to hundreds of boodle-men, and the smaller carriers, who distributed their supplies, thus obtained, throughout the entire west, in every direction.

Boyd had a rendezvous at Zoar Station (near New Philadelphia) and here he met his numerous patrons from time to time, and made his "deals." He had for over twenty years escaped capture, and had given the local authorities an immense amount of trouble. It was said that he had been on very good terms with many public men, and also with the Cleveland police — years ago — whereby he was enabled to dodge arrest, and riot in his wickedness for so long a period, unmolested. But *he* made one deal too many, and went up, with the rest of the gang — all of whom were safely "put away," at last.

This entire batch of ruffians and counterfeiters were brought to trial, convicted, and were consigned to the State Prisons in the West, upon sentences varying from three and five to ten years each. A more adroitly conducted and advantageous enterprise, from conception to finality, can not be found in the annals of the U. S. Secret Service.

THE STATEN ISLAND GANG.

UNITED STATES REVENUE

STAMP COUNTERFEITING.

Some time in the summer of 1869, information reached Col. Whitley, of the U. S. Service Division, that a new counterfeit *Tobacco* stamp was being put upon the market, which was described as a very perfect imitation of the genuine, and a dangerous one. One of the Chief's Detectives was at once detailed to work up this case, with orders to move promptly and report as soon as possible, to headquarters.

The Detective succeeded, after a few weeks of constant application and manœuvering, to ingratiate himself into the good fellowship of a man named John Breme, a German, who bore the reputation of being an old counterfeiter, but who did not know the disguised Detective — who represented himself as a Hebrew, and a merchant or rather a manufacturer of tobacco in the West, who had come to New York as an extensive dealer therein, and who was ready for *any* speculation that turned up.

Breme introduced the Detective to one Walker; who,

after due caution in responding to the Detective's approaches, quietly showed him the above mentioned new counterfeit 60lbs. tobacco stamp, which had been got up expressly for the Southern market. Of course the pretended western Tobacco dealer wanted to *buy* some of them. They were just what he wanted. And having proceeded thus far with Mr. Walker, the disguised Detective reported to the Chief, and it was at once concluded to purchase a quantity of these bogus stamps, (which were really very finely executed) at twenty-five cents on the dollar of the amount they represented.

There was at this time a clan of counterfeiters, some of whom were known to the force, in and near New York city, whom Col. Whitley had had his eye on for some time. This combination of choice spirits embraced Col. Bob Clark, Hart L. Pierce, John Rippon, *et als.*, and the attention of the officers was turned upon this crew with zeal and determination to smoke them out.

Col. "Bob Clark" was Col. of the 13th N. Y. Regiment of Vols., in the late rebellion, and served with distinguished credit through the war. He was an elegant looking man, wore a fierce mustache, *a la Napoleon III.*, and was really altogether *distingué* in his personal manners and general appearance. His portrait will be found at page 388.

Hart L. Pierce was a first class engraver, located in Nassau Street, New York, and formerly worked for the Bank Note Companies. He was a most excellent artisan, and executed "fine" work in the highest style of the art.

Reuben Carpenter, who resided in Cambridgeport, Mass., was also a good engraver of vignettes, and had his rooms in Bromfield Street, Boston, where he was very favorably known. He was naturally a very good citizen, but "fell from grace," through bad associations, in which he got

entangled, and was corrupted by huge bribes, at last. He was unlucky in many ways, and suffered from domestic disasters, which hurt him.

John Rippon was a plate-printer, a most excellent workman, and he resided upon Staten Island, N. Y. He was an Englishman, by birth, and his house was the head-quarters for the "Staten Island Gang."

William Kempton was his associate printer, and a superior press-man. He lived with Rippon, on the Island. He was formerly a sea-captain, an intelligent man, and a competent workman in his branch of trade.

Charles Henning and Charles Bonhack were partners, who carried on a large Match Factory in the outskirts of Jersey City, and did a heavy business in this line of traffic.

Volney Wright was a young man about town, a good looking fellow, and "a gentleman of leisure," who lived by his wits, and was the associate of flash "confidence men," and fast youths. Also, a seller of counterfeit money and bogus U. S. Internal Revenue stamps.

There were some others connected with this "nice little party," but those above named, with Col. Bob Clark at the head, were the principals in the gang whose brief history we include in this chapter, all of whom were "shadowed" faithfully, and arrested at about the same time.

The "deal" arranged for the Tobacco stamps noted in the opening paragraphs of this article, namely, between Mr. Walker and the disguised Detective, calling himself Olbach, was agreed to be consummated at night in a retired lager-beer saloon, on the east side of New York city. Before the hour of this intended meeting when the bogus stamps were to be duly delivered, a number of roughly dressed men found their way promiscuously into this public saloon. They were seemingly strangers to each other. One carried

a valise, another a hat-box, &c., and were apparently ordinary travellers. Shortly afterwards, "Mr. Olbach," (the name assumed by the Detective) came in and sat down, and other strangers entered to meet Mr. O.

They moved about, drank lager freely, and some of them stepped outside. Then others, among the *first* travellers, went out, also. "Mr. Olbach" and one of his new-found friends were then walking outside. These were Breme Walker and the Detective — while other Detectives were close by on the watch. Olbach gave a signal (agreed on) which was understood by the other. "travellers" that the stamps were *there*.

In an instant the valises and hat box were dropped, and the disguised "travellers" threw their arms around this trio, and secured them. The bogus stamps, $4,000 worth, were found upon Walker's person — who, upon examination by Chief Whitley, at once "squealed" on Wright, and arranged (in the interest of the authorities) to purchase *more* stamps, at once. This he did, and Wright was quickly "collared" with $6,000 worth of these stamps upon him.

Wright then squealed on one Phil' Hardgrave, and agreed to make another "deal" with *him*, next morning early, at the corner of Amity and Mercer Streets. At the appointed time, Chief Whitley, who had supervised all the above operations in person, with six of his men, convened around the spot designated for this new deal. They were scattered about, and Hardgrave came, as agreed on.

Just before delivering the last stamps, when the Detectives were closing around him, Hardgrave, being an old bird, and very wary, "smelt a mice," and suddenly "tumbled to the job" and broke, like a quarter-horse — away, down the street, closely pursued by the Chief and his men! The Colonel, who proved fleetest of foot, took the lead in this live-

ly stern-chase, his men falling behind in the race — and after running nine blocks, Hardgrave's wind gave out, and the Chief "collared" him and searched the fugitive, instanter; but found no stamps upon him. He had dexterously thrown the package into a passing horse-car, as he fled — where they were afterwards found, $6,000 worth; and must have been the same that he had brought with him to the street corner, for Wright. Hardgrave was "fly" enough to know he couldn't be convicted, if the stamps were not found on his person; and so he thus deftly got rid of them.

Nobody put a hand on Hardgrave as he ran, for he shouted "stop thief!" louder than any one in the crowd. And after his arrest, *he* refused to squeal on anybody; since he knew, under the circumstances, that he was not "dead to rights." He would own up to nothing; and in consequence of his course in ridding himself of the bogus, at the right moment, the thread of this "stamp-counterfeiting" job was broken off — and the men *issuing* them (the grand head source whence they originated) was not reached, at that time.

Then commenced what is technically known among Detectives as the "piping" process, under Whitley's directions. For three months Hardgrave and others suspected of being concerned in this transaction were duly "shadowed," and every kind of device was resorted to, to trap the lively scoundrels, whom Col. W. was satisfied were engaged in this work. But, for a while, without success.

At length, on the 30th of October, 186?, Col. Whitley, his Chief Assistant, Mr. Nettleship, and W. W. Applegate, called at No. 39 Nassau Street, New York; and mounting to the fourth story of those premises, in a room near the sky, they found Hart L. Pierce, whose place had long been watched. The Colonel entered first, clapped his hand on Hart's shoulder, and said, "I am Chief of the U. S. Secret

Service. I want you." Pierce turned deadly pale, and the Chief ordered his Assistants to make a thorough search of the apartment, and this man's person — which resulted in the capture of a $3 counterfeit manifest stamp-plate, which was taken from Pierce's bosom.

Upon this, Pierce came down, and owned that he with the aid of one Reuben Carpenter, of Boston, had cut the 60lb. tobacco stamp-plate, this manifest plate, and several other bogus U. S. Revenue stamp-plates; and also that Carpenter was *then* engaged in engraving a counterfeit $1000 U. S. Bond plate. He added that the further *printing* of the tobacco stamps had been suspended; that printers were then busy at work at Staten Island, upon Match-stamps, in quantity; and that this stamp was being issued under the sole manipulation of Col. Robert B. Clark. This was the first intimation had that Clark was implicated in this business — for he was a well appearing man, and had given no cause for such suspicions.

Col. Clark's room was at 317 East thirteenth Street. A visit was paid to his premises, and the place was immediately searched — where upwards of *fifty thousand* bogus Revenue stamps (of all denominations and for different purposes) were discovered, and seized, among them 60lb. tobacco stamps. Col. Clark was arrested, and all this was kept from the newspapers, for prudential reasons.

Chief Whitley then took Hart L. Pierce with him to Boston. Pierce there pointed out the engraver Carpenter to him. Having secured the aid of two Boston police Detectives, Messrs. Heath and Jones — well known at the East for their ready tact and shrewdness in this work — he went for Carpenter, and found him steadily at work, upon legitimate engraving. And upon being confronted with Pierce, Carpenter denied all knowledge of his accusations. The

Chief took him aside, and after an earnest exhortation and appeal to him — this man came down, fairly, and gave up the $1000 5.20 bond plate — elegantly done — but not yet completed. He also frankly gave other information, which led directly to the capture of a most exquisitely engraved $10 National Bank note plate (referred to in our article on the "Romance of Crime," see page 156). This was just completed, and was being printed from.

Through Carpenter's acknowledgements, Chief Whitley was also put upon a trail, which being communicated to Detective Philip Farley of the New York Police force, whose aptness in the performance of his duties is so well known and appreciated, everywhere, was followed by the securing of a perfect imitation $1,000 Central Pacific Railway Bond, just finished. The parties in this job were so closely followed up by Farley, even out to England, that none were printed from this plate. The guilty men could not be arrested *there*, but Farley got the plate, brought it back, and delivered it to the Rail Road company, duly.

Carpenter was now brought from Boston to New York, by Col. W., where he confessed to having engraved some of this stamp work. Then Whitley took some Aids and went, with Pierce, to Staten Island, the next day (Sunday,) where he made a raid upon the bogus *printing* establishment. Pierce pointed out a secluded house in the woods, and the Detectives suddenly pounced upon it. They "went through it," and found a printing-press up stairs, with inks, paper, &c., and below a large fine perforating press; but no counterfeit *stamps* were discovered there.

Rippon occupied this house, and here the Chief's magnetic power was exerted to induce this man to own up. But he stood out against the influence. R.'s wife stuck by him, closely. Then the Chief took Rippon out into the lot near

the house, and wrestled, struggled, preached and talked to him, and partially conquered him. But returning to the house, one glance of the wife, who controlled him, strangely, silenced the repentant uprising of the poor devil's good intentions! They went out again; again he promised to reveal; they returned, and again the wife fiercely stared him out of his temporary good resolution. And so for four long weary hours, did Whitley plead with this contrite man.

In the wife's presence nothing could be done. Out of doors, once more, and at him again, went the Col. in earnest, and hopefully. He felt confident that he could vanquish him — and at length Rippon indicated that what the Colonel sought was buried near the house. A spade was thrust into his tremulous hand. He led the way to the garden. Then walking about, he struck the spade into the ground — heard his wife's warning voice (who watched him) and *dropped the implement*, instanter! He "could *not* do it," he said. Indeed he "didn't know where the property was." The Chief now called his men, they dug zealously, a while, and then struck a stout tin box 12 by 18 inches square, which, on being taken up, was found to contain all the plates, dies, and rolls, for printing the *match* stamps — and this box was also filled with the bogus stamps.

A plate marked "Benona Howard" upon it, was also found. *This* plate developed the fact that this man had two years previously carried on an extensive Match Factory, and had used bogus stamps in his business. *He* was some months afterwards arrested, the bogus plates on which he printed his originally used stamps were found, with all his paraphernalia, which were promptly captured; he was indicted, and is now awaiting his trial in the U. S. Court, under heavy bail.

To sum up the results of Chief Whitley's operations with

this clan, we conclude by stating that Rippon and Kempton were then arrested at Staten Island — all further attempts at concealment of their iniquity having been completely frustrated, though the ardent Colonel found this final scene the hardest *talking*-bout he ever encountered; and the prisoners were removed into close custody. The wife of Rippon was the keenest, shrewdest and sharpest of this twain, and proved herself a difficult customer to manage, throughout the tedious ordeal through which the Detectives passed, in that last tortuous scene.

Rippon shortly "squealed" on Henning and Bonhack, the match factory partners. It turned out that Rippon was to deliver these stamps to his *employer*, Col. Bob Clark, by agreement. But R. had, *sub rosa*, a customer of his own to whom he desired to sell them — thus purposing to cheat Clark out of what belonged to *him*.

Col. Whitley then went over to Jersey and seized the Match Factory, and arrested Henning and Bonhack, both of whom were convicted and consigned to the State Prison there, promptly; the carrying out of the laws in the New Jersey Courts being a far more expeditious and righteous process than that pursued in many of the New York Courts. The Factory was forfeited to the Government, sold out, and the proceeds passed into the United States Treasury.

The 60lb. and other bogus stamp cases were followed up vigorously by Col. Whitley's men to Richmond, Va., and several other important seizures, arrests, and convictions of similar criminals, were made soon after this clan were provided for.

Col. Bob Clark was tried, but attempted to suborn a witness who intended to swear from his own knowledge that the accusations against Clark had been a "put-up job" on him. This fact was learned by Col. W. in season to squelch

this testimony out. The prisoner then tried the insanity dodge, and was pronounced perfectly sane, after competent medical examination. But all would not serve or save him!

He was sentenced for five years to the State Prison at Albany, where he is now established, for the present. Carpenter was "put away" similarly. Henning and Bonhack, of the Match Factory, followed suit, and are now in the Penitentiary. Wright is now waiting his turn, for trial. And Pierce and Rippon were used as Government witnesses.

This combination of talented rogues thus went up — entire. And, through the persistent exertions of Col. Whitley, this crowd, and a dozen others, of lesser note, were all torn out from their secret hiding-places, where they had for years been busily occupied in cheating and defrauding the U. S. Government, and have found a place of safety, where, fortunately for the public good, they will not hereafter be led, or lead others, into temptation.

And so ends the vile machinations and arch plottings of the "Staten Island Gang."

"EASY ROBERTS,"

OF OHIO.

THE SANCTIMONIOUS.

——— "I do the wrong.
The secret mischiefs that *I* set a-broach,
I lay unto the grevious charge of others,
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil!
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And *seem* a saint, when most I play the devil."

SHAKSPEARE.

The first $2 counterfeit National Bank Note of New York, was discovered and traced by one of Col. Whitley's Detectives, Mr. Cha's. E. Anchisi, to the possesssion of a sanctimonious and outwardly "pious" individual in the town of Salineville, in the State of Ohio.

This pretended saint, who made great show of his own sanctity and a corresponding admiration of the good morals of his neighbors and acquaintances (of whom he had a goodly number) and who was deemed a pattern of godliness and propriety, resided in the town named above, which is located upon the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, about thirty miles from Albion, O.

His name was E. Z. Roberts. He was better known as "Easy Roberts" from his naturally free and careless manners in ordinary intercourse. He was endowed with rare business talents, and always appeared to be a zealous and virtuous Christian. The office he held in connection with the coal mines of the "Cleveland Iron Company," of which he was the Superintendent, was a lucrative and very responsible position; through the performance of the duties of which he was brought constantly into contact with many business men. This office was one which required not only superior talents to manage properly, but especially demanded that only an honest, upright man should hold the place.

Heavy sums of money were continually entrusted to the superintendent's hands, to pay off the laborers and employes of the Company. His name was well known among coal men, far and near, who had occasion to treat with him frequently, and for years he had been highly esteemed as a model of integrity and good intentions.

Roberts is about fifty years old. He owns the land in which these coal mines are located. He is wealthy, has a nice orderly family, is a man of great influence, (or has been) and has always been looked upon, in that district, as a highly respectable, religious, exemplary individual. When the explosion suddenly occurred which we proceed to give the details of, the whole community were shocked at the revelations made; which disgust was greatly intensified, when they remembered the past life of this pretended "pious" rascal!

Mr. Cha's. E. Anchisi, of Col. Whitley's Division, was put upon this job by his Chief, and he proceeded carefully and adroitly to work it up. The high standing of the person he started to pursue, rendered this a difficult affair to

manage — though he did not at first know clearly who he was about to tackle.

But a $2 counterfeit National note had been forwarded to this Detective, by a merchant of Alliance, one day, who could not then say who had passed it on him. Still, he recollected that on that occasion, certain parties from Eastern Ohio had been in his store, and had purchased some goods. He supposed it was from them he had received this $2 bill. The trail was a very faint one. But indistinct though it was, Anchisi raised it, and went about his business as systematically as is his wont.

He proceeded to Alliance, conferred with this merchant, learned all he could from him — which was precious little, for he could tell nothing except that his customers were of the class that appeared like coal-men, from the mines. Then A. made a tour of the vicinity, visited the mines, and on reaching Salineville, at once called upon the post-master there. He enquired of him if *he* had met with any $2 counterfeits, and this official at once exhibited *two* notes which had recently been paid to him, of that denomination and character.

"Whom did you get these bills from?" asked Anchisi, with some interest.

"I don't care to say, sir. He's a good man, and above all suspicion. I believe he's all right."

"Who *is* it? You must tell me," insisted the Detective. "I am a U. S. Officer. These are counterfeits."

"Well, then, if I must, they came from Mr. Roberts."

"Both of them?"

"Yes, sir," said the post-master.

Anchisi went to other stores where he learned that Roberts was buying groceries, dry goods, clothes, &c., and found that he had passed thirty-five of these $2s ($70) in

one place; and all were counterfeits. In one other store he had put off two more of them, in another six, in another eight, in another four, and in one place *also* a $10 counterfeit, upon the Poughkeepsie Bank. Anchisi *now* thought it about time to "spring his trap" upon this unsuspecting but cunning villain, and he accordingly proceeded to arrest him, but found he had left town, on business.

He followed him to a place about eight miles away, at another Railroad station, where he met Roberts, when he approached him, told him who he was, and straightway clapped the iron ruffles upon the devout and "easy" hypocrite, informing him he must then accompany him to Cleveland.

"What does this signify?" demanded Roberts, greatly astonished, plainly. "Why do you thus arrest me, Sir?"

"For passing counterfeit money," said Anchisi, promptly.

"*Counterfeit!*" exclaimed Roberts. "Why, I get all my money from the First National Bank of Cleveland!"

"This you must prove elsewhere, Sir. You must come with me, *now*."

And away they went together, the Detective speaking of the bogus notes as they went. Upon arriving at Cleveland, Roberts told another story, to wit; that he "got all his money from the Treasurer of the Cleveland Iron Company." Then he added —

"I have just received by Express $3,000 from that officer, and these $2's and $10 which you say are bogus, were in that parcel."

Anchisi was in possession of ample evidence to convict this rascal, in his own belief, beyond a doubt: yet as a matter of form, and with the desire to perform his whole duty in the premises, in order that he might report fully to Col. Whitley, he proceeded to confer with the President of the Iron Company, in reference to this matter.

By this time Roberts had got thoroughly frightened. The President was astounded when the Superintendent's misdeeds were recounted to him, and expressed his opinion that if Roberts were guilty, he ought to meet with condign punishment. He referred Anchisi to the Treasurer, then, who said that he had sent Roberts *some* money, but never any of *this* stuff. He stated that he had sent *a* package, but there could be no question that such bills as were now shown him, had not been amongst the money forwarded to Roberts. They then proceeded to the Bank, where the Treasurer got the parcel he sent to R. Anchisi showed the bogus notes there. The officers at once declared that they never saw those bills, and had never passed any $2's at all.

Easy Roberts essayed to take this matter as easily as he usually did any mishap. He spoke feelingly and devoutly of "misfortune, persecution," and the like; but the Detective who had run him down "dead sure," on more than one clear point, was not now to be fooled, cheated, or cajoled by either his hypocrisy, his cunning, or his lamentations. He took the "reverend" impostor before the U. S. Commissioner, where at Anchisi's suggestion — who deemed this a very flagrant and important case — the prisoner was placed under $10,000 bail for his appearance at Court for trial.

At this examination before the Commissioner, Roberts attempted the concoction of a *third* tale, by way of explanation, and said, deceitfully —

"Now I think of it, about a month ago, I loaned a man forty dollars, to go to Pennsylvania with. He paid me on his return, and these $2 notes must have come from *him*."

"How then about the bogus $10 note?" queried Anchisi.

"Ah — yes. He must have given me that, also!"

"Well. How do you account for the remaining bills you paid, of this same kind, in the thirty-five $2's to Mr. S——?"

Yes. He now remembered that "he had several men to pay off, and he took some more of these $2's from this same man, in exchange for $5's and $10's he then gave him." All of which story proved utterly false, and Roberts was fully committed.

On going from the Court-room, he quietly said to Assistant Detective Butts, "if Anchisi won't be hard on me, now, I will turn up a good many counterfeiters, in this region, that he don't suspect?"

This announcement opened Anchisi's eyes. He took his prisoner to jail, locked him up, and gave strict orders that no letters or communications should pass to or from him, unknown to *him*. And then he returned to Salineville. This important arrest caused a stampede among the other scoundrels thereabout, and two months passed before anything of importance occurred, after Roberts gave the bail required. A. found upon Roberts, when searched, two pocket-books, $75 in good money in one, the other being filled with more of the bogus $2's and also the following letter: —

NEW YORK, *July* 14*th*, 1871.

"MR. E. ROBERTS, *Salineville*, O.,

Dear Friend:

Your willingness to comply with our terms has been received, and by Express this day, under the name of "John C. Newlen, Salineville, Ohio," we send you the package containing *our copies of greenbacks, fractional currency, etc., etc.* You will find them exact, and they are executed by some of the most skilled and expert engravers in this or any other country. The package now sent, represents $200 and we send it to you—C. O. D. ($25.00), leaving a balance of ten dollars to be paid by you as soon after the package is received as possible.

By this package you will be able to judge of about the quantity you will be able to use, *every month;* and you may

rest assured that in the *next* package you order the bills will be *equal in every respect* to the ones now sent. Therefore make your order as large as possible next time, as our supply of these goods is decreasing every day. As soon as you have received this package, write to us and say how you succeed. You must use judgment *in circulating these notes;* and be careful not to have *too many in one place*, so as to cause suspicion; and do not in *any* case mention where you obtained them. Wishing you every success, we remain

Yours, truly,

H. M. and C. R.

Anchisi secured this important document, and during the following eight weeks continued warily to watch this arch villain. As his trial did not come on, and Anchisi was satisfied he had confederate counterfeiters connected with him at Jefferson, O., he proceeded to that place; and through the Sheriff of the County, got upon the track of one Milo Thorton, who, besides being a wholesale and retail dealer in bogus "national currency," proved to be a maker of false Canadian coins, nickel, etc.

Some parties belonging to Jefferson, O., had lately been arrested at Toronto, Can'a., and Anchisi visited that point, to ascertain that the false coins passed there had been manufactured at Jefferson, by this Thorton. Anchisi returned to Jefferson, made a raid on his house, and found a basket full of bogus coins, nickels, dies and utensils, which were concealed in a dry well there, twenty feet deep. He went to the bottom of this well, and secured these materials, then arrested Thorton at once, and in eight days after this discovery, Milo Thorton had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison at Columbus, O., for four years. He had been there twice previously, for this same offence.

He was one of Easy Roberts' most intimate friends, it was

found. He did not squeal on Roberts, but stated that he received his bogus money from Josh. D. Miner, of New York city. He confessed to all his foul connections, and implicated Miner, very strongly.

"I have known Miner for fifteen years," he said. "I have often met him at Bradford's house, near Central Park. Four years ago, I went to New York, to get a supply of counterfeit notes, and while at Miner's residence, I met a man from Cherry Valley, Ashtabula Co., O., who was there on the same business. I then bought $5,000 worth of coney from Miner, in $10's, on the Poughkeepsie National Bank, under the assumed name of W. N. Thomas, and ordered it sent to me, to care of Dwight Foulker, Jefferson, O. This package came duly, by Express, and I returned to Miner, by Express, $600, in good money for this shipment — which was 12 per cent. on the amount of counterfeit money forwarded." Anchisi then went to the Express Office, examined their books, and verified the truth of these statements in full, day and date.

Thorton made his *last* purchase of Miner, in this same way, and sent M. $600 more good money for another $5,000 bogus. He never received the counterfeits, nor the *good* money he thus sent M.

Anchisi continued to watch Roberts' movements, steadily, and saw him meet this Thorton, *before* the latter was arrested. Roberts subsequently got at and bought off the man of whom he *says* he got the $2's, who is an important witness for the Government, since he positively denied (to Anchisi) all knowledge of this foul transaction. But Roberts is rich, and this man is gone. He may be found, possibly.

The result of this enterprise was the sudden checking of the passing of counterfeit money in that quarter, and the

disappearance of a few other smaller rogues, who were not then got hold of. The *leaders*, however, are cared for, just now. No more bogus $2's, or Poughkeepsie $10's can be circulated, readily, in that ilk!

And though "Easy Roberts," with his sanctimonious "cheek," and whining show of piety and injured innocence, still moves about there, and has some sympathizing friends, when his trial comes, it is to be hoped that justice will triumph in this base scoundrel's case, and that he will be punished according to his deserts.

The following interesting letters exhibit an animus which crops out in the conduct of certain prominent legal gentlemen in Ohio, who have interested themselves in behalf of counterfeiting rogues, notorious in the criminal annals of that State; affording striking evidence that men high in social position are "hand and glove" with these criminals, and who contrive to clog the wheels of justice and embarrass the officers in pursuit of the scoundrels who are directly imposing upon the public their cheatery and frauds. Mr. Anchisi was offered $500, by certain parties, to give up these letters!

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 10th, 1871.

JAMES M. BISSELL, *Alliance, Ohio.*

My dear Sir:

I am informed by Commissioner White, that there will probably be a term of the United States District Court in June, for the trial of cases of the kind you have to defend, (counterfeiting.) I notify you so that you may not be taken by surprise.

Do not neglect preparation so far as you can make it.

You have not written me a word since you were bailed. Have you given up what you said to me before leaving? Write to me at once. *You know I am posted in this business;* and must be dealt fairly by. Have you seen *Combs?* Is he going to send me $100.

Yours very truly,

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SIMEON B. BENSON,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, PENN'A. DISTRICT,

U. S. SECRET SERVICE DIVISION. [See page 338.

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 17th, 1871.

JAMES M. BISSELL, *Alliance, Ohio.**

Dear Sir:

I wrote you a day or two since. I wrote *Combs*, also. If he does not do the fair and honest thing, I *will hand him over.*

Yours, truly, ———.

The following letter was written by an equally well known member of the Cleveland bar, who was a candidate last year on the Prohibition Ticket for an important position.

CLEVELAND, APRIL 20, 1871.

M. A. BOYD.

Dear Sir.

I received your note last evening, and herewith inclose a slip from last night's paper, which will show you what is going on here in regard to "Queersmen." I saw a lawyer here from Alliance, Friday, on the street; he was here for your friend Bissell. You ought to look this matter up at once, for there is no telling what a country lawyer might advise him to do, in order to save his client.

Respectfully yours, ———.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, MAY 16th, 1871.

JAMES M. BISSELL, *Alliance, Ohio.*

My Dear Sir:

Your letter was received, and I have been unable to write you before for several reasons. You know I am very busy, generally, but Court is in session, and I am much engaged. I desire to tell you in plain words, Bissell, that Combs must pay me $100. He must pay it—$50 now, and $50 in thirty days. He must not expect me to be treated as he treated me in Alliance, and allow him to laugh at me *while I hold him in the hollow of my hand.* You must not interfere with it. You must tell him to do so. Let him at least be honest with *me.* Tell him to act at once.

Yours, very truly, ———.

* James M. Bissell, and M. A. Boyd, are notorious western counterfeiters.

SIMEON B. BENSON,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, U. S. S. S. D., DIST. OF PENN'A.

This gentleman, whose portrait faces page 336, is a native of Waterford, Pa., a small town fourteen miles from Erie, Pa. This spot abounds in interesting historical reminiscences. In 1756 a French fort was located there, and it was to this place that General Geo. Washington came, by order of Gov. Dinwiddie, (then Governor of Virginia,) to warn the French troops to leave the place, and not encroach farther upon English territory. Out of this grew the war which resulted in the memorable Braddock's defeat.

Mr. Benson passed his earlier years in the lovely romantic village of Waterford, which had been selected by the State of Pennslyvania as the most appropriate spot in which to locate and endow an Academy, which is still flourishing there, and is now considered one of the finest educational institutions of its class in the great Key-stone State.

The father of Mr. Benson was a wealthy farmer, and was able to give his son the advantages of an excellent education. He pursued his elementary studies at the Academy, after the conclusion of which young Benson entered the law-office of J. B. Johnson, Esq. a prominent counsellor

and attorney of Erie, Pa., where he read law up to the breaking out of the rebellion, in the year 1861, when he entered the Union army. He was commissioned a first Lieutenant, and was detailed as Quartermaster of Col. John M'cLean's "Erie Regiment," which had been organized under the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers, to serve three months.

Mr. Benson subsequently assisted in raising and organizing the 83d Pennsylvania Regiment, and was in readiness to proceed with that gallant command to the front, when he unexpectedly received notice from the War Department at Washington to hold himself under orders for future special duty.

Mr. B. having evinced extraordinary acuteness in discovering various frauds attempted to be perpetrated by certain Government Contractors, and the certainty with which he had turned up the machinations of various plotters against the interests of the U. S. Government, had commended him to the notice of the Washington authorities, who placed him at once in the Secret Service of the War Department — detailed for duty upon the Pennsylvania and Maryland borders.

He was noted for his intrepidity and daring, constantly, and he was successful in gathering valuable information of the movements of the enemy, at that period. His reports to head-quarters, which were remarkable for their accuracy and extraordinary minuteness of detail, proved very satisfactory. He continued thus engaged until the close of the rebellion, when he returned to Waterford, where he remained managing his late father's handsome estate, which fell to him at his parent's decease, until the time when Col. H. C. Whitley assumed charge of the U. S. Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department

Mr. Benson chanced to be in Washington, at this time, and unsolicited by himself, was tendered a commission in this Service, by Col. W. He accepted the position, and went vigorously to work in the Western District of Penn'a., meeting with great success in clearing out the hordes of counterfeiters who then infested that vicinity. He brought to his new position the advantages of prior Detective experience in the Union Army, a sufficient knowledge of the laws to guide him safely in the more intricate and complicated cases liable to arise in detective life, and conducted the business intrusted to him with such energy and devotedness, as to induce Col. Whitley, voluntarily, to promote him to the rank of a Chief Operative, with head-quarters at Philadelphia, where he is now officially established.

Mr. Benson's success in his line of business is second to that of no operative on the force. He was the *first* man commissioned by Col. Whitley, and the results of his admirably conducted labors have proved a credit to the good judgment of the Chief, in selecting him for the Service. Through Mr. B.'s exertions, upwards of fifty offenders have been convicted and sent to the Penitentiary, for counterfeiting and violations of the U. S. Internal Revenue laws, among the most notable of whom may be mentioned "Mysterious Bob," whose career we have recorded, and whose various aliases of Lewy Roberts, Harry Harrison, and John B. Altic, will be remembered.

It may be said that Mr. Benson's whole life and experience has tended towards fitting him peculiarly for the vocation he is now engaged in. His natural powers of observation are very remarkable. The most minute and insignificant occurrences are seized upon by him, and turned to advantage, subsequently, in the course of his busy duties, and he is untiring in his work, in the sphere he at present so honorably and so faithfully occupies.

Exceedingly affable and pleasing in address, agreeable in his manners, and a most inimitable story-teller, he is able to disarm his object of all suspicion as to the real end he has in viéw — upon occasion — and to these good qualities is added his rare sound judgment, which serves him well, at all times, and under all circumstances.

Mr. B. is now forty-five years old. He is a gentleman of thorough integrity and sterling character, possessed of ample pecuniary means, and pursues the profession of a Detective only from absolute choice, and the attractiveness of the business to his peculiar sympathies.

THE GREAT

PHILADELPHIA BOODLE GAME.

THE "CONFIDENCE MEN" ROUTED.

About the time when Col. H. C. Whitley came into office at the head of the Secret Service Division, (in the spring of 1869,) there was then being extensively played in Philadelphia and New York a noted "confidence" or swindling game, technically known to the Detectives and the Police authorities as the "$5 *Boodle Game*," which in reality is but another name or phrase in counterfeiting, though a very dangerous branch of this infamous traffic.

It was ascertained that there were engaged in this business Col. L. J. Sherman, A. J. Wightman, W'm. B. Grover, old Johnny Hart, Frank Mackay, and some others — those above mentioned being the chief offenders and prime movers of the gang, the named conspirators in which led off in this "boodle game" — which is played with the following points, to wit: —

First, one of the clan, who must be a glib and skillful *talker*, is deputed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of some person who is known to possess ready cash means,

and who may be desirous to make more money, easily; while he shall not be over-scrupulous as to the *manner* in which this may be effected. It is necessary that the talker approaches his chosen victim cautiously and indifferently, but still persistently, until he gets his confidence, and can show him clearly "how he can make his pile, if he is as smart as the average."

Having made himself favorably known to this second party, the good "talker" then inadvertently drops the remark, at the right moment, that he "has just met with a big thing;" which he then confidentially proceeds to disclose the character of, "all on the square, you know, of course — and mum's the word." The proposed victim sees his chance, and "will go in — if he can enter on the ground-floor;" which privilege is promised him. But all very quiet, and secret, every time. And this "big thing" the talker thus explains to his anxious friend, who has a thousand or two dollars of the "ready," which he desires to make two or three or five of, at the earliest convenient moment.

"I've just run foul of some men" says the first one, "who, through *some* means, I don't know how, have possessed themselves of certain genuine U. S. Government plates, from which they are printing hundreds of thousands of dollars, and they are selling these bills for fifty cents on the dollar, in quantity. The business is somewhat risky, of course — but what speculative business is not?"

The bait thus charily thrown out, is snapped at by the intended dupe, but he is cautious, yet.

"Have you seen any of these bills?" he asks.

"O, yes. You can bet your life I don't let this sort o' thing pass *me*. Here, look! I've had one lick at 'em, already. See."

And the talker produces a dozen or two clean bright $5 *genuine* Greenback notes, from his well filled pocket-book.

"Are you a judge of money?" asks the talker.

"Well, I ought to be. I've handled enough," says the dupe, confidently.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," says the other; "for I swear *I* can't tell one of these bills from another."

"They're *all* good," says the dupe. "I'll take 'em; a cord of 'em." And he carefully looks over the dozen or more *really* genuine $5 notes this gentleman so carelessly exhibits to him.

"Not too fast," says the talker. "You're a judge, no doubt. But I tell you, between ourselves, I can buy a hatful of these very bills at 50 cents on the dollar of their face. Now you just take these notes to some expert, bank, or broker, and see what *they* say."

Ten minutes afterwards the now rather excited but close-mouthed victim returns (after going to the banks, etc.) chock full of eagerness.

"It's all right," he says, "they're *good* — every one of 'em. Just as I told you."

The talker knew this, all the time! But *he* is playing the "$5 Boodle Game," and in this little pastime he's a veritable heathen Chinee! The proposed victim don't know any thing of this, however. He's up to snuff though, ordinarily; *he* has been round; and he'd like very much to see the color of the man's face that can fool *him!* So he quietly says to himself, "It is a big thing, surely." And he "would buy three thousand dollars (for $1,500) of them, every day in the week, if he could get 'em." And so *he* takes a hand in this nice little boodle game, which, in his wide experience, he has never yet learned the p'ints of!

The following day is fixed upon between these two men,

when a large bundle of these $5 notes can be bought, and delivered to the victim in the following manner. He has become thoroughly infatuated with his brilliant prospects, and he agrees to meet the musical talker's representative — a third party — in some secluded spot, or street, where this bundle of notes is to be delivered to him; it being explained to him that this thing can be done only in a very cautious way. And so he meets the stranger, accordingly.

His man brings the parcel nicely done up, sealed, and tied — on the top and bottom of which is placed a genuine $5 note, and the *ends* of all the rest of the nominal $3,000 inside, are left exposed to view (to the depth of an inch or so) so that he can see — can't he, in broad daylight? — that it's all *right*. He scans the package, and sees the ends of numerous $5 notes, apparently, at top and bottom. This to him is the $3,000. He pays his good fifteen hundred dollars to the stranger, and they separate — he having agreed to bring him another package next week; this being all he could get, to-day, they were in such active demand. The victim sees the $5 good notes are at the top and bottom of this packet, and supposes it to be a way they have of packing this money. He *subsequently* ascertains precisely what this means! The "slight acquaintance" who brought him this package has stepped into a doorway, near by, and the store runs through the block to the next street. Half an hour afterwards the nice talker and the stranger who delivers the bundle to the dupe, meet by appointment, and divide their joint victim's $1,500 between them; while he has opened his bundle in his back office, secretly, to find that his parcel is filled with business cards, only, the ends of which are counterfeit imitations of the $5 Bank note!

He is surprised, chagrined, not a little angry at this "cursed sell," and is out $1,490 in good money besides!

But he has now learned the p'ints in the celebrated "boodle game!"

This interesting game was played successfully upon Geo. Mountjoy, then of Philadelphia, to the tune of $10,000! George went into this speculation with great expectations, but came out at the small end of the cornucopia. And disliking this altogether unanticipated result, he got hold of some of the operators, and caused their arrest on a charge of swindling.

But when he came into Court, he was nonplus'd to find that he could show no "valuable consideration" in his allegations, and the laws could not reach the "confidence man" who had outwitted him — since, by his own shewing, *he* had intended to purchase of these men bogus, counterfeit or spurious bills, with subsequent palpable criminal intent. The sellers of the trash he thus aimed to possess himself of, never pretended to him that these notes were genuine, and he knew they couldn't be so, at the nominal price he paid — 50 cents on the dollar. Thus he became *particeps criminis*, if anything, in this suit, and so was ruled out of Court.

Numerous similar cases occurred, and scores of unscrupulous persons, ambitious of gain, were thus duped. Information that counterfeit $5's were widely afloat, about this time reached the Treasury Department, and numbers of men who had been approached by these "boodlers," looking to be rewarded for "information" they could give to the authorities, went to Washington. But this foul matter had been thoroughly sifted by Chief Whitley, and all these zealous visitors to the Capitol were turned over to the Colonel, by the Treasury Department. In consequence of there being no law existing to reach this peculiar class of miscreants, the practice continued until the winter of 1869, '70, when the principal rascals quarrelled among themselves,

as "rogues fall out," sometimes, and Wightman withdrew from the clique in Philadelphia, to set up in New York city, upon his own private account.

Wightman stopped up town with his moll, but forgot or neglected to pay his board, and left his trunks behind him when he suddenly retired. These were opened and found to contain a large quantity of bills, with the *ends* engraved to represent $5, while all the rest was but an advertising card of a Cotton concern in Virginia. These "shin-plasters" were conveyed to Chief Whitley, and though he could see but a small "point" in this disclosure, he ventured to collar Wightman, knowing him, of old, to be grand Sachem among these "boodlers" or confidence men.

Wightman was posted, however. He carried the U. S. laws relating to counterfeiting about with him constantly, and showed Whitley at once how and why he couldn't convict him, on this hunt! Still the Chief stuck to him, and badgered him, and finally fairly *talked* him over. He made W. believe he had a dead sure thing on him, and at last he caved. Wightman "squealed" on Bill Grover, and said he formerly got these partial counterfeits of *him*.

Wightman was taken to Philadelphia by the Chief, where he pretended to make up with his old chum Grover, (with whom he had quarreled.) Mr. Nettleship, Chief Ass't., was in Philadelphia, looking after them, at this time, and was present in a room where these two rogues were in earnest conversation, one day. By the reflection in a large mirror, N. saw Grover, while "head to head" with Wightman, slyly draw out of his pocket and exhibit a large sheet of *beer*-stamps.

Now Wightman was willing to sell Grover to the Detectives, for he hadn't forgot his grudge on the old account, though he pretented to be satisfied. He at once turned

about and introduced Nettleship to Grover — calling the former "his friend Fish," whom he described as a big brewer, from the west. Nettleship took the "cue" at once, and assuming the *role* of the burly beer-dealer, said he wanted to get some U. S. Revenue stamps for his barrels, in trade, if he could get them cheap. This suited Grover, "to a hole." He said he had a big lot of beer-stamps, which he would sell at 25 cents on the dollar, in bulk. The brewer seemed to be quickly talked into the idea that these were as good as any, and a meeting was appointed in New York city, at which Grover was to deliver "Fish" $5,000 worth of these beer-stamps, which of course were bogus.

When Wightman cut the Philadelphia crowd, and went to New York, on his own hook, the *boodle* gang lost their best man, for he was a silvery talker, and could "rope in" the sharpest of the green horns, readily. So the other men turned their attention to getting up false Revenue stamps; and *these* now being spoken of were got out by them, Col. Sherman and Grover finding the capitol for the enterprise. An Israelite named Morris Traubel did the bogus engraving, very nicely, Johnny Hart and Frank Mackay doing the printing.

In accordance with the arrangement made by "Fish" (Nettleship disguised) to meet Grover in New York, with the $5,000 worth of counterfeit beer-stamps, it is almost needless to say that Col. Whitley's men were on hand in time there, led by the Col. And Grover was duly collared, with his valise in hand, filled with the bogus stamps. He was secured, but all attempts to get at the source whence the counterfeits originated were for a time useless. But Grover soon squealed on Hart and Mackay.

That very night a new "deal" was made. Grover (now in the interest of the Government) returned to Philadelphia,

with the officers, and told Hart and Mackay that "all was right." This time there were $12,000 worth of stamps agreed for. Hart and Mackay produced them (with Grover as the decoy) in a street in Philadelphia. Mackay and Hart were then arrested, with the stamps in their possession, and were taken by orders of the Chief to the Bingham House.

Old Johnny Hart was "pumped" and preached to vigorously, all night long, by the Colonel; but he would *not* squeal on the engravers. He was a tough old coon, this Johnny Hart! Col. W. used every means he was master of, and appealed to him in all ways, but he wouldn't come down. At last the Chief said —

"Johnny, don't you want to see your wife and children before you go to prison?"

"Yes — yes," said Hart. This offer had touched Johnny, and the Chief noted it.

They proceeded to Hart's house, and there sat his wife, with their two little ones hanging to her skirts, affectionately. She knew nothing of the arrest, and at once began to cry, audibly, and plead poverty, in piteous accents. She said they hadn't a dollar in the house to pay their rent, or to buy fuel with. The children were hungry, and they were all freezing; and now *this* terrible calamity had followed — crushing her and her children, hopelessly, at last!

At this point, the Chief thought he saw his opportunity, clearly.

Drawing the children gently away, he took the two innocents, one on each knee. He offered words of sympathy to the stricken family, and drew from his vest a roll of bank notes — which he handed to the mother.

"Here, my good woman," said Whitley, kindly. "Take this, and buy food and fuel, and pay your rent. It is an unfortunate job, but you and these little ones are innocent, and ought not to suffer, unnecessarily, for another's errors."

This friendly act and speech was too much for old Johnny Hart! Every man has his tender spot, somewhere — and there *is* a way to reach it. This had hit Johnny — hard. And he dropped under it, at once.

Hart loved his wife and children, counterfeiter though he was. And seizing Whitley's arm, he drew him to another portion of the building, which the Colonel thought was occupied by other parties. There Hart pointed out to the Chief a printing-press, large quantities of bogus stamps, inks, &c., but the *plate* was missing.

"Where is the plate?" asked W.

"The engraver has it. *We* owe him $200, for retouching it lately," said Hart.

Upon the Chief's suggestion, Hart then sent a message to Morris Traubel (the engraver) that he (Hart) would call on him that night at eight o'clock, for the plate.

At half-past seven, the Chief and Detective Nettleship went to Traubel's room, up four flights of stairs, removed their boots, but found the door fast. They dared not burst it in, lest T. should throw the plate out at the window. They cautiously returned to the sidewalk, and awaited in a doorway, near by, till eight o'clock. Hart remained below-stairs. Traubel came, and was overheard to say to Hart —

"Ish't alls right?"

"All's lovely," said Johnny.

He returned up stairs in the darkness, and came down with the plate. Col. Whitley squatted down in Hart's shadow, and as Traubel was just delivering the plate to Johnny, the Chief collared the Jew-engraver — and Morris Traubel "went up" in this act of guilt.

"Mein Gott — vot ish dish!" exclaimed the astounded Israelite.

"Vot in 'ells you 'bout, Zohnny?" he continued, as the

Chief deftly clapped the iron bracelets upon his wrists. "Vot ish dish *vor?*" he cried, in the darkness.

"Come along, now," said the Chief. "You are my prisoner." And he was taken away at once to jail. He was arraigned next morning before the Court. The Grand Jury were in session. He was put on trial, pleaded guilty to the indictments returned against him, and before the setting of that same day's sun, Morris Traubel was on his way to the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, for a term of years.

Mackay was similarly indicted, pleaded guilty, and was similarly put away — and shortly afterwards Col. Sherman was arrested; Grover and Hart being meantime paroled, as they had been used by the authorities; but with the understanding that they should give up their old trade in crime, and would show up *all* they knew in connection with this gang.

But they played falsely, after all!

They shortly went at work again, in the old sad way, and Grover was again arrested by the U. S. Marshal. Hart turning on him and "giving him away" this time, out of revenge for *his* trick in serving Johnny thus, on a former occasion. Then Hart took some more of these stamps to New Jersey, and was soon "pulled" once more, by the Detectives.

Col. Sherman was then tried, first, in a Philadelphia Court; Wightman, Hart, and Grover appearing as witnesses against him. Their testimony was fully corroborated by other evidence, however, and Sherman was convicted, and sent to the State Prison.

Grover was then put on trial, for another and separate offence, which the Government held in reserve against him. On this, *he* was convicted, and sent over. Old Johnny Hart was then tried at Trenton, N. J., convicted, and sent to the Trenton State Prison, for ten years.

Wightman now only remained at large, and he promised to reform, and pretended that he could give "important information" to the Government. But he was closely watched, and scoundrel that he was, it was shortly seen that "the dog had returned to his vomit." He was arrested by Philip Farley of the New York Detective force, for playing the "confidence game" upon an unsophisticated youth, and here Chief Whitley stepped in, with a full and accurate history of this arch knave's career, in the past. Wightman was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five years' servitude at Sing Sing.

Thus has been burst the famous *boodle gang* of Philadelphia. Since this game has been thus crushed out, the "Sawdust game" has been played to some extent; at the head of which operations a man by the name of Elias is said to be engaged. The eyes of Chief Whitley and his Assistants are wide open, and the hounds are upon the trail of these dastardly offenders. But "the wicked shall not always prevail," saith the Good Book, and the guilty may well look to their own interests, hereafter, and shun their wicked ways, lest they fall, as these have fallen, in the midst of their infamy.

COL. HENRY F. FINNEGASS,

CHIEF OPERATIVE, S. S. DIVISION, CAL. DISTRICT.

COL. HENRY F. FINNEGASS, now of San Francisco, Cal., served in the Union army with credit, and went from Boston to the Department of the Gulf with Gen. Butler. Col. Finnegass was well known in Boston and vicinity, where he had many warmly attached friends, who esteemed him for his genial and gentlemanly qualities. Though not a large man, he possesses great muscular power and strength, and though perfectly peaceable in his disposition and ordinary deportment, can — when occasion requires it — "hit from the shoulder," satisfactorily: having acquired the manly art of self-defence at an earlier age, for exercise and his own amusement. Those who know the gallant Colonel, however, will cheerfully bear witness to the fact that he is anything but quarrelsome, naturally.

When he finds it necessary to "go in" in any controversy, he has a most persistent habit of "staying" till the lights are all put out! In proof of his unpretentious but ready prowess, the following incident in connection with Col. F. (which occurred while he was on duty at New Orleans,) may be cited here.

He one day chanced at New Orleans to be riding across the city in one of the cars, when some of the secesh occupants grossly and unwarrantably insulted a young Union officer, in his presence. He spoke to the offenders mildly, but firmly, reproving them for their incivility, when they jumped at *him*, supposing they had the advantage in numbers, and glad of the opportunity to punish a Yank', at any time. But they missed their reckoning; for the moment the assault upon the Col. was made, he opened right and left on the enemy, and fairly "mowed them down," cleaning out the car, thoroughly, and having the field quite to himself and his Union friend, to the end of the route, on that occasion.

Col. Finnegass returned to Boston after the war, and soon left New England for California, serving for a time as Deputy U. S. Marshal there. He was thus occupied, when Col. Whitley commissioned him as Chief Operative in the U. S. Secret Service, on the Pacific Coast.

Since his appointment to this position, Col. F. has been highly successful, and has shown himself both competent and admirably capacitated for the duties of Detective. He is possessed of great energy of character, unbounded industry and courage, is daunted at no amount of labor or danger, and has proved his ability in clearing out the counterfeiting fraternity to a great extent from within the precincts of the Golden State. Col. F. has also ridded the country of the annoying presence of many other bold and troublesome criminals in California, and is now engaged there (under Colonel Whitley,) as principal Operative in that District of the Secret Service Division.

We have space for only one or two of several important cases which Col. Finnegass has worked up, since his appointment in that department, and these we proceed to

record. One of these was the extraordinary instance of the performances of Ira W. Raymond, a first class confidence-man, whose name is not unknown.

Col. Finnegass was busily engaged in the prosecution of his official duties in the summer of the year 1871, when he found himself suddenly overhauled by a man who made his appearance at Arizona, where the Colonel was temporarily sojourning in search of a criminal party, who was admitted to his presence, and demanded to know why Col. F. was *there*, to the Colonel's unaffected great surprise.

This gentleman informed the gallant Operative that *he* was now at the head of the U. S. Secret Service, and that he was not only employed as Agent of the Division in the Treasury Department, but also represented the Department of State in a similar capacity. In support of this statement very briefly and curtly made, he then exhibited certain apparent credentials from Secretary Fish, charging him with the performance of the duties indicated, and then called upon Finnegass for an immediate report of *his* doings upon the Pacific Coast, etc.

The Col. had not heard of the appointment of this new officer, and naturally felt not a little uneasy at this sudden demonstration. Still, he is not easily "thrown out of gear," and he waited farther developments. Formidable letters were exhibited by this new pretended Agent, to satisfy Col. Finnegass, which documents purported to come to Raymond from Hon. Hamilton Fish, President Grant, Attorney General Ackerman, etc., each being enclosed in a genuine Department envelope, from the different branches of Government at Washington; Raymond having previously addressed these parties upon trivial subjects, and thus obtained replies in official envelopes, which he filled afterwards with his forgeries.

After a little delay and prompt investigation, Col. F. became satisfied, notwithstanding the plausible bearing and representations of this man Raymond, that he was a gross imposter. At the Col.'s instigation, the local officers arrested this "confidence man" and placed him in close custody. Col. F. then examined the prisoner's luggage, and found several forged papers and letters, which went to prove the character of the rogue, who had "sloshed round" in California without impediment, for a time, until Finnegass 'lighted on him, and caused his capture. He was afterwards brought before the U. S. Court by Col. F., who finally took him to San Francisco, where he was lodged in jail to answer upon his trial, which occurred soon after his capture. He pleaded guilty, and was sent to the State Prison by Judge Sawyer. Raymond admitted to Col. Finnegass, before he left to enter on his incarceration, that "had he not been picked up by him as he was, he intended to use the signatures of the heads of the Departments he had forged to his credentials to good advantage." When he was sentenced, in reply to Judge Sawyer's question whether he desired to say anything, he frankly answered "I am sorry for what I have done, and when I have served out my term of confinement, I will be an honest citizen." And thus subsided the cheeky confidence-man, Ira W. Raymond.

A gang of desperate counterfeiters of National Notes and Currency had infested California for some time, and Col. Finnegass, in June and July, '71, got upon their track. They were a well mounted and thoroughly armed band of desperadoes — bold, rough, experienced, and determined in their course of villainy — and knew the country so well, its fastnesses, routes, rivers, and mountains, that it was with great difficulty they could be overhauled, and alike dangerous to attempt the arrest of such men.

One or two of them were captured by Col. Finnegass, however, after a series of hardships in that rude country, such as would have discouraged a stout heart and an earnest head. But the Col. followed them up, sought out their haunts, kept them constantly on the *go*, to avoid him and his assistants — but without that deserved success in securing the persons of *all* the knaves who thus flooded the interior of that country with their base counterfeits, which he sought, and which was so desirable.

But the Col. caught one Wm. A. Ford, at Los Angelos, Cal., in May, 1871, and upon his person were found $1,500 in counterfeit $10's and $20's National notes. He was taken before the then U. S. Commissioner, who examined him, and after a brief consideration of the matter, allowed Ford to go, on the paltry bail of one thousand dollars! This rascal joined half a dozen companions (Mexican guerrillas, and ex-confederate roughs) the next day, and fled, jumping his bail, of course.

Col. Finnegass boldly told the Commissioner upon meeting him shortly afterwards out of Court, that he had entirely mistaken his mission, and that the time had come when he had better *resign* his post. If he declined, he would report this flagrant abuse at Washington. Since then the Commissioner *has* resigned, but nothing farther has ever been heard of the runaway Ford.

E. L. Chilson, another of the koniackers belonging to the Californian gang, was subsequently arrested by Col. F. This man Detective Finnegass succeeded in having placed under *ten* thousand dollars bail. He was a leader among the crew, and an effort was made to have *his* bail reduced to one thousand dollars, without effect. The counterfeits found on these men were $10's of the Poughkeepsie National notes, and $20's of the National Bank at Utica. The bills were printed in St. Louis, it is believed — certainly in the West.

The following members of this clan are still at large, and from the steady pursuit Col. Finnegass has kept up for them, it is now supposed they have been driven into Mexican territory, since their nefarious traffic seems, within the past few months, (1872) to have been broken up, or at the least healthily suspended.

Ike Cole, a dark complexioned, full-faced man, thirty-five years old, of good size and figure, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, is one of the fugitives. John Birchett, born on the Texas frontier, a light-skinned, brown-haired man, is another. Sam Chilson, brother of E. L. Chilson, forty years old, a raw-boned, desperate, shrewd fellow, is a third. They have disappeared, and the country they have deserted is the better off for their voluntary absence.

Col. Finnegass has scoured the District entrusted to his charge very thoroughly. But the mountains afford such admirable retreats for these fugitives, and the interior is so sparsely settled, in many places, that the position of the Detective who follows these beasts to their lair, from time to time, in the course of the exercise of his duty, has no very enviable occupation in that wild region!

But the Chief Operative of the S. S. Division in that ilk is quite equal to the occasion. He will give these depredators "no rest for the soles of their feet," in California. And if they do *not* leave the State and keep out of it, they will find it too hot a climate for their comfort, if they attempt a renewal of their evil doings therein.

A SHREWD

FEMALE COUNTERFEITER.

MARY BROWN.

Mary Brown, whose likeness is given on page 362, is a native of Germany, the wife of W'm. B. Brown. She is now forty years old, and has been in America twenty-one years, nineteen of which have been assiduously devoted to the business of selling, handling, and passing counterfeit money. She is a shrewd, smart woman, and has performed her full share in getting upon the market, in various ways, and at sundry times, the bogus notes and scrip she has procured at headquarters in New York and elsewhere.

She first lived in Philadelphia, and about two years after her arrival from Faderland she commenced to deal in bogus money, in connection with one Schunhaut, H. Cole, and Effie Cole, in Philadelphia, and Kate Gross, in New York. She was arrested, and sent to prison at Fort Lee, N. J., in 1859. Then she appeared before a Justice, and escaped. In 1861, she was again pulled in Yorkville, and escaped. Then again at Flushing, N. Y., and was sent to prison for one year. In Newark, N. J., she was convicted

once more, and was sent to Trenton prison for three years; but was pardoned out after eighteen months' imprisonment. She had a son, born on the ocean, when she came over from Germany, who was at this time about twenty years old. He lived with James Colbert, a noted counterfeiter, and Mary came from the Trenton penitentiary to join Colbert as his mistress. Then she went to reside with Cha's. Ulrich, (a splendid German engraver) at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ulrich having been arrested for printing bogus money, was sentenced to eight years in the Penitentiary at Crow Hill; but he broke jail after one year's service, and Mary Brown joined *him*, when they went to Cincinnati, O. This Ulrich got out the beautiful $100 counterfeit plate on the Central National Bank of New York city. The words "MAINTAIN IT" were engraved "mainain it," and the note was thus found to be bogus — though it was very nicely executed, otherwise. He was printing these notes out two miles from Cincinnati, at "Spring Grove." Mary Brown and Kate Gross were there, selling and shoving notes for him. The boy (Mary's son) was there, also. In 1866, Kate Gross went to Philadelphia again, and received this money from Ulrich at Cincinnati, in bulk, at 1004 South 16th St., in the Quaker city.

Detectives, under Col. Whitley's direction, were now employed to shadow Ulrich — not then knowing where he was. These Detectives got an old coney man, Billy Gordon, to drop on Kate and "give her away." They provided Gordon with marked money to buy the bogus of Kate, and she Expressed this good money, addressed to "Cha's. Henderson, Cincinnati, care of Gustave Schiller;" the latter another known counterfeiter, connected with Ulrich. The two Detectives followed this shipment of money, by Express, from Philadelphia to Schiller's house, where Ulrich received

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MARY BROWN,

A SHREWD WESTERN CONEY-WOMAN. [See page 329.

all his letters, in this way, *he* being the "Cha's. Henderson," above named.

One of the Detectives took this parcel of good money at Cincinnati to the house of Schiller, but "Cha's. Henderson" wasn't there. They returned it to the Express office, and Mary Brown and son went to the office to get it, for Ulrich. She said she was "Henderson's" wife. She didn't get it, however, and Ulrich next day went for it, himself. *He* took it, and when the money was fairly in his hands, he was pounced upon and arrested. Mary Brown and son were then captured, at Ulrich's house in Cincinnati, and Mary was brought down to New York, by Col. Whitley's Detectives.

They found at Ulrich's residence the $100 plate, also a $500 National plate, nearly done, three nice presses, paper, ink, &c., and upon his trial and conviction, Ulrich was sent to the Columbus, O., Penitentiary for twelve years (in 1867.) He pleaded guilty, by the way.

Mary Brown had now come to New York, with the officers of the S. S. Division, where she was discharged, and then went back to Schiller's house to live, immediately connecting herself with the Mills boys, Mother Roberts, and Wm. Mills' wife, Mrs. Roberts' daughter. She also connected with Edward L. Quinton (an ex-detective on the *old* U. S. Service force,) who was now dealing extensively in counterfeits, and one C. F. Fowler, an ex-convict of the Columbus penitentiary. Fowler and Quinton then kept the "People's Hotel" in Cincinnati, corner of Broadway and Public Landing.

Mary's son then tended bar near by, in Walnut Street. He got to shoving bogus notes over his bar and was dismissed by his employer, after he had searched the lad's trunk and burned a lot of counterfeit scrip he found there. Then the son went to Fowler & Quinton's hotel, to tend bar.

Mary (his mother) came to New York in Feb'y, 1871, to buy counterfeit money again. She went to Kate Gross, got $700 in bogus $20's on the Market National Bank there, which she expressed to Fowler & Quinton, Cincinnati. Then she went to Phil'a., with two of the same kind of $20's, in Feb., and proceeded to 1004 S. 16th Street: being acquainted with the family. There she sold the two $20's to a Detective who was disguised, and was properly introduced to her as "one of the faithful." She paid Kate Gross $5 each for these notes, and her new customer paid her $8 each. She then left, and gave her address to this disguised Detective, as "Mary Brown, Farmers' Hotel, Cin."

She went to Washington for a few days, and while there W. W. Applegate and his Assistants had arrested Mother Roberts and the Mills boys. She heard of this, and wrote her friend, (the Detective) whom she did not suspect, at all, and knew only as "Harry Wilson," as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND;

A 'copper' has just gone East from Cincinnati enquiring about *me*, who I correspond with, and who I see. *You don't know me*, remember, or any thing of me, if any inquiries are made of *you*. When I get anything *good*, I will let you know. From your well wisher,

MARY."

This note reached the Detective, who a few days after went to the Farmers' Hotel, Cincinnati. He found Mary, and had a warrant for her. She was in great alarm, for another Detective (at Phil'a.) had exploded the affair, and informed her that her "friend" Harry Wilson was upon her track, disguised! But he so managed as to make her believe he was "all right," still. Wilson went to live at the Farmers' Hotel, and Mary believed in him, and introduced this Detective to the Mills gang, Mother Roberts, Fowler and Quinton,

and others of her friends there. Mary was then busy trying to effect the release of the Mills boys from jail, with false keys, &c.; all of which scheme she confided to "Harry —" who was now quite intimate with her. Harry Wilson gave this job to another Detective, and it failed — she never knew *how*, or why.

While Harry was at this Hotel, Mary's son came, and exhibited to him $100 in counterfeit 50 cent scrip, of the new issue, for sale at 40 cents on the dollar. He said he got this stuff from Fowler and Quinton, at 35 cents, for his mother, Mary; for whom he left it. Next day Mary asked "Harry" to count this lot of currency. He said "there are just $100." She asked him "how much *he* wanted of it?" He said, "it is small — give me $10 worth," and subsequently, he bought $10's worth more of it. They went to an "Orphans' Picnic" together. She put one of these bogus 50 cent pieces into the "poor box," and laughingly remarked, "Ah, the poor orphins!" which became a bye-word with her, afterwards.

In May, the Detective went with the boy from Cincinnati to New York to buy bogus notes for Fowler and Quinton again, but couldn't get it. Then Fowler got impatient, and came to New York, himself, but returned again to Cincinnati. In June, the boy succeeded in buying of Kate Gross (in New York) who got it of Cole, who procured it of Josh D. Miner, $90 counterfeit, in $2's and $10's. This the Detective (Harry) bought of the boy, on the 1st of July; when he *told* the boy he should start for Cincinnati, but did not go, just then.

On the fifth of July, "Harry Wilson" showed his colors, and arrested this hopeful son of Mary. He then telegraphed to the U. S. S. S. Detective at Cincinnati, to arrest Mary Brown, and this was accomplished, promptly, on the

charge of selling *him* the two bogus $20's. She was tried — and acquitted! notwithstanding the facts herein narrated were clearly brought out, in the evidence against her.

At this trial, she first discovered who her friend "Harry Wilson" *really* was, when he appeared in Court as a witness for the Government.

"You've got me, dead sure, Harry," she said, despondingly; and felt that her jig was up. But to the surprise of all, the jury said she was "not guilty," under this indictment, and she again escaped.

She was immediately re-arrested, and taken to Cincinnati, where she was held to bail in $5,000, on the charge of passing the 50 cent scrip. Her trial, for this offence, has not come off, as we close these pages — and this cunning, dangerous woman may escape again!

ELI BROWN OF CHICAGO,

THE NOTED CRACKSMAN AND COUNTERFEITER;

AND "THE WOMAN IN YELLOW."

The notorious character whose name heads this page was a cracksman, counterfeiter, and highwayman, whose base career in Illinois, was well known for years, until his malicious and iniquitous course was checked, through the vigilance of U. S. S. S. Operative, Thomas E. Lonergan, with the aid of Capt. M. C. Hickey, of the Chicago Police force, in the year 1871.

The daring, romantic and reckless deeds of violence committed by Eli Brown, were the subject of comment throughout the whole country in and around Chicago; and his wonderful escapes from arrests for a long period, caused the most serious alarm, at times, in that community where he had been a scourge in society. In connection with the famous (or infamous) "Woman in Yellow," his curious story will be found at once eccentric and thrilling, as we find it set down in the records, from which we compile the following authentic details.

Eli Brown, as well as being a notorious villain otherwise,

was a noted coney man, who, after pursuing a long course of crime, was one day, in the summer of 1871, arrested by T. E. Lonergan, of the U. S. Secret Service force, at Chicago, Ill's., and placed in jail, in charge of Capt. Hickey, temporarily, as was customary, when Mr. Wm. Felker, a Chicago Attorney, and brother of the notorious self-constituted "Detective," *Sam* Felker, (a brief account of whose "confidence" operations we give in this work, see page 136) applied in Brown's behalf to Judge Rogers of the State Court for a writ of *habeus corpus;* claiming that Brown was illegally held on the arrest first named. Brown was at this hour declared to be confined at the "Armory," and wrongfully in custody of Captain Hickey of the Chicago Police, though Capt. H. denied this statement. This writ of habeus corpus was directed to be served on all the officers of Police, and the prisoner came into Court duly, at length, in charge of Capt. Hickey — from *some*where.

It was then intimated that Brown *was* legally in custody of the Chicago Police authorities, who had taken him upon a charge of having committed burglary upon the safe of the Vermillion County (Ind'a.) Treasurer, in April, previously. Capt. Hickey appeared in Court, to hold the prisoner upon this allegation. Then a process was put in by a private Detective from Indiana, covering a requisition from the Governor of *that* State for the appearance of Brown to answer to another charge against him. This officer alleged that the Chicago police had got ahead of him, simply. After a hearing upon the different claims of these parties, as to the rightful custody of the prisoner, the Court adjourned to half-past two, P. M., that day.

When the Court came in at the hour named, the prisoner was brought in by Capt Hickey again, but for some reason unexplained, was temporarily taken just outside the Court

room, again. Capt. Hickey was at once sent for by the Judge, to explain this movement. He returned word that he would be in, in a moment, and *came*; when he stated to the Court that the prisoner Brown was not in his custody! He had been taken from his charge by a Detective in the Secret Service of the United States, Mr. Thomas E. Lonergan, who claimed to be acting under a warrant from the U. S. Commissioner's Court, charging Brown with counterfeiting U. S. money, &c., and that he (Hickey) was thus now unable to produce the prisoner, in obedience to the order of the Judge of the Illinois State Court. He also declared that this was not effected through his connivance with the U. S. Officer, but that *he* had arrested Brown, and had him in custody, at the time he was taken out of his hands, for *another* offence, to wit, for conspiracy to rob the Adams Express Company.

It turned out, in the midst of this muddle (two or three official parties claiming the rightful custody of Brown) that Mr. Lonergan, of the Secret Service, had stepped in with his prepared papers just at the nick of time, (at about adjournment of the Court,) when one of the processes had been decided defective, and secured the criminal he had long been in search of, for counterfeiting; and before the others could wake up sufficiently from the muss of legal technicalities into which all hands had contrived to involve the details of their case, Lonergan had quietly put the ruffles upon Brown, and took his prisoner *out* of Illinois State jurisdiction toward Indianapolis, to answer to the U. S. Court, for counterfeiting.

Mr. Lonergan believed he was right, he was thus advised by eminent counsel, and claims that he was acting legally. The ruse had been aptly planned, and he had got what *he* was after, to wit, possession of his prisoner, for having counterfeited U. S. money, for years. But the Court

naturally looked upon this very neatly executed *coup de main* as a manifest attempt to overslaugh its (State) authority; and, upon motion of the State Attorney, it was proposed to arrest both Lonergan and Hickey, "for contempt of Court." Matters were then explained by these gentlemen, in their own way, and after a long hearing, pro and con, this writ for alleged contempt was so issued. Meanwhile, the whereabouts of the prime cause of *this* suit, (Eli Brown) was known only to Mr. Lonergan and his Assistants, who, having caught their bird, proceeded quietly to cook him.

Brown was beyond the reach of the Illinois Court, however, and the contempt case occupied the consideration of the bench there for several days. The Attorney for the People of Illinois argued his side of this complicated muddle with ability, and Lonergan and Hickey defended themselves vigorously and fairly. Brown's deposition against the defendents was taken at Indianapolis, and was put into this memorable contempt trial against Lonergan, who, from the outset, acted, as he believed, in good faith, and for the best interests of the community and the Government, in his way, as well as upon due legal authority. The result of all was, that Messrs. Lonergan and Hickey were both deemed guilty of constructive contempt of Court, and they were arrested and held to answer in the future, each in the sum of $1000 bail, which was promptly given, and they retired.

All this time, Brown was in durance at Indianapolis, awaiting his trial upon the charges the U. S. authorities had against him. His "moll," Mary Davis, better known as the "Woman in Yellow," from the flashy display of her colors in dress, was continually busy in providing the wherewithal to keep the cauldron boiling, during Brown's imprisonment, and paid for the employment of expensive legal counsel to fight the points in the contempt case *against* Lonergan and

Hickey; hoping, through this means, to bring about advantages to her imprisoned lover, to whom she was warmly attached.

This "woman in yellow" was in constant attendance upon the Court and the lawyers, during the whole time the contempt case was before the Chicago authorities. She kept Brown constantly advised of the state of matters, and of what she deemed the prospect ahead, the result of which she looked upon very hopefully. The following love-letter from Mary to Eli, which was intercepted, was sent to Brown by this woman, at the jail in Indianapolis; which shows very clearly how she was disposed in this matter.

CHICAGO, AUG. 21, 1871.

"DEAR FRIEND:

I received your letter a few minutes ago. I have been very busy getting ready to go to you, but Mr. King advises me not to. Now, pet, make no effort to get out, there — for *you are bound to come back here*, and prosecute the men who kidnapped you away. All the Judge here can do is to send them to jail; then you will be brought back, and indict them. So, dear, if I did not *know* you would come back, I would have gone right to your rescue, and risked all the "collar" *I* would get. Now, dear, you must see that I have not been idle here. No! *I have been at the bottom of all this trial.* I have furnished all the money, and have kept it hot and excitable all the time. And if they are not sent to jail, then I will have another plan. They don't like *me*, because they know I am the one who gets you help, and that you fear nothing and will tell nothing while I am out — and that *I will never let you be sent up*, as long as I am out and alive.

I did not much expect you to get my letter, for Lonergan is afraid I would post you. I have written every day, and will send this so no one but you will read it. * * * Everything is in your favor. The trial has created the greatest excitement ever known here. Don't be discouraged, dearest, for when you're through with this, this is the last shutting-

up you'll get. *I am one who knows.* You must take your truest, best friend's advice, and you know who *she* is. Now, when Lonergan gets his dues, I will go to see you.

From your loving friend —

M. A. DAVIS."

The charges against Brown are manifold — for counterfeiting, for burglary, for robbery, for safe-blowing, and for other heinous crimes. He has had money enough to get out of his trouble every time, so far; and his infamous character is universally known throughout the west. He was admitted to bail on this counterfeiting charge; he was then re-arrested immediately by the local authorities, on the burglary charge. After two months in jail, he was bailed again, and awaits his trial, at this writing, — though the last official accounts report him as having promised severe reform, and that he has gone to work at his trade again, in Chicago, as a brick-layer.

But Brown was always associated with men whom he managed to manipulate in his own way. He was the friend of Sam Felker and others of that stamp, dead-beats, so-called "private Detectives," and unscrupulous lawyers — who used him continuously to their pecuniary advantage; for he was too profitable a subject for these cormorants to lose sight of, though amongst them, for a time, they contrived to keep him in hot water and bleed him, at every turn. So in this last bout, they deemed Brown too good a customer to be allowed to pine away in jail; and, with Felker at the head, they resolved to wrest him from the U. S. authorities. A story was concocted by these parties to the effect that Brown would reveal important secrets he possessed regarding certain murders and robberies committed in Indiana and Illinois, and his bail was finally accommodated at so low a figure as to enable him once more to go at large, the

"woman in yellow," coming bravely to the rescue, at the right moment.

Brown has been a scourge in the community he has cursed with his presence, for many years. He has heretofore had friends among the Detectives as well as the Police, but the U. S. Secret Service, under the *new* regime, have now taken him in hand, and he will, it is hoped, be dealt with as his demerits appropriately deserve.

He is now about forty-five years old, and is notoriously a bold, bad man. He has uttered counterfeits in enormous sums, first and last, and he has been largely concerned in brutal murders, highway robberies, bank-breaking, burglaries, thieveries, etc., almost without number, in the west. He is now out on bail, however.

The terrible fire in Chicago has destroyed all the papers and documents in reference to the "contempt case" which was still pending when that distressing conflagration occurred, and it is hardly probable that anything more will be heard of *that* affair; throughout which both Detective Lonergan and Capt. M. C. Hickey conducted themselves with admirable skill and promptness, and to the entire satisfaction of their superiors. Brown's case will be attended to in good time. He is now quiescent, for the nonce — under heavy bail — and seems inclined to exhibit a disposition to remain peaceably disposed. *Nous verrons.*

SUCCESSFUL RAID

ON THE NEW YORK CITY

CENTRE STREET CONEY MEN.

In January, 1871, one Louis Myers, who had recently been released from a three years' term of service in the State Prison at Trenton, N. J., for counterfeiting, presented himself voluntarily to Mr. Nettleship, Chief Assistant to Col. Whitley, and informed him that he had lately come out of quod, and was ready to give the U. S. Government certain information regarding his former "pals" and associates in this kind of work, that would be valuable to the Secret Service department, if the Chief desired it.

After a careful examination of the proposition made by Myers, it was determined to institute a vigorous prosecution of certain parties known to the force, who congregated or had their headquarters at No. 217 Centre Street, New York; a lush-drum and boozing-ken kept by one William H. Rhode, which had long been publicly and privately known as a rendezvous for koniackers, thieves, middle-men, and shovers of counterfeit money, and a dangerous place to tackle.

One of the U. S. Detectives was detailed to work up this

nice little job, and such assistance as was requisite was accorded him from time to time. He disguised himself appropriately, and went to Centre Street as a thief and coney man, Myers having quietly introduced him there as an old acquaintance who was "on the square," and trustworthy in every respect.

They all knew *Myers*, and were aware that he had been "put away," three years previously, refusing, then, to save himself by "squealing" upon his friends. This was a first-class commendation for Myers, who was thus *known* to be "sound!" And when he introduced the disguised Detective, (who went by the name of Shultz) the counterfeiters at No. 217 were equally well satisfied that "Shultz" must be all right, also. The reformed ex-state prison bird and his country friend "Shultz" were thus enabled to operate to very good advantage.

The principal coney men who made this retreat their halting-place, were James Quimby, alias Geo. Edwards, George Rhode, alias Keyser, John Jackson, alias Messenger, Ernest Kopf, Louis Myers, W'm. H. Rhode, proprietor of the resort, Geo. Wendleken, alias "Dutch George," and W'm. M'cCabe, check-forger and counterfeiter — eight busy sharp fellows, together with some half a dozen smaller operators, who came and went and plotted mischief in and out of Rhode's Centre Street drinking-house.

"Deals" were made between several of these leaders and the Detective "Shultz," who shortly got into their favor through Myers' exertions and for a time faithful adherence to the plan he himself suggested to the Chief, originally. Still, Col. Whitley caused even Myers to be watched, narrowly. The proposition he had made in so friendly a manner was an unusual one, but it was supposed it was out of revenge for some former injury he might have sustained at the hands of these bad men, whom he knew so intimately.

It may as well be repeated, just here, that to reach the *principals*, or leading offenders in this counterfeiting business, there is but one possible *sure* course to pursue; and that is, through their pals and associates, in some way to approach them, first, (by means of strategetical device) and then to confound them *while in the act* of making their transfers.

The laws of the United States are so peculiar, and so lax on this subject of counterfeiting the currency and money of the country, that nothing short of a "dead sure" case is nowadays concluded in favor of the Government; and not always then, in some of our Courts. So that to convict, no matter how often, how long, or how plainly a culprit may have committed this offence, if the coney be not found upon his person, or in uttering it the act be not traced directly to his hand, point blanc, he escapes punishment.

Myers did not need to push "Shultz" up to the work, but in response to the Detective's demands pushed his old friends into trading with him, freely. They were all hunky-dory together. And Myers, "Shultz," and the leaders had come, in a few weeks, to be on the most intimate terms together, for Shultz was a good fellow, and they plainly considered him a smart one. He had not been long at work with them before one of the crew got Shultz out with him to "shove the queer" on the Jersey side of North River.

On one occasion, the Detective went into a shop, at Kopf's instigation, to shove a $10 National Note, which Kopf gave him to pass; while he stood by the door, waiting to see not only if "Shultz" were square, but if he could do it — when the Detective having gone in, bought half a dollar's worth of groceries, came out and handed Kopf the goods *and* nine dollars and fifty cents in change, for the counterfeit bill he gave him.

"Did you give 'em a $10?" asked Kopf.

"Yes," said Shultz.

"And they didn't question it?"

"No," replied the Detective.

"Good. Let's try this one — here. Now here's another. You'll do. Go it again." And in went Shultz, bought a dollar's worth of cigars, came out, and handed his accomplice nine dollars in change.

"Admirable!" exclaims Kopf. "You're handy at it, that's a fact."

But Shultz then returned with Kopf to their quarters in Centre Street. He had in *both* instances given the parties he traded with, *good* ten dollar notes, and had the two $10 bogus bills in his pocket; which he carefully marked, at the first opportunity, and reserved for future reference.

Matters were working, but "Shultz" was unsuspected, of course, either at No. 217, or outside among the coney men. He had progressed swimmingly. And finally on the night of March 1st, 1871, having gained sufficient evidence through his manœuvres to overwhelm the crowd, Chief Whitley ordered a descent upon this long time villainous "drum" and its infamous habitues; though it required not a little strategy, yet, to secure the persons of the rascals against whom the Detectives had worked this job so finely, to the very verge of arrest.

During this time, *Myers* had been of great assistance to "Shultz," and seemed to be working as he agreed to do, for the Government, in earnest. But through cautious watchfulness of his movements, it was found that the apparently repentant prison-bird was actually shoving the counterfeit money, again, whenever he could find opportunity. And he was one day snapped up by two of Superintendent Kelso's Ward Detectives, and sent to Ludlow Street jail. He was

put on trial for passing counterfeit money, and while in prison he was tempted to "let the cat out," to his late confederates, as to who "Shultz" really was. But he thought better of this, upon being conferred with by the U. S. authorities. He then pleaded guilty, and went to the Albany Penitentiary for three years, which was a mild sentence, considering the fact that he was a second-comer for the same offence.

On this first day of March, "Shultz" had been in company with *Jackson* (alias Messenger) all day, and learned from him that a burglary had been committed by some of this gang out on Long Island, and a barrel of fine China ware was coming from this expedition to *him*, at the Long Island R. R. Depot, that evening. He went to get this plunder, with Shultz, and at the moment he claimed and took the cask into his possession, both Jackson and "Shultz" were "given the collar" by U. S. Detectives, and taken direct to the headquarters of Chief Whitley, together with this plunder. There "Mr. Shultz" was released, of course; he having been nabbed at the Depot, *with* Jackson, so that no suspicions should be excited among the other knaves, not yet trapped, as to Shultz's *real* character.

Jackson was vastly astonished, when he found out so suddenly that "Shultz" (who had played his cards so well with them all) was a Detective in the U. S. Secret Service! But *he* was secured, and Shultz then proceeded to Centre Street again, to capture the others.

Earnest Kopf fell, first. Shultz asked him to take a walk with him, quietly. He knew nothing of Jackson's arrest; and when a few blocks distant from No. 217, (their rendezvous,) another U. S. Detective, who was now assisting Shultz, clapped the irons on *Kopf*, and bore him quickly away, to his great astonishment, over to the Chief's headquarters.

Shultz returned to No. 217 Centre Street, and explained that Kopf had "gone off for the night, with a friend." Shultz then got outside with *Wm. M'cCabe*, and *he* was soon disposed of, in a manner similar to that whereby Kopf had "gone up." The arrest of James Quimby, Geo. Rhode, (alias Keyser) and Wm. H. Rhode, the proprietor of the house, followed in quick succession — unknown to each other, until they all met, one after the other, in irons, at the Chief's office! Early next morning "Dutch George" was captured, as he was entering the house of a friend in 27th Street. *He* was handcuffed, and added to the crowd of mourners, at the Chief's office.

Four of the leading offenders were placed in Ludlow Street Jail, in default of $20,000 bail, each. Two were taken to New Jersey (as their offences had been committed in that State) and the final result of this raid was as follows:

Quimby was sentenced to five years, in King's County Penitentiary. George Rhode was convicted, and got ten years at Trenton, N. J. Jackson went over for three years, at Albany State Prison. Earnest Kopf was accorded two years and four months, at King's Co. Prison. Louis Myers went over for three years, to Trenton. Wm. H. Rhode (proprietor of the rendezvous) got seven years in the King's Co. Penitentiary. Wm. M'cCabe, checkforger and counterfeiter, went to Trenton for three years, and "Dutch George," having given bail, is now at large, awaiting his trial.

Thus the New York Centre Street gang was completely broken up, and the guilty crew who had rioted in their iniquity there, for years, were all disposed of. The boozing-ken was squelched, and after being fitted up anew, it was transformed into a respectable restaurant; at present kept in acceptable style by an honest and thriving citizen.

SMUGGLING

EXTRAORDINARY.

AN EFFECTIVE RECIPE.

Some of the curious shifts and devices resorted to by adroit smugglers, who manage to secrete about their persons valuables, on arriving at American ports, and who thus pass with their goods from the United States Customs without paying Uncle Sam the duties required by law, we have already referred to, in these pages. We repeat it, that no sort of device is too contemptible for this gentry to avail themselves of, when pushed to extremity; and the following two cases, which occurred within a few years back, at one of the Eastern Atlantic ports, we record here in exemplification of the assertion that the determined systematic smuggler entertains little respect for persons — alive or dead — if the use of either will aid him in carrying his point.

The especial attention of the Custom House "specials" had been called to the fact that diamonds and costly laces had found their way into the market frequently, at B ——, during the year 1866, and '67, upon which there had probably been paid no duties, and Capt. S ——, one of the

efficient and earnest Customs officials, who had charge of this matter on board the Steamers arriving from France and England, had been especially on the qui vive for a few months, but without results. One morning this officer chanced to be on board, and after making his customary observations about the returning steamer from Europe, he was turning to go ashore, when his attention was attracted to a long deal box, that was going from the ship. And the Captain asked the question, "What is this?"

The men who were removing it, called his attention to the address on the package, and said, "It is a corpse. This person died abroad, and his dead body has been sent home, consigned to his friends, to whom it is to be forwarded."

The officer called the ship's carpenter, had the top of the outer box unscrewed, and saw the casket inside of it, opened. There lay the dead man, sure enough — slightly decomposed — in his black walnut coffin. The Captain said no more. The box was closed, and taken away, without further investigation.

Upon the succeeding steamer that arrived from France, this official went on board, as usual, and peered around, but met with no suspicious looking person, and was just leaving the steamer once more, when he observed another big long deal box, containing another corpse — it was said — addressed to other waiting mourning friends in America.

"Seems to me," said the Captain, quietly, "there's a serious mortality going on among Americans abroad. I must look to this!" And he immediately directed that *this* box should be opened in his presence.

There lay the corpse in its silent casket, "decaying and decayed." He saw the blue cold face and head and neck — and there could be no question about the fact. The dead man was exposed to his stolid gaze, and the coffin-lid (which

opened a third of its length, upon silver-plated hinges,) was just being thrown back to its place, when the officer insisted, to the surprise of the sailors, that the entire lid of the *casket* should be removed.

This was done at once, and horrible to relate the fact, the trunk and bowels of this corpse were found to have been removed, and, in place of the original contents, the cavity was filled with shallow tin soldered boxes, containing some eight thousand dollars' worth of choice Mechlin and other valuable *laces!* These were seized, the corpse went on its way, and the goods were duly confiscated.

Within two months afterwards, one Haman Bosch, an English Jew, went to and returned from his frequently repeated trips to Europe, as had been learned. The U. S. Officer was notified of this fact, and when the steamer came in, Bosch was met by two old acquaintances on board, the Captain and his Aid, John F———.

But the Jew was evidently sick. They had had a very rough passage, and Bosch was no sailor. He appeared *very* anxious to get ashore, however. And both the Officer and his Assistant observed all this, and questioned him about his apparently bodily trouble.

"Dredfuls," replied the Jew. "Shick ash death. Awfuls, Zhon."

"Sea-sick?" asked the Captain.

"Dredfuls," repeated Bosch. And he looked it, too. He was plainly very ill at the stomach.

"Come here," said the Captain, brusquely, pointing down below. "You're an old stager. We must examine you before you can go ashore — sick or well."

And down they went into the cabin, to Bosch's disgust. His garments were searched, but nothing was found on him this time. He complained of this rough treatment, and

said "you don't 'shpect to catch me twishe — do you, Zhon?" for he had once previously been trapped; and he smiled a sickly smile at his intended joke. And then the Jew rubbed his stomach, and gulped, and was evidently getting sicker, momentarily.

But he dressed and was just about starting off, when the Captain ordered him back; and rapping sharply upon the state-room door, cried out, "Steward! *Steward*, I say!"

"Aye, aye, Sir," responded that worthy.

"Send the surgeon, Steward. We've got a sick man here," said the Captain, hurriedly.

A moment afterward, the ready surgeon met the officer, *outside*, at the state-room door.

"Doctor," said the Captain, confidentially, "I've got a Jew diamond-smuggler, inside here, who is very ill; one of your passengers, just come over from Europe."

And then in a whisper he hinted to the Doctor his farther suspicions, which he dextrously explained.

"I want you to prescribe a cathartic for this man, that will operate effectually, and do him no bodily injury. But provide such a dose as will clear his stomach out nicely, in about fifteen minutes, say. Can you do it?"

"I see," said the surgeon, who was a right-minded honest man, and who despised these contemptible smuggling tricks. "I'll fix him, and he shan't be hurt, either."

And five minutes later, in came the Captain with a dose of jalap and croton oil, which he advised Bosch to swallow — for he certainly must be very ill, as could be readily seen from his pallid countenance outwardly, and from the expression of the pains he was undergoing, internally.

Bosch refused the gentle draught so generously offered him, and declined to be "doctored" until he could reach home. But he was desperately alarmed, nevertheless, as well as physically in torture.

"Take it!" said the Captain. "It will do you good, I'm sure, Bosch."

No — tam' if he vould — any how.

"Then we will force it down your throat, to the last drop!" said the officer, sharply. "Come, my time is valuable. You are a rogue. Will you take it, yourself? Or shall we thrust it down your gullet?"

"Itsh a 'ell of a doshe, Zhon — ain't it?" queried the Jew, gazing at the forbidding looking tumbler.

"Down with it!" shouted the Captain.

And Bosch swallowed the prescription, with many qualms and dire grimaces.

"Now you graceless scoundrel, remain here until you are relieved of the evident cause of your sudden illness," said the Captain. "And let this prove a lesson to you. I know you. And your race is run. Repent and reform. Remember my last words!"

"Tam your vords!" ejaculated the Jew between his teeth, as the stern officer retired.

The Captain then left Bosch in the stateroom, in charge of his Assistant, "John," and returned to his office, with the brief direction to the latter to report to him the results of his experiment with the Jew — within the next hour.

The decoction Bosch swallowed so reluctantly, worked to a charm! And within the following hour, the Assistant reported at the Custom House in person, bearing with him four thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, about the size of small lemon seeds, and in quality pure as dew-drops; which had been forcibly ejected from the Jew-smuggler's stomach. He had *swallowed* them on board the steamer, ten minutes before the Captain and John had 'lighted on him that day!

Thus do these cunning operators contrive to defraud the

Government of its honest dues. The Custom House officials are not always inclined to exert themselves as the Captain did, to ferret out these intended offences; the *rule* being, unfortunately, either to pass by these suspicious characters in silence, or to wink at their tricks, rather than become participators in these unpleasant and certainly in no way agreeable "scenes" where detection may follow.

Among a certain class of the merchants themselves, also, there is, too frequently, a lax disposition to conform strictly to the provisions of the U. S. Revenue laws, and absolutely honest principle hangs but loosely about the intentions of many importers, where the payment of duty demanded by law can be evaded — even at serious risks, oftentimes. In the articles of laces, silks, and jewels, enormous amounts of goods are passed into the United States, from abroad, that never pay a dime of Customs' Revenue charges.

This is notorious; and recent developments that have come out in the course of the investigations of Custom House affairs by Congressional action, point clearly to heinous abuses that *ought* to be reached and corrected, surely. One witness (an officer) before this Committee recently testified to his own knowledge of the U. S. Inspectors accepting bribes; of Appraisers accepting valuable presents; of men in the Custom House running primaries; half of the employes being hired systematically to cheat and wink at fraud; and another witness swearing that U. S. Officers were continually being bribed by the foreign Steamer companies or officers, not to be too nice in their observations and requirements, etc!

The important cases of the Messrs. Williams, and the latest instance of colossal fraud (practiced successfully for years) by Weld & Co., both of these heavy firms at the Eastward being considered among the wealthiest and most

reliable business-houses in the country, may be referred to, as striking examples of the iniquity that is practiced in this direction by those who, in society and commercial circles, are deemed "all honorable men."

Yet the explosion occurs, the Government learns of the existence of these gross wrongs, the "eminently respectable" firms make reparation by refunding large sums in gold, and the huge defrauders are permitted to go on again, unpunished, otherwise than through their pockets, while the big offenders, by this foul example, leave to lesser kindred knaves the advice, virtually, "go thou and do likewise; make money thus, and thus escape, as we have done, and may do again!"

The two instances of attempted smuggling quoted in the early part of this chapter, occurred a few years since, prior to the accession of Col. Whitley to office. They are cited simply to show what kind of men the U. S. Division has to deal with, from time to time. Every conceivable scheme is resorted to, to dodge the payment of duties upon articles of value readily portable upon the person, and these are but examples of the cunning ways the rogues resort to, to accomplish their purposes.

A sharp eye is *now* kept upon these shrewd fellows, and they are being "caught in the act" by the U. S. Detectives, every week. Thus the Treasury Department is not being so heavily fleeced nowadays, through many of the "dark and devious ways" adopted by these smugglers, as has heretofore been the case. And the hope is entertained that the active exertions of the Secret Service force, backed by the dutiful efforts of *honest* importers, may eventually have the effect to right this grievous wrong, and effectually check the evil practices complained of.

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COL. BOB CLARK,

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP COUNTERFEITER.

[See page 317

THE COUNTERFEIT

ENGRAVER'S WIFE.

MAD LULU.

Among the reckless circulators of counterfeit notes or "shovers of the queer," various well planned schemes are resorted to, by adepts in this business, all more or less systematized. But, however ingenious, artful, or successful are these tricks, the cunning operator in bogus money who utters it professionally and regularly (or periodically) pursues a single line of device to get rid of his counterfeit stuff for but a brief length of time, in and around the same range of country.

As has been shown already in these pages, there are five grades of counterfeiters at work in this country; and these all operate in unison, from necessity, of late years. They are the capitalists or manufacturers of the notes; the dealers or sellers from first hands; the distributors, purchasing from these large buyers; the boodle-carriers and peddlers; and the shovers, or final circulators among the people. The heavy men (or manufacturers,) once out of the way, and the prime sources of this evil are to all intents broken up. For if the

four *latter* described co-workers cannot obtain their *supplies*, the business is stopped. The attempt has accordingly been made by Col. Whitley and his men, (and pretty successfully, too,) to crush out the original mills and their manipulators; whereby this secret nefarious work is most effectually stopped.

To carry on one of these manufacturing establishments, several important accessories are absolutely necessary, to wit: ample means, large experience in the details of the infamous trade, superior presses, the employment of skillful engravers and fine banknote printers, the best paper to be clandestinely obtained, choice inks of various colors, and secrecy in location wherein to pursue the details of this iniquitous work, uninterruptedly. In addition to all this, the getter-up of bogus money must have his few reliable, tried *confidantes* (and the fewer of these the safer and better) who understand the second movements in the plot, perfectly; and who in turn have their few known patrons and wholesale providers for the *third* class; while the fourth division of rogues (the peddlers and shovers) really assume the greater part of the risk of detection, from their frequent jobs in detail among the people, whom these petty dealers are constantly imposing upon. The higher class of knaves are unknown to either these small offenders, or the public. And it is only through the most skillfully planned efforts of the U. S. officers that these big rascals are discovered or reached, at all — and then only after long and wearying search, and by the most subtle plotting and planning, that they are caught and convicted at last.

The maker or originator of counterfeit notes, bonds, or Government stamps, then, provides the capital, and employs the best of artisans to produce the choicest imitations of the genuine National Currency, or U. S. Revenue stamps.

The better this work is performed, the more accurately engraved to compare with the original, and the nicer the spurious bills are printed — of course the more difficult will be the discovery of their business, and the more successful will be the "run" any particular *prime* specimen of counterfeit note will have, after its issue; and consequently also the greater the profit accruing to the originator.

But to bring about this result, the manufacturer must have in his interest (and confidence) the best engravers and printers to be had; and once these workers sit down in the chief counterfeiters' employ, *they* become particeps criminis with the master, of course; since they know full well what they are paid to do this work for, and what probably becomes of the bogus issues that go out, from the plates they jointly provide, thus skillfully. In the instances of Biebusch of St. Louis, and Pete McCartney of the northwest, *those* men were for a long series of years engaged in this work and were engravers, themselves. They both engraved and sold their money largely. But latterly (as we have above indicated) the responsibilities of producing counterfeit notes in good shape, now-a-days, is distributed among a greater variety of talent; and means are provided by third parties, who join the others in the risk and the profits accruing.

Thus good *engravers* are very important personages in this business, and their services are much in demand; since the arrest of so many of the owners of the greater establishments have within a couple of years occurred, through Col. Whitley's sharp and decisive movements against this especial class of miscreants. Undoubtedly every one of the first class *leading* engravers of bogus money at large in this country have been arrested by Col. Whitley, latterly. McCartney jumped his bail and ran away. Thomas Ballard broke jail and has disappeared. But both had been caught

by Col. W.; and unless they have quit this country, and stay away, they will surely be nabbed again, sooner or later. They were exquisite workmen, both.

The Biebusch mill, and those of McCartney, Josh Miner, and several others, have been entirely broken up. They can not (if they would) successfully establish others in the United States, at present. The counterfeiting business has been terribly crippled in this country, therefore, though there may be some places existing, or persons still undiscovered, where, or of whom, bogus notes can be procured. But *not* in any quantities, it is believed.

The following touching incident relates to the experience of one of this class of engravers described! and we now proceed to recount one of the most affecting instances of fortunately compassed crime that the records of the Department afford, in the whole category of its interesting and curious annals.

A beautiful and accomplished girl of less than twenty summers — the only daughter of a well-to-do yeoman in Kings County, whose full maiden name, for reasons that will be appreciated, we do not mention here, but whom we call by her baptismal cognomen only, Louisa, was a few years since introduced to a very handsome young man, from New York city, who became enamoured of the lovely young lady, and after an honorable courtship of a year or more, proposed for her hand in marriage.

The prudent father, who loved the only child that survived his wife, enquired what this well-dressed, fashionably appearing youth occupied himself about in New York; and learned to his entire satisfaction that Mr. Charles Weldon was a first class steel and copper-plate engraver; that he was in the employ of one of the Bank Note Companies, and that he was highly esteemed for his integrity, honesty,

industry and steady habits, as well as for his altogether superior talents in his profession.

Weldon was a *good* engraver. He was an artist in drawing, designing and executing what is known as "fine work." He enjoyed liberal pay, had a few hundred dollars saved up, and finally married the charming Louisa, whom he loved — as she loved him — with the most devotedly truthful intensity. Their courtship had been romantic. The old father had approved the union cordially. They had no sort of shadow upon their prospects in the future, and Charley took his fond bride, "Lulu," as he affectionately called her, to New York, where they soon settled in handsome up-town quarters, where his liberal pay as an accomplished workman afforded him the means to live comfortably in quiet, with the treasure his handsome wife proved to him; and neither Charley or Lulu seemed to want for anything, in the social sphere, to render their happiness complete.

They enjoyed good health, Charley was industrious, received heavy pay, had the opportunity to work "by the piece" upon costly vignettes, figure-work, etc., that paid him roundly, and everything about them went on swimmingly. Two little ones, both girls, came subsequently to bless the happy pair, and years rolled on, while all was sunshine and domestic happiness in that well-ordered little family.

Twelve years after the birth of the oldest daughter, Charley Weldon took sick one day, to the loving wife's great distress. But he had uniformly hitherto been apparently so strong and hearty, and so regular in his habits, that no fears were entertained that he would not shortly be about again, and return to duty — whence he declared he would be greatly missed. But the tender wife said, "Never mind the shop, deary; I will nurse you up, and as soon as you're able, you'll return to work. You have toiled too steadily,

and have wrought at evening by gaslight on that fine work so persistently, that you've hurt not only your eye-sight, but have injured your brain."

Charley was confined to his sick chamber four weeks. Then he got out again, and went to work — his wife did not know *where*, or what about! Though she supposed it was at the old Bank-note Company house, where she knew he *had* worked for several years. But Charley, though still devoted to his chosen business of engraving, had not seen the inside of the bank-note company's reputable establishment for more than seven years! He had been steadily employed — at largely increased pay — by a wealthy manufacturing counterfeiter, up town; and could engrave most of the intricate portions of a National Bank note, by hand, as exquisitely as anybody could perform this work on this side of the Atlantic.

And this was the reason why the proprietor of that counterfeiting concern had sought him out, seduced him from the path of duty and honorable employment for advanced pay, and contrived to enveigle him into his meshes, beyond hope of deliverance from the gilded snare into which he had unluckily, but surely fallen. His wife knew nothing of this change, alack! Poor Lulu, confident that all was right, and that Charley's wages had been increased by the Bank Note Company that she knew in former years so esteemed him, lived on in the enjoyment of her husband's ample salary; and the two girls grew up to be twelve and fourteen years of age — the mother and daughters both remaining in profound ignorance of their kind-hearted but erring husband and father's *real* occupation.

But Charley did not venture into society, at all. Always at work. Never at leisure to attend parties, concerts, theatres: work, work, work — continuously. And so it

come to be a matter of course that he was away from home all day, and often up to late at night; but the fond wife and happy girls knew that Charles was all right, and they only complained that he *would* work so steadily and so hard, when he might better give himself, at least, an occasional holiday, which he declared he never could do.

"What is *this?*" queried the wife, one evening, as she sat with the paper in her hand before the brightly burning coal fire.

"What, darling?" responded her husband, turning his face towards her, as she uttered this exclamation. And then fair Lulu read, as follows:

"ANOTHER HAUL OF COUNTERFEITERS. The U. S. Secret Service Detectives made another important arrest of counterfeiters, and seizure of counterfeit plates and material yesterday, in this city. Two excellent sets of bogus $10's and $20 plates have been secured, a costly printing-press, and several parts of engravings for notes, figures, corners, etc. Over $30,000 in bogus $20's and $50's were also gobbled in this raid, and the parties concerned in this counterfeit mill have been caught, sure, as we are credibly informed."

"What paper are you reading from?" enquired Charley, nervously.

"This Evening's Post," said Lulu, quietly. "And now I think of it, Charley — look here!"

And his wife drew forth her purse, taking out a new $20 National note, which she handed him.

"You're a judge of money, Charley. At Stewart's yesterday, I made some small purchases, and sent that bill to the desk by the cash-boy, who brought it back and asked me for another. What is the matter with it, Charley?"

Charley answered "Nothing, deary. Here; I will give you two $10's for it. What did they say?" he enquired, handing her the others.

"That it was counterfeit, Charley."

"No! They are wrong. *I* know. It is perfectly good. I worked upon that plate, myself, Lulu." (And so he certainly did.)

"Did you? Do you *know* this money?"

"Yes, yes. It is good, I tell you."

The engraver knew this $20 note, right well! It *was* a bogus note, and he had engraved it for his monied employer. He handed his wife the two $10's for it, and put it out of sight. Then turned his face aside, lest she should notice his embarrassment. But Lulu kept on reading. Then she said —

"What wretches they are, to be sure."

"*Who*, darling?" asked her husband.

"Those deceitful counterfeiters."

"Oh. Yes, yes," replied Charley.

"And how admirably they do their wicked work, too!"

"Yes. Sometimes they do."

"I'm sure *that* is a nicely executed bill I just gave you, Charles."

"Well, it ought to be. It's *genuine*, Lulu."

"You ought to know, Charley, of course."

"To be sure I know. Come! Let's retire." And thus the conversation was broken off.

"The base creatures!" continued Lulu, once more. "They ought to be strung up, for their perfidy."

And little did she realize how that rude epithet pierced the heart of the man she loved better than life itself.

The day following this briefly described interview was the Sabbath. Charles Weldon went out at early noon, and did not return until late that evening. And then —— we shall shortly learn *how!*

The U. S. Secret Service men had been busily employed

for several weeks upon an important job just outside of the city limits; and on Saturday this enterprise had been crowned with success, as had been indicated in the article Lulu had read to her husband — already quoted from the Evening Post. The arrest of this tribe of counterfeiters had led Chief Whitley to look farther, even, for the party who had been employed by the leaders of this gang to *engrave* one or two of the beautiful plates they had secured.

One of the culprits who had been caught peached on Weldon; and just after sunset on Sunday, as Charley was listlessly returning to his long-time peaceful home, he suddenly found himself in the sturdy embrace of two stout Detectives, who unceremoniously hurried him into a passing carriage, in irons, and bore him straight to the presence of the Chief of Division, at his Bleecker street head-quarters, where the unfortunate engraver was confronted with half-a-dozen former confederates in sin, who had previously similarly found their way unwittingly and unwillingly to this same quiet official retreat.

Within two hours, Col. Whitley's powers of eloquence had brought poor Weldon over! He acknowledged his guilt, gave the name of his rich employer, his place of business, and owned to having worked for him for over eight years, in putting forth the counterfeits he was suspected of having been concerned in getting up; and was about to be removed to the lock-up, when he feebly asked that he might see his wife, before he was finally sent to prison. This request was promptly acceded to, and half an hour subsequently ensued the scene that we alluded to as having taken place when Charley returned to his house late on that fatal night, where his refined and tenderly loving wife and two daughters had been for several hours anxiously awaiting him, surprised at the extraordinary delay in his coming, on that particular evening.

The two girls sat at the young mother's knee, and the rather anxious wife was earnestly listening for her husband's well-known step, when an unusual summons at the door called the servant to open it to three men — two of whom flanked Mr. Charles Weldon on either side; and entering without a word, the proprietor led the way to the back sitting-room, where Lulu and the two daughters, who had just concluded their peaceful evening Sabbath devotions, started up in wild surprise, to behold the husband and father in charge of two U. S. Officers, while his own hands were fast manacled together at the wrists, and hung listlessly in front of his heaving breast!

"Charley!" madly shouted the wife, and —

"Father!" screamed the girls, in turn.

"What does it mean? Speak — Charley — husband! Gentlemen! What does this dreadful sight portend?"

"Misery — ruin — disgrace, that cannot be described!" answered the fallen man, in a hollow tone.

"As how? Wherein?" persisted the stricken wife. "What have you done, Charley, to be thus seized on? *When*? — oh, tell me all!" moaned the poor woman. And falling at her husband's feet, she clasped his knees in agony, while the two children wept and sobbed aloud, amidst their fright and grief at this terrible and unexpected event.

"I cannot explain," said Weldon, as the hot tears of penitence and remorse gushed from his eyes. "Don't weep, Lulu; don't give way. Kiss me and say good-bye. I cannot bear to see you and our little ones thus terrified. I must leave you! I am a prisoner. I have erred — but now no more. Adieu! Forgive me — bless you, God bless my darling innocent wife and children!" he exclaimed, in fitful accents, and then stooped down to raise his wife, who had swooned at his feet.

He kissed her fondly, embraced his two children as well

as his manacled hands would permit, and was borne away by the stern officers of the law, who had thus accompanied him to the house to take leave of his family.

From that sad hour, the gentle, loving wife has never known one lucid moment! She went distraught, when she fell at Charley's feet, and three days afterwards, was taken to a mad-house; it is feared a hopeless incurable, from the terrible shock she encountered on that Sabbath night!

The father of Lulu died a few weeks prior to the sad occurrence now detailed, but left to his daughter a moderate fortune, which the two children have the benefit of. Lulu remains in the insane asylum, a demented maniac — utterly unconscious of any of the realities of life, and never mentioning the past, except at brief intervals, when she starts and exclaims, "Poor Charley! Will he come?" and then relapses into stolid forgetfulness, exhibiting for days no interest whatever in anything about her.

Weldon pleaded guilty before the Court, and was consigned to Sing Sing for a term of years. One of his rich employers is still at large, though *he* has been once tried, and escaped imprisonment, through the influence of his ready means, by which he managed to remove from the State important witnesses for the Government, at the last moment.

And thus another skilled and able counterfeiter has been provided for. His fate points a moral that should be heeded, indeed! The wilful prostitution of such talents as this man possessed, is a crime most inexcusable, and one for which there can be found no palliation. Blessed with a beautiful family, with rare qualifications, fine opportunity, and extraordinary advantages for *good*, he went deliberately to the *bad*, from choice; and brought upon himself and those who loved him, ruin, disgrace, and mental distraction.

"So comes the reck'ning, when the banquet's o'er;
The dreadful reckoning — and men smile no more!"

WM. M. ADAMS,

EX-MAYOR OF ALLEGHANY CITY, P'A.

AND "OLD KELLEY" THE MISER.

Ex-mayor William M. Adams, formerly a highly respectable citizen of Alleghany City, Penn'a., who was elevated to the office of Mayor of that place, fell from his high estate through the influence of liquor and bad associates. He lost his means, was reduced to dire want, took to passing counterfeit $20 notes on the Shoe & Leather Bank, was detected, arrested, tried and convicted, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $1000, with seven years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which institution is located in the very city of which Adams was formerly Mayor.

Beyond the above facts, and that he was once the honored head of an interesting family, there is little to record in his case. It is simply a sad example of what may happen to a man who abandons himself to a vicious course of life, and pursues it until the doors of the penitentiary stand between him and the outside world.

The credit of detecting and convicting Adams, is due to

U. S. Att'y. H. B. Swoope, who dutifully prosecuted this case to the bitter end, though the performance of this unwelcome task was one of the most painful acts that he was ever called upon to carry out in his official and legal experience.

An instance of deeper interest, perhaps, as a "coney" case, is that of Patrick Kelley, the oldest and most successful *retail* dealer in "queer" in the United States. For more than thirty years, Kelley had pursued his business, undetected. He had a regular list of patrons, such as Dutch corner-grocery men, and keepers of small porter-houses in the vilest quarters of New York city, proprietors of sailor dance-houses, and underground "diving-bells," where women and whiskey were the marketable wares, and fractional currency (if ever looked at by the customers) was seen with eyes blinded by the "blue ruin" of those depraved districts.

"Old Kelley" is a man upwards of fifty years of age, sufficiently cunning never to allow any one to know where he domiciles. He was a *miser* of the first water, ostensibly without family or friends, and he usually carried his counterfeit money rolled up carefully in his cravat. He amassed a fortune of full thirty thousand dollars, in his nefarious trade; and notwithstanding the numerous interviews he had held with his customers, none of them were able to give any intelligent account of him, so profoundly had he kept his secrets, whatever they were, and so studiously had he avoided having confidants or confederates.

Col. Whitley had for a long time been aware that the petty dealers above described were pushing out counterfeit fractional currency, and that they did this in a way that rendered it almost impossible to detect them. The proprietor of the grocery, for example, could drop two or three pieces of

twenty-five or fifty cent scrip into the till, and walk out. His boys would pay this away unwittingly, of course, and if a piece were returned, they were sharply censured by the proprietor, who would lecture them upon looking more strictly after the money that was paid them over the counter. And this was the end of it, for the time being.

Col. W. then turned his attention towards ascertaining from whence these men obtained their supplies. He knew this business was too insignificant for Miner, or Gurney, or Tom Hale to be engaged in. A watch was set upon one of the suspected places. Various parties were shadowed, and followed up, and the vigilance of the wary Detective was finally rewarded by seeing old Kelley visit several of these stores *in one day;* remaining in each place but a few moments. From that day the cunning criminal was steadily shadowed, until he was seen to connect with coney men of a heavier calibre than himself.

Kelley was arrested with a large quantity of counterfeit fractional scrip, together with bogus ones and two's on his person, and was securely locked up. The result has been the entire breaking up of this swindling of the poorer classes, which was for so long a period carried on through this miserly scoundrel's agency; and hence it is as important an arrest, in its way, as any recorded in this volume.

As an evidence of Kelley's rare cunning, it may be mentioned that after his arrest and incarceration in the Ludlow Street Jail, he induced one of the U. S. Deputy Marshals to go with him to his house, in order as he said that he might see to the things which had been left lying loosely about the place. This privilege being accorded him, while there Kelley passed into the water-closet, and the Marshal was surprised shortly afterwards at hearing a heavy fall upon the floor. He ran in. The cunning old coney man

lay upon the floor, apparently weltering in blood! The Marshal saw the deep ugly gash in Kelley's throat, partially concealed by the ever-attendant cravat. He at once summoned assistance, and conveyed poor old Kelley to a bed. A physician whom Kelley faintly expressed a desire to have called was sent for, who pronounced the wound dangerous, and that his patient could not be removed without danger to life.

This ingenious device seemed to bid fair to cheat justice out of her victim. The facts were reported to Col. Whitley at once, but that officer had little faith in the affair, and directly made an investigation; upon which it appeared that the old man had, through some means, possessed himself of a quantity of fresh blood, had taken a knife and made a few careful scratches about his throat, and had then smeared his neck, and dropped heavily upon the floor. The Col. was considered to be a most unfeeling man when he insisted upon removing the different bandages that concealed the evidence of this fraud; but this style of argument proved of no avail to Kelley. His neck and wounds were critically examined by the Chief, who ordered the excoriation to be cleansed, in his presence — when the attempted sell was exploded.

"I told you so," said the Col., quietly. "You must be more cautious with *this* kind of villains."

And old Kelley was marched off again to prison, and locked up, in safety.

PLAYERS AT

"THE SAWDUST GAME."

HOW *NOT* TO DO IT.

"The tricks they play are anything but fair;
But, oftentimes, they're racy, rich, and rare!"

Within two or three years, more especially at and since the time when the U. S. Secret Service Division broke up the "boodle game," already fully exposed in this work, a new device for skillful robbery of the uninitiated has been introduced in this country by sharpers and shysters, which has succeeded wondrously, which counts its victims by thousands, and its gains to the pockets of the original manipulators by hundreds of thousands of good hard dollars. This scheme is known as the "SAWDUST" or "CIRCULAR" Game; which we deem it our duty, in this volume, thoroughly to explode.

The "Sawdust Game" is played by only two parties; to wit, sharp knaves and dull fools. Yet the temptations put forth by the former prove (*once*, at least,) too great for the virtue or innocence of many of the latter. To show up this colossal swindle, we deem it a matter of real public good;

as exhibiting not only the natural gullibility of a large portion of our people and their natural eagerness to make money, "regardless of consequences," but also as a means of exposing one of the great mysteries of life in Metropolitan cities; and also to show that dishonest persons, (grasping at this shadow of a "golden opportunity" presented to them, whereby *they* may swindle their neighbors) are morally certain to come to grief, in the very midst of the swindle, and thus got "hoisted with their own petard."

It is much easier to overreach a certain class of the community prone to indulge in "great expectations," as well as would-be rogues, than it is to cheat honest but sharp men, ordinarily. There is an incentive in the hearts of the former that more readily leads them to be gulled — as the chances go. For, though

> "Great rogues find little rogues,
> To worry and to fight 'em,
> And little rogues find lesser rogues,
> And so — ad infinitum — "

still the bigger scoundrels find *new* rogues of great or less degree, continuously, in this tempting game we are now describing; and as fast as one district is used up, fresh fields are sought out, and the Sawdust Swindle is practised to fresh advantage by the skillful "managers," until they find themselves compelled again to change front and base, and go into newer fields, where this "little game" is unknown. We will do our humble part towards explaining this wicked imposition; and thus offer wholesome warning to the uninitiated, who may chance to read these "memoirs." The *modus operandi* of the Sawdust Swindle is briefly as follows: —

A nominal firm establish their head-quarters in New York city, for example. They procure city and town directories from all quarters, wherein they find and select the

address of certain people to whom they cause to be sent a "confidential Circular," in which they *promise* to furnish to each person so addressed "any quantity of United States paper money — National Bank Notes, Currency, or Scrip — of any desired denomination, as good to all appearance as the genuine, and printed from the *real* plates missed at the U. S. Treasury Department, at the low figure of 25 cents for every dollar ordered. The bills cannot be distinguished from the original," they assert, and the gentleman whom they write to "is one of only a very few who have been selected in his city (or town) to whom they will offer this grand opportunity to make a fortune, if he is prompt and ready to accept this rare chance." They do not ask the full pay till the goods are received, but the parties who order must "send, say 10 per cent. of the amount of purchase by mail, and the 15 per cent. balance, may be paid to the Express Co., 'C. O. D.,' when the parcel reaches him." The larger the amounts ordered, the greater the discount.

This is what the firm who sign this tempting circular (or letter) *promise* to do. And, in thousands of instances, this bait is nibbled at, at once, by the careless, easy-conscienced, or reckless poor mechanic, who is willing to "take the chances," and make a few hundred dollars thus readily and secretly, without regard to principle, or probable consequences in the premises.

Thus the New York manipulators of this huge swindle receive pecks of orders, and hundreds or thousands of dollars, daily, by mail! And they send to their quietly disposed but grasping customers the package "C. O. D.," for the balance due on shipments. The victim gets at the Express office (or receives at his address) a small neat box, about 6 by 16 inches in dimensions, upon which he pays the expressman the balance due, say $15 to $150, in good money, as the case may require, and finds the parcel to be a

box, iron-bound at both ends, which of course it is impossible to open, on the spot, to examine — even if he *dared* to expose its contents (which he doesn't) for *he* knows it contains counterfeit or bogus U. S. money. And so he very slyly slips away with his prize to the sanctity of his own private apartment, in store or dwelling-house, where he proceeds to open the casket that encloses his little future fortune, or, at the least, its nucleus! He does not always realize that in all this trickery he is *particeps criminis* in this criminal game. But he has put his twenty-five or two hundred and fifty *good* dollars into this "speculation," and now he is bound to see what the promised one hundred or one thousand dollars' worth of U. S. "bank-bills as good as the genuine" look like. And the dupe is not a little astonished, as well as chagrined, to find that his little iron-bound box contains *not* a dollar of counterfeit or any other money, but is simply *filled with dry sawdust*, or kindling-wood, nicely packed therein.

This is all — for the present.

But Mr. Verry Greene (the recipient of this parcel) has never played at the Sawdust Game before, and though indignant, of course, he is surprised. He doesn't comprehend this matter, at all. There must be some mistake here! He knows he is out twenty, fifty, a hundred or more dollars, as the case may be, in good money. But he can't return to the Express company for redress. That won't do; for how can he explain to *them* what he was looking for, in the iron-bound box? He can't tell *them* what he ordered, (has paid for) and didn't receive. True, he did not get what he sent for; but that little affair is between him and the firm of speculators in New York — Messrs. "Solman & Co.," "Jones & Co.," "Smith & Co.," "Elias & Co.," or any other man, with whom he has been indiscreet or silly enough to

engage in the attempt to pass off counterfeit money — for, if he did *not* intend to do this, what did he agree to buy the bogus stuff, at 25 cents on the dollar *for?*

Well — *he* opened his trade with the respectable firm in New York who sent him the handsome letter, with a view "to make his own future fortune," according to the terms of that flaming seductive Circular. And he isn't to be beaten out of his money, *no* how! If any game is being played upon *him*, they'll find that he is "up and dressed for 'em," thinks Mr. Verry Greene. So he sits down and writes an impulsive, saucy letter to Messrs. "Elias & Co." (or other firm,) and awaits "a prompt reply — or there'll be trouble."

He gets no answer! Then he repeats this dose. But he gets no reply, "prompt," or otherwise. Then he tries a third application of queries, expletives, and adjectives. But Messrs. "E. & Co." "Jones & Co." or whoever his correspondents may be, do not condescend to answer his epistles, or take the slightest notice of his threats, his fumings, or his abuse. And they *never* vouchsafe to address Mr. Verry Greene, again, in any manner whatever.

And *why?* — Because they haven't time, you see!

This little sponge has been fairly squeezed, and the gentlemen in New York have long since turned their attention to other very greens, with whom there is a better chance, you observe, to drive a *new* trade — in the same 'cute way. But their present irate victim doesn't sit down and submit to this outrage, quietly. No! He goes straight to New York, and will have satisfaction out of these villains, if it "takes a leg," or the last dollar he has in the world. So Mr. V. G. invests five-and-twenty *more* good dollars, and a whole week's time, in the "search for gratification under difficulties," *and* the recovery of his first investment. He is bound to "put these rascals through."

He goes to New York, accordingly.

A hundred chances to one that he don't find any such firm as is indicated upon the flaring Circular by which he has been fooled. They *never* use their real names, in this business. But he finds *a* place that he thinks this letter came from — and he "goes in" in high dudgeon, to "just know what this *means*, by hokey!"

If he gains any satisfaction there, at all, he learns that "there is certainly some error in this shipment. The clerks must have sent a wrong parcel. But the gentleman who attends to this branch of their business is now in Baltimore ("or elsewhere,") and will return in ten days, or so. *He* will explain when he comes back, and it will be made all right, of course. Very sorry — but they don't know anything about it," &c., &c., &c., and thus Mr. Verry Greene is bowed out.

He can't wait in New York, on expense, two weeks, and he goes home, hopefully assured that his *real* correspondent "will fix it up, as soon as he is made acquainted with the mistake," and so forth. Mr. V. G. is a sadder but not yet a much wiser man than before. He arrives in Boston, possesses his soul in patience two, three, four long weeks, thereafter, goes to the Post Office fifty times at least, for the long looked-for letter of explanation from New York; but gets nary a red, or the first word from the Sawdust Swindle firm, who have thus beaten him out of his hard-earned money. He sees through it all, at last, but can never get redress, for these knaves who once knew him, now know Mr. Verry Greene no more, forever.

He can't go to law, for, do you mind, he has never proposed to buy anything of these sharpers except *counterfeit money;* and he can bring no suit for *this*, because he never got any such stuff of them. They are too sharp to have any

"coney" on hand, or to send any of it to their patrons. Besides, they don't need to do this. Pine sawdust is cheaper, safer, and better, for *their* purposes. And so Mr. V. G. learns *his* lesson, and dries up.

So numerous had been the complaints made to Col. Whitley, by victims of this game, that the Chief of the Secret Service Division, a few months ago, broke into one of these swindling establishments in New York, where he found eight young men busily at work mailing these "circulars" in every direction, and several others making and filling the iron-bound boxes with sawdust. But they were simply at work there, as in any counting-house or factory; and not a dollar of the talked-of counterfeit or bogus money could be found, of course, for they hadn't any, and never had any.

A man by the name of Elias — a well-known New York jew, is said to be the great head and front of this huge scheme, by which thousands of persons, in all parts of the country have been defrauded. This Elias is now a man just in the prime of life, of very *distingué* appearance, who dresses in the height of fashion, and who has accumulated a large fortune in various projects of this and kindred character, of which he has been the prolific parent, and is now the leader in.

At the time when Col. Whitley seized the bogus concern above spoken of, and took those concerned in it into custody, he found upwards of 60,000 letters on the premises, coming from persons of high and low degree in every section of the United States, and along the Provincial borders, asking this nominal firm for *samples* of the bogus money, or making inquiries regarding it. Some of these letters were from *contractors*, and others who had large numbers of hands employed by them; in whose cases it was certainly fortunate

that counterfeit money could *not* be supplied them. Many of them, however, had "seen the elephant," and had paid their hundreds of dollars, in advance, as Mr. Verry Greene, of Boston, did, to get their neat little box of dry sawdust, only, in return.

The colossal proportions of this wicked business can scarcely be conceived of, and the statement contained in the last paragraph above would hardly be credited, but for the fact that Col. W. took possession and had an actual count made of these over *sixty thousand* missives, in *one* establishment, at the time of its seizure. The parties then arrested were taken before the U. S. Commissioner's Court, but were discharged on bail. No legal proof to *convict* them could be had, their *patrons* of course declining to appear against the prisoners, lest they criminated themselves, naturally. A $10 counterfeit note was found on the premises, and Col. W. based his action on this fact. But they forfeited their bail, and ran away. This whole vast scheme of infamy is so adroitly managed, that under existing United States laws, no evidence *can* be had to implicate the originators and workers of the game. Its *exposure*, therefore, is the only means available, to warn the public not acquainted with its duplicity to be on their guard against this specious and subtle Circular swindle.

In the next chapter, we will show how criminals are made, through this means. It is lamentable, but the fact exists, unfortunately, that American law is by far too lenient towards this class of wealthy offenders. They "do things better in France." If a counterfeit bill or a bogus coin, for instance, be found upon a denizen of Paris, (no matter *how*), he is caught up as a criminal, and held until he clearly proves that he came in possession of this obnoxious object innocently. The crime in that country consists in having the bogus in possession at all.

THE TEMPTERS

AND THE TEMPTED.

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MANUFACTURED.

"They scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream they ne'er will see them more:
But, for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land."

It will scarcely be conceived, by those unacquainted with the details or the records of crime in this country, how vast a number of criminals are absolutely *manufactured* through the influence, example, and persistent cunning of the leaders or chief managers of the counterfeiting and Circular swindling establishments in the Atlantic cities — chiefly having their headquarters in New York, at present — and reaching out their long-extended feelers to every point in the compass, for fresh victims with which to glut their everlastingly insatiable maw.

We give a single instance, here, of the results of an actual case that not long ago occurred in Boston, through this means — carried out by one of the travelling *agents* of a New York sawdust swindle firm — the victim to which (to the tune of $750 in hard-earned money,) is still a resi-

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JOSHUA D. MINER,

THE AUTOCRAT OF AMERICAN CONEY MEN. [See page 420.

dent of the hub, at the South End of Washington Street, and a cabinet-maker by trade, "of easy virtue," unfortunately, but who learned a lesson that will last him to the end of his life, probably.

The name of this victim is George L. Franc. The New York *agent's* name is Tho's. Haggarty, and his confederate was called "Mr. Howard," a N: Y. wine-dealer. Haggarty took board in the same house with Franc, wormed himself into his confidence, broached his plan to him, showed him sundry *good* bills, which he said were the kind he could furnish him from the New York concern (according to the Circular he exhibited) and induced Franc to draw $500 from the Savings Bank; for which he was to receive $2000 of this splendid counterfeit money, "which nobody could tell from the genuine," etc., etc. Haggarty took this $500 good money out of Franc, *said* he was going to New York to get the "coney," but did not return — and Franc never saw the color of his genuine $500 again. He wrote, and wrote and fumed, and swore, and threatened — but all to no purpose, of course.

Haggarty left behind him his trunk, at Franc's boarding house, when he went away, as a sort of pledge that he was acting honorably; for he said "I always like to meet a man on the level, and quit him on the square, Franc." And a few weeks after Haggarty left, another stranger came to the house, one "Mr. Howard, a wine-dealer," from New York. *He* soon got acquainted with doomed Franc, and casually spoke of Haggarty. Franc asked him if he knew H., and then confidentially explained to Howard the transaction he had had with Haggarty. Howard told him Haggarty was all right, and that his $2,000 would come, in due time. It was a large sum, and likely H. couldn't get it all at once, &c.

Then Howard plied Franc. The poor fool fell into this

second snare readily, for he said "he couldn't wait for Haggarty — and he wanted the coney (or whatever it was) at once." "I can get you some," said Howard. And *he* drew out a lot of *good* notes and showed Franc what *he* had got from this New York firm aforesaid, and of which "he could get *more*, say a thousand dollars' worth, at 25 cents on the dollar, for Franc, if he liked — at once." Franc, soon afterwards, actually paid this "Howard" (who was Haggarty's pal!) $250 in good money; making $750 he had drawn from less than a thousand he had to his credit in the Boston Savings Bank.

Howard had got to go out of town, he said, and would deliver Franc the $1,000 bogus notes at noon next day. Franc was sharp, however. He had been bitten once, (he feared) and he was bound to make up his loss for the $500 and this proposed second investment of $250, all at once. So he appointed to meet Howard at noon at a store in a back street named, where Howard came; and Franc brought him the $250, which he saw him take *into* that store to get the $1,000 bogus he had promised him. Howard couldn't get *out*, unawares to him, because Franc waited at the front door, where they parted, and watched for his coming. Franc has been "waiting" patiently, ever since — but neither Mr. Howard, the N. Y. wine-dealer, nor Mr "Thomas Haggarty" have gratified him with a glimpse of their pleasant countenances, since. Howard left through the *rear* store-door, which opened into the back street.

Being $750 dollars out, Mr. Franc naturally got very wrathy. He wrote several abusive letters to Haggarty (though he had done better to have saved his postage-stamps,) and got no replies. He seized Haggarty's trunk, and then sent him a stinging letter, through the young man's father's care; which elicited from Haggarty the fol-

lowing spicy, impudent reply — which we give, *verbatim et literatim* — as a curiosity in its way; and which closed the correspondence between these two well-intentioned (?) parties, when Franc went to the N. E. office of the S. S. Division, and reported the details of this case.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y. 16, 1871.

GEORGE L. FRANC, BOSTON.

Sir. — I have got a letter you sent to my house, and in reply would say you are makin' a dam fool of yourself, and it is time you found out that you are not dealin with as big a fool as *you* ar. My trunk I will have, with all my things in it. And if I miss anythin, I will make you squeel, you dam ignorant dumb bastard.

"You ar going to place my things in the 'copper's' hands, hey? Before you send them to Whitley's men, have my dirty overhauls washed. You'll soon be where folks sigh for summer clo'es. How are you $500? Well, you know how that is yourself. How is Howard, the wine-dealer? Oh, I wish you was *here*. I would put a head on you, bigger 'an a twenty-shillin' bean pot.

"Howard says you almost hugged him to death, in Boston. He's a nice man, is Mr. Howard. An' so are you — for a small party. Well, ole boy, work hard, and make it up. It didn't coss'd *you* on'y $750, to 'see it.' Better luck nex time. Good-bye. Howard and me are just goin' to eat a rousin' good supper. You're makin good time towards the bone-orchard — *you* ar.

Yours &c., $500 & 250.

P. S. Write me, now and then, if you can raise any three-cent stamps. I dont mean 'queer' stamps, Georgy."

This letter came over a year ago. Mr. Franc has heard nothing farther from his money, the Sawdust firm, or his two "friends" — and doesn't wish to! And here we leave this swindle and its operators, with a few brief reflections.

The unprincipled *monied* men — the Eliases, the Miners, the Roberts' and their kith or kin in counterfeiting and

swindling, are the huge stumbling-blocks that are met in the way of reforming the abuses undertaken by the Detective and Police authorities. But for these vampires, who riot in their infamy and gloat over their ill-gotten gains, who defy law and gospel, and who escape punishment through their social standing and great wealth, much of the crime now existing in the community could never have had a being, and certainly could not be sustained. Through these base men, are thousands of criminals manufactured, who otherwise would never know, or think, of passing counterfeit money.

The example, influence, and practices of these big offenders, the temptations they so speciously and shrewdly hold out to the unbalanced and easily seduced victims they assail, the readiness with which the gilded bait is bitten at which they offer to half evil-inclined small rogues, the plausible manner in which they approach the poor careless mechanic or unwary laborer who essays to make a few extra dollars easily, and don't mind *how*, the skillful style in which they play their wicked game upon unsuspecting and credulous dupes of all grades and classes, and the tenacity they exhibit in their wanton, continuous, successful, and fantastic tricks that so "offend high Heaven, and make the angels weep" at their results — are frightful to be a witness to, and wring the hearts of every honest citizen to reflect upon, in view of their daily and hourly occurring consequences to society!

"The natural propensity to commit crime can never be thoroughly eradicated in the community," it has latterly been truthfully said. Yet where is the remedy for this evil? Humanitarians and well-meaning philanthropists are everlastingly proposing *theories*, but all their plans of moderation fail in reducing the average amount of crime among

us, and none of these have *ever* reached the lordly villains who employ or tempt the weak and lesser knaves to do the wrong they dare not undertake themselves.

Who can reach the Miners, the Eliases, and knaves of their calibre and wealth, successfully? Who will propose a plan for "prison-reform," for instance, that shall contain solid practical value, pointing to the restoration of criminals to the path of rectitude? Who will suggest a healthful prison-discipline that shall be at once stern and repressive, without being brutal? That shall prove a real *terror* to evil-doers, and thus operate effectually as a preventative of crime? Who will "put their shoulder to the wheel," and aid to annihilate the first great cause of this stealthy, insidious, criminal temptation, that lives and moves and has its being in our metropolitan cities, and whose authors, aiders and abettors have injured, crippled and ruined so many of the soft-headed or weak-minded young men in this country, in and out of office?

Among these so created criminals are found many of the later counterfeit money-shovers and small dealers, now being arrested almost daily by the Secret Service Detectives; who often frankly confess to Col. Whitley that they thus commenced their course of evil. Tempted with the bait thrown out to them by the "boodle-men" or "sawdust swindlers"—through these infamous and subtle cheats having first had their hopes to "make their fortunes easily," excited, and being disappointed with their earlier non-success—their unbalanced or uneducated aspirations becoming inflamed—they quickly follow this *initiatory* process out, towards the certain deeper guilt in which they so soon become involved.

They are informed that they can obtain prime counterfeit money, *some*where. And failing to get it of the swindlers

who first *promise* to furnish it, at 20 to 25 per cent. cost, (but who never use the stuff at all, except by name, as we have shown,) these infatuated and ignorant victims proceed to search out other sources, whence they *can* obtain bogus bills. They find these "providers of the queer," purchase the stuff, shove it among the people, are snapped up by the U. S. Detectives, and are sent to prison — to their own ruin and the ruin of their families. They are justly blameable; and this result is but the righteous sequence to their evil doings. Still, in seven cases out of ten, these victims are *not* innately or originally bad men. They are but "manufactured criminals," made up of the "raw material" in society, by the skillful arch workers we have described — the Miners, the Eliases, the Gurneys, and their genus.

And contingent upon this sawdust swindle, come newly created Post Office thieves, by scores — inside and outside of the Department. Thousands of letters containing money-remittances, addressed by victims to the authors of the Circulars described, *never leave the Post Office in which they are deposited* by the would-be-lucky men and women who mail these missives! We *know* of what we now assert.

The nominal "firms" to whom these letters are directed, quickly become known to the P. O. clerks who have the handling of them at the places where they are deposited; and *they* know these envelopes contain money, for the bogus "sawdust" men. Is it a crime to intercept *such* letters? Is it wrong to rob a would-be robber of his plunder? Some of these young gentlemen think not. And so many of the letters started by the poor fools towards the sawdust mill, do not reach their destination — *they* never know why.

This is bad enough. But this is far from being all. The temptation thus held out to young men to steal from the other thieves, is but the beginning of the end. Once the

ice is broken, once the Post Office clerk possesses himself surreptitiously of these money-letters belonging to the sawdust cheat or his victim, he swiftly comes, like hungered Oliver Twist, to seek for more; and valuable money-letters *in transitu* to or from *other* firms than sawdust swindlers, are missed and gobbled, or mysteriously disappear from merchants' boxes, to find their way into the pockets of ready purloiners, inside or outside of the Post Office, (or both) who date their first experience in this course of dangerous crime to the temptation we have alluded to — and who have thus also been "manufactured criminals" through the base tendencies of the wrong we write of. The *facts* herein narrated, are patent.

The U. S. and other Detectives for the New England District, have very recently worked up a flagrant case of this character, in Boston, where one Laws, a Post Office clerk, has been thus systematically robbing the merchants' boxes of money-letters, until his peculations have reached many thousands of dollars, in amount. He has lived fast, spent money freely, and has come to grief at last, after stealing these letters at various times, from persons and firms to the number of some *twelve thousand* individuals, it is said! He confesses that the letters generally contained from $2 to $10 each.

He has followed up his crime for a long period, and states that among the chief victims of this wrong, Messrs. E. C. Allen & Co., publishers of that popular American weekly, so widely known as the "*People's Literary Companion*," of Augusta, Maine, are sufferers, through his robberies, to an amount exceeding $16,000! This persistent mail-thief well knew, from the enormous number of letters mailed in and around Boston to "E. C. Allen & Co., publishers," that the envelopes must contain cash remittances,

for subscriptions. And so he has had "a good time," at the expense of these and other business men, until *he* has gone up, on discovery, like hundreds of other poor reckless deluded fools, who forget that iniquity bears with it its ghostly torturer, remorse, and that such wanton criminality can only flourish for a season.

Do the merchants of Boston, Philadelphia, Portland, New York, Washington, and other large cities *realise* that this state of things actually exists in their midst? Will the public credit this broad statement? Do the parties herein criticised, themselves dare challenge the sober truth of the assertions made in this chapter? Ought we not to have legal enactments that *will* reach the instigators and *originators* of this class of criminals?

Or, must we continue to submit to this grievous wrong in society, which is thus basely fostered by wealth, avarice, cunning, villainy and cupidity — and through its baleful influence and machinations causing such direful results in the community at large? Is there *no* balm in our Gilead? Can there be found *no* good in our broad Nazareth? Are there not wise heads and honest hearts among the "assembled wisdom" of this nation that may be prompted to exert their influence and strength towards the righting of this glaring social wrong — by giving to the people laws that will punish and crush out these bald and bold manufacturers of criminals? In all candor and hopefulness, we commend this fruitful subject to the earnest consideration of Congressional legislators.

THE AUTOCRAT OF

AMERICAN CONEY MEN;

JOSH. D. MINER.

"So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That he liv'd from all attainder of suspect.
* * * * *
Look! what is done, cannot now be amended.
Men shall deal unadvisedly, sometimes—
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of."

RICHARD III.

This celebrated and noted character, a faithful portrait of whom is given upon page 412, has justly earned the unenviable but not inappropriate sobriquet of the "Autocrat of Counterfeiters" in the United States. We devote the closing pages of our "memoirs of the Secret Service" to this individual, because he is the last *great* criminal whose erratic life we find portrayed in the official records, and because our work would indeed be incomplete, if concluded without a synopsis of the marvellous career of this wealthy, shrewd, and successful but depraved offender, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has absolutely revelled in the forefront of infamy, and whose dark eventful history is presented alike as a warning and as an example of the subtle "science

of crime" that is unfortunately rampant among us, in high places.

The early years of Joshua D. Miner were passed in Steuben County, N. Y. His personal appearance, at the present time, as will be noted upon reference to his likeness (engraved from a recent photograph) is that of a quiet gentleman, and his features are manly and regular. The natural expression of his face indicates nothing extraordinary, and he passes in society for a good-looking, civil man, of the "eminently respectable" sort, while in his personal intercourse he is said to be courteous, affable, and pleasant towards all who come in contact with him. His store of worldly wealth is large, and there is no doubt that Mr. Miner to-day can count his fortune by hundreds of thousands of ill-gotten dollars.

Yet, if the half of what, by a cloud of living witnesses, is told of him be true, then is he one of the subtlest, sharpest, luckiest, and most accomplished rogues in broadcloth that has ever been shown up by the authorities in this country; and we doubt if a parallel to his history throughout the annals of infamy, (in the peculiar phase to which he has devoted the best part of his ill-spent life) can be found in this or any other country.

Mr. Miner is at present living in good style in New York city, upon 67th Street, where he has resided for several years back (in two or three different houses) and is a contractor for the erection of public works; employing a goodly number of men in his service, and being generally esteemed by them as a respectable and law-abiding citizen. His real estate is scattered about him in that region, and he has long been considered a wealthy, substantial man, by those who surround him, and who may not have had any dealings with him in the coney-trade; in which, according to the records,

he has himself been engaged notably at least for thirty years, in the later decade of which period he has been the heaviest counterfeit manufacturer and dealer (at first hands) in the United States, beyond comparison.

He comes of a counterfeiting family, also, according to the testimony of his neighbors. The Hon. James G. Bennett, Member of the N. Y. Assembly, First District of Steuben County, says, "I know Joshua D. Miner (commonly called 'Jot Miner') very well. I was raised in the same neighborhood with him. We attended school together. In 1854, I was elected Justice of Wayland Township, Steuben Co., N. Y. Joshua D. Miner was brought before me in that year for bastardy. The child (a daughter) is now living, and is eighteen years old, and the mother who has since married, is also living. The Miner family have the reputation of being counterfeiters. The father of Josh was arrested for passing counterfeit money. Charles M., (brother of Jot,) was sent to the penitentiary for the same offence. It is notoriously known, here, that Josh D. Miner was sent to the penitentiary, in Ohio, for counterfeiting. It is the general belief that Josh belonged to the famous organized gang of counterfeiters and horse-thieves consisting of Ben Burroughs, old Joe Rosencranz, Young Joe, Dan. Ward, Herrick, old man Miner, Chas. Miner, Jot Miner, and several others. Jot Miner was here last summer to see his daughter," &c., &c.

The above testimony is from a prominent man in Miner's native township, and comes from one who knew him from his cradle. . . . . Chauncey Bennett, the *father* of this gentleman, who is a farmer in Wayland, says, "I know the Miner family well. I have lived a neighbor to them for thirty-odd years. The old man Miner is an old counterfeiter. Charles Miner was sent to the penitentiary for coun-

terfeiting. 'Jot,' or Josh D. Miner was a member of a large counterfeiting gang, in this section, some years ago. It is currently said that Josh was sent to the penitentiary in Ohio for counterfeiting, some fifteen years ago. E. G. Buell and Anson Brayton, of Williamsburgh, L. I., brothers-in-law to Hon. James G. Bennett, know Miner well."

Mr. Harris Curtiss, Tax Collector, Wayland, Steuben County, N. Y. says, "I am well acquainted with Jot, or Joshua D. Miner. I have known him over thirty years. He has the reputation of being a counterfeiter. His father was an old counterfeiter. His brother Charley was sent to the penitentiary for counterfeiting. Josh D. was arrested at Seneca Lake for passing a bogus $5 bill. When arrested for this offence, he swallowed the counterfeit note. He was sent to the Ohio penitentiary for counterfeiting fifteen years ago."

The Hon. C. J. M'cDowell, ex-District Attorney, of Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., states as follows, recently. "I know the Miner family well. I have known the family intimately for years. Their reputation is very bad. They are counterfeiters. The old man was arrested for counterfeiting; Charles Miner was sent to the penitentiary for same offence. I was his attorney. Josh. D. Miner was sent to the penitentiary in Ohio, for counterfeiting. I saw him after his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary. It is notoriously known that he belonged to a gang of counterfeiters."

M. F. Conley, Esq., father-in-law to the above named gentleman, says, "I know Josh. D. Miner, have known him from boyhood up to the present time. I know the whole family. Josh. D. run a saw-mill on a lot adjoining my farm. He often paid his men off in counterfeit money. He once passed a bad $50 note on *me*. He at one time showed me a number of $50 bogus notes, on a Buffalo Bank. He went to

Cleveland, O., and sent back for one Rosencranz, (a writing-master) to join him, to forge signatures to Bank Notes. Both were arrested. Josh. was sent to the penitentiary, and R. got clear. Rosencranz stated that Jot's woman burned up a lot of counterfeits, when the officers came to arrest them, and before they could get into their room."

Joshua Gray, Hotel-keeper, at Wayland, N. Y., says, "I know the Miner family. They are counterfeiters. Jot Miner belonged to a gang of counterfeiters here, some years since." And several similar depositions upon this point, from other responsible citizens who have known Miner many years, may be found upon the records.

For a dozen years past, Miner, having accumulated a handsome property, has drawn himself aloof from the *smaller* class of counterfeiters; having turned his attention to manufacturing and dealing on a large scale. It has been his habit to make "deals" only with the heavier sellers, more latterly. But, for a considerable length of time, he has dealt the coney out from his own mills — from the establishments for which he alone furnished the capital for presses, engraving, printing, paper, inks, and contingent charges; employing the best of engravers and workmen, turning out some of the choicest bogus notes ever seen in America, living in sumptuous style upon the profits of this infamy, and all quietly *sub rosa;* meantime, passing in society, while he was thus villainously accumulating his wealth, as a marvellous proper man, of sound integrity, and as a good citizen! And so, for several years.

Peter Smith, alias Pete Williams, was one of his best printers, for a long period. He was a noted coney man, in his time — now dead. When this event occurred, Miner cast about him for other operators, and came into intimate relations with Thomas Ballard, who for several late years was at the head of his counterfeiting printing concern.

He continued so a long time, always successful. He had narrowed down his direct business associations to transactions between himself and but few dealers, all of whom bought largely of him, and sold it to other large dealers, who put it off to lesser sellers, who in turn distributed it to peddlers, boodle-men and shovers. But Miner was the great "head and front of this offending," who, by this time, had got so far above all competition, that he stood "alone in his glory." And so shrewdly and silently did he manage his extensive operations, that it was impossible to track or discover *his* hand as the great prime moving-power of this vast machine of evil.

His associates, during this last named period, were the notorious Jim Morrison, of West Troy, N. Y., Steve Payne, of Philadelphia, Bob Morrisey and Joe Garfield, of W. Troy, Hank Hall, (his brother-in-law) of New York, John Sims, of Camillas, N. Y., Harry Cole, Bill Gurney, Frank Hinman, and two or three other notables, to whom he furnished hundreds of thousands in counterfeits upon the National Banks, of all denominations, $2s, $10s, $20s and 50s, in sums of $5,000 to $20,000 at a time — at an average cost to them of ten to fifteen per cent. upon the nominal value of the money; his "factory" being located at the corner of 49th Street and 6th Avenue, in New York city.

"God hath yoked to guilt her pale tormenter, misery," says Bryant. And guilt, though it may, on the contrary, attain temporal splendor, can never confer genuine happiness. The evident consequences of crime long survive its commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the offender. Yet, since *success* tends to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men, the lucky fortune which, in a pecuniary view, attended this subtle thriving counterfeiter, when he got fairly upon the

track, under full sail, enabled him to defy the laws, for years, while he fondled his secret within his own silent heart.

But, from force of circumstances, he heeded not the truth of the axiom that "three can keep a secret, if two of them be *dead*," and found himself obliged to entrust certain details of his nefarious workings to tried confidants: in whom he placed the most implicit reliance, and who for a time were true as steel in their devotion to their subtle leader's interests. He appreciated the jeopardy of this compulsory alliance, but he could not get on alone, save as prime mover in his peculiar iniquity. And, since danger is apt to level man and brute, and "*all* are fellows in their need," this Autocrat in crime confided to less cunning operators his secret, and came to grief in the end.

The notorious Bill Gurney (whose history we have already given by itself,) was a year or more ago arrested by Chief Whitley, and sent over for counterfeiting. While in custody *he* went to Josh D. Miner, in company with Col. W. and one of his Assistant Detectives, to enlist Miner's aid to get him out of his dilemma. Miner then agreed to surrender into the Chief's hands a counterfeit $20 plate which W. sought, and which he traced into Miner's possession. This plate *was* so surrendered, in exact accordance with M.'s agreement with Col. W. From that hour, Miner was faithfully "shadowed," until tangible results were reached — as we shall soon see.

One Dave Kirkbride was arrested for counterfeiting, at length. After a little delay and examination, he "squealed" on a copartner, David Keen. *He* shortly peached on Harry C. Cole. And Harry Cole informed the Chief, where he (and the others) who were Miner's most intimate confidants, obtained their counterfeit money, in bulk. They all procured it in quantities of Josh D. Miner, so they frankly declared.

In the course of the examination of Cole by Chief Whitley, at his headquarters, after he had made this voluntary declaration, Col. W. asked Cole if he knew who the engraver of this money was; and Harry informed him that he had seen *a* man carry the "stuff" to Miner's house, but he "could not say who he was. If he were to see him again, he should know him, however." And then a snare was set by Col. W. to secure this important personage, which resulted in his capture, on the night his employer (Miner) was arrested, (October 25th, 1871).

They proceeded on that night to the Corner of 61st Street and the Boulevard, which Cole said was the usual place of rendezvous, and caught *a stranger* there. This man said, at first, he was a painter, and that his name was Thos. Avey. The Chief took him in charge, went at him as usual, in his persuasive style, and shortly he owned up that he was an engraver. Then he told *what* he engraved, and for whom he worked. The Chief proceeded to the place of his labors shortly (which he disclosed) at No. 256 Rivington Street, where he at once seized valuable presses, paper, (counterfeited to imitate the new pink-fibred Government paper,) materials, large amounts of bogus notes, etc., and found that this man's name was Thos. Ballard — who "squealed" on Josh D. Miner, at length; declaring him to be his employer, supplying all the capital to carry on the business, and paying him liberally for his work — which was of first class character; he (Ballard) being a splendid artisan.

At once in possession of all this important information, from these two witnesses (Cole and Ballard) who had had dealings thus intimately for several years with Miner, and having secured the valuable presses, etc., at Josh's clearly-defined mill, the Chief then plied Ballard, with his custo-

mary skill and success; for the engraver owned up to everything, in detail. *He* was placed in Ludlow Street jail — but he was too important a living witness against Miner to be allowed to remain there! Ballard broke jail, and escaped. A reward of $5000 is now offered by the Government for his re-capture.

How Ballard got off, nobody knows — at least nobody who seems inclined to tell! Miner is rich. Ballard's testimony would confound and convict him, upon trial. He is gone — for the present. But Harry Cole was left, and his evidence was important.

Cole stated that he had bought counterfeits, largely, of Miner, at different "deals," in sums of five to twenty thousand dollars at a time, within seven or eight years; he had received direct from Miner's hands, at his house, hundreds of thousands of dollars; and that there were nearly a million of dollars thus put out by Miner, to his own personal knowledge. He commenced to purchase bogus money of Miner nine years ago, and had continued to do so, ever since. He first began to buy these counterfeits of Miner, at his 67th Street house. Cole knew he manufactured this stuff, and knew he thus always obtained it from M., at first hands. So far, well. But could he buy *more?*

Cole's arrest was still a secret. He undertook, in behalf of the Government, to purchase more bogus money directly from Miner, and also proposed to get a valuable counterfeit plate from him. Cole went to work in good faith, and after more than three weeks occupied in going and coming and manipulating, he arranged the appointment with Miner to meet him at night on the 25th of October, 1871, in a retired spot in New York, where he, Miner, would deliver Cole two certain counterfeit National $2 and $10 plates he had; for which Cole was to pay him $1,500 in good money, on deliv-

ery. The money for this purchase was furnished Cole by the Chief of the Secret Service.

Miner was too far removed from all this business, *ostensibly*, to be reached in any way save through the defection of his accomplices, and Cole, alone, could "deal" with Miner, satisfactorily, at this juncture. So the Government allowed Cole to apply to Miner (as he had a thousand times done already,) in this transaction. Cole was watched, followed, and kept constantly in sight, by Col. Whitley's Detectives. Indeed, the arrangement was made with the understanding with Cole, that this deal should be made in the presence of the U. S. officers, who were appropriately disguised for the occasion.

On the night in question, Cole went to Miner's house, with three Detectives close behind him. He was thoroughly searched before he entered Miner's dwelling, and was positively known to have no counterfeit money upon his person. Cole met Miner in his house, they walked out together, all the details having been previously agreed upon between the two accomplices, proceeded a short distance down the Boulevard (with few other living beings in sight) when Miner left Cole a moment, crossed the Boulevard, encountered Thos. Ballard, received from Ballard a package, returned to Cole, and was just in the act of delivering this package (which contained the desired plates) and in taking from Cole the $1,500, when U. S. Detective Kennock collared Mr. Joshua D. Miner, and he was a prisoner — very greatly to his consternation and chagrin! He fought furiously, but uttered no call for the Police, and was finally secured, after a sharp struggle, and borne away, as was Ballard, also.

Harry Cole had "sold him out" clean, and it was then deemed if *ever* a criminal was had "dead to rights," that the U. S. Secret Service men had Josh. D. Miner so, on this

occasion. After an examination, the prisoner was admitted to bail in the sum of $30,000, and subsequently his case went to trial before the U. S. District Court in New York city, upon one of ten indictments.

It turned out, from the evidence adduced upon this trial of Miner, in December, 1871, that the $1,500 marked good money, which he had previously agreed with Cole to take from him for these plates, was *not found upon Miner's person*, when he was taken to the lock-up. The officers went back to the scene of arrest, and found this money scattered about the spot where the *final* struggle with Miner had occurred, some rods distant from the spot where Cole paid it to him; thus showing pretty plainly that Miner had *had* the $1,500 in his hands, but had shrewdly thrown it away, during the fight, in the darkness. The plates were also secured by the Detectives; but Miner stoutly declared he knew nothing whatever about either plates, money, Cole, or any thing connected therewith.

A theory was at once set up by the defence that *Cole* had these plates in his possession the Sunday prior to the arrest of Miner. A witness was produced by Miner to swear to this. Also that Cole came to Miner's house on the night of October 25th, and was met there by another witness, who swore that Cole *then* had a package with him. That Miner and Cole went out and down the Boulevard, followed by two other defence witnesses, who swore they saw Cole drop this parcel, and pick it up again, as they passed along, that Miner then left Cole, briefly, was called back, and then arrested.

From a recently published pamphlet, over the signiature of Col. H. C. Whitley, present Chief of the U. S. Secret Service Division, wherein is ably and clearly set forth the system and workings of this Department, we extract the

following pertinent queries, in relation to the details that came out upon Miner's late trial in New York.

"If Miner did not leave Cole to meet Ballard, (on the Boulevard) and after meeting him, return to Cole, as the government detectives swear he did, and the connection between Miner and Ballard did not furnish grounds for the arrest of the latter, (who afterwards surrendered all the requisite material for manufacturing the counterfeit money from the very plates found in Miner's possession on the night of the arrest,) and who, after being indicted, broke jail and fled; and if neither Cole nor the Secret Service officers knew Ballard before, as they all swear they did *not*, then how came they to arrest the latter except because of having seen him connect with Miner, and deliver the package as sworn to?

"Why did Bill Gurney, when arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, for which he has been sent to the State Prison, go to Miner, in company with myself and one of my officers, and solicit Miner's aid to help him out of the trouble? And how came Miner to guarantee to surrender into my hands the twenty-dollar counterfeit plate? which surrender was made in exact accordance with the programme laid down by Miner himself?

"If the Government witness, John Ballard, who swore he was brother to the Thomas Ballard previously alluded to, did *not* print thousands of dollars of counterfeit money, from the plates in question, and deliver the same to Miner and his partner, Hank Hinman, as he swears he did, why did not Hinman come forward and disprove the fact?

"If Cole was thoroughly searched and watched by the Secret Service officers, as they swear he was, where did he get the package that two witnesses for the defense saw *him* drop? And if he carried it in his pocket, as sworn to by Elliot, Miner's brother-in-law, how came he to *drop it at all?* Why did Miner resist, if he knew the person arresting him was an officer; and if he did not know it, why did he not cry for assistance; and why, if innocent, did he make admissions of his guilt to me? Or, did I swear falsely in that regard? If Cole had the plates in his possession on the Sunday evening previous to the arrest, what did he want of the fifteen hundred dollars to give Miner on the night of the arrest; and if Miner did *not* receive the money, how came it scattered over the identical spot which had been the final scene of the struggle between him and the officer?

"Is Cole a dull rogue, a sharp rogue, or a fool? If a dull rogue, how has he so long and successfully evaded the detectives? If a sharp rogue, how came he to take the plates to Miner's house, and exhibit them *in the presence of a third party?* If a fool, then, according to the old adage that children and fools tell the truth, he is more than ever entitled to belief.

"If Miner was innocent, what was he doing on the Boulevard at night, *in company with a notorious counterfeiter!*"

These queries are aptly put, in the form of an interrogative; but plainly include the only possible answers to them.

All this prò and con, upon the trial, the details of which occupied several days; during which, unknown witnesses were produced, who were evidently *not* present at the scene of the arrest at all, and who swore to circumstances which the three Detectives' evidence totally rebutted. But, as the $1,500 was not found upon Miner, at the moment, and as Harry Cole's testimony (though given with the utmost clearness and disinterestedness) was that of an accomplice of

Miner, and as the honorable Judge charged that due caution must be observed by the jury in considering the testimony of the U. S. Detectives, — after a lengthened sitting, during which that Jury twice came into Court, stating that they were unable to agree, they at last returned a clear verdict, to the utter surprise of all who had listened to the testimony produced in this tedious and extraordinary trial!

Other indictments are still pending against Miner, of a serious character, and he is now at large, under heavy bail. The result of this first trial exhibits the immense difficulties which exist in the way of convicting a palpable counterfeiter, who chances to possess the means to employ able counsel, and to suborn or purchase witnesses (if he be so disposed) in such cases.

That all this connivance *was* resorted to, in the instance quoted, is apparent, unless the sworn testimony of three or four U. S. Detectives, and of Miner's old accomplice, Cole, is totally false. That the desired plates were obtained, during that melee and arrest of Miner, is simply a fact. That the package did not find its way to the Boulevard, after Miner left his house, in *Cole's* hands, is also very clear. That Miner actually took the plates from Ballard (his printer, who broke jail after arrest, and ran away) is as clear as any event that ever occurred in life, from all the evidence adduced on this remarkable trial.

That Miner took the $1,500 in money paid him by Cole (according to previous agreement between them) and shrewdly seeing the importance, *during the struggle* of the arrest, that this money should *not* be found upon him under the circumstances, and that he threw it away, at the *close* of the contest (where it was afterwards found), is clear.

But the honorable Judge's charge, though able and explicit, evinced a decided leaning towards the defendant and a pre-conceived depreciation of the testimony of Gov-

ernment Detectives, when he enunciated the opinion that "as a class, their evidence is always to be scrutinized, and accepted with caution."

We have already called the attention of the reader to the life-records of the Detectives thus alluded to; which records may be found scattered through our pages. It can hardly be fairly said of such men as *these*, in our judgment, that they are not worthy of being believed, on oath.

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," and Miner left the Court, this time, in triumph. We have given the facts in this curious case, epitomized, necessarily, but gathered carefully from the records, and the published trial. The public can judge of the character of this decision. If *such* base men are suffered to be left at leisure in the midst of society, unchecked and unconvicted — whither may we not drift, in the future?

That great good has already resulted to the community, through the events that we have recorded in this book, is very clear. And one of the very greatest achievements which has culminated in this direction, is the fact that in this *last* effort of Col. Whitley and his Assistants, Josh D. Miner, the Autocrat of Counterfeiters in this country, has been effectually reduced to impotence in crime.

In support of Col. Whitley's system in accomplishing the laudable objects of the Secret Service Division, the present Chief has been fortunate in securing the cordial aid and confidential approval of the Administration at Washington, to a marked degree. The people of this country need not be told here that President Grant has been pre-eminently honest and efficient in his career, thus far, or that the great majority of his appointees to office have proved both competent and worthy, among the mass of selections he has made to fill those offices. He *knows his men*, as a rule; and his subordinates, to-day, from the Cabinet down, will very

favorably compare with those of any administration the country has ever had, take them all in all. Among these appointees none have been more happily selected than Col. Whitley, at the head of the Secret Service. He knows his business thoroughly, and his wondrous success has proved that he not only understands it, but attends to it faithfully.

The Chief is ably sustained also by the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, who holds to the opinion that public offices are for the nation's benefit, rather than for individual gain; and who requires the strictest accountability as well as fitness, application and industry, in those who serve under his immediate control. The institution of the U. S. Secret Service by law is part and parcel of the administration of the Treasury Department; and the present efficient head of that branch of the Government is not slow to appreciate true merit among those who serve in such close communion with him as does the Chief of this Division. Secretary Boutwell applies the most rigid observance of the laws in exacting honesty and devotion to duty among his subordinates; and the cordiality with which he seconds and approves the efforts of Col. W. in the performance of his trying but faithfully executed duties, is the best evidence that he appreciates this official, deservedly.

The Solicitor of the U. S. Treasury, Hon. E. C. Banfield, and the present able U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, have promptly and generously accorded Col. W. their powerful aid and counsel in the engrossing duty which engages him; and in the grand results which have accrued, so far as the detection and conviction of criminal counterfeiters and Revenue defrauders go, in the last three years, the punishment of these busy offenders, and the protection of the Treasury interests, Mr. Banfield has performed his duty to great acceptance.

Col. W. has captured and confined hundreds of the worst men engaged in this calling we have ever had among us, and scores of the *leaders* in this sin — the manufacturers, engravers, capitalists, and those who alone are able to *supply* the material for this business — have gone hopelessly under; while their companions, patrons, and confidants in trade have been squarely pitted against these men, until they are so utterly checkmated and confounded by the defection or ruin of their "pals" and confederates, as to be totally at sea — not knowing who to trust, lest they be tripped, and "sold out," as Joshua D. Miner has been!

It is ardently to be hoped that, with the determination of the President and his chief Cabinet advisers to see to it that this wicked work shall be utterly crushed out, the Chief of the Secret Service may continue in his creditable course to push these miscreants to the wall — until there shall not be a counterfeiter or a counterfeit to be found in all the land.

The originally prescribed limits of our present volume of "Memoirs" are reached, and we close our labors here. Of the more than twelve hundred cases which have fallen under the management of Col. Whitley, of the U. S. Secret Service Division, in the past three years, we are able, in *this* work, to give a synopsis of less than a single hundred instances, among the many important ones. At a future day we shall issue another volume, in continuation of this subject — so replete is it with absorbing interest — and the readers of *these* veritable annals of the Secret Service may rest assured that there is ample material left for such succeeding volume, the contents of which will prove quite as entertaining, romantic and startling, as those here at an

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